ORIGINAL and GENUINE

LETTERS

SENT TO THE

Tatler and *Spectator*,

During the Time thoſe Works were publiſhing.

None of which have been before Printed.

VOL. I.

Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataq; recte
Fabula nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſq; moratur,
Quam verſus in opes rerum, nugæq; canoræ. HOR.

Vid. Spect. N° 85.

LONDON:
Printed by R. HARBIN, for CHARLES LILLIE, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings in the Strand. MDCCXXV.

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Mr. LILLIE,

OU have communicated to me a deſign you have to print Letters to the Tatler and Spectator, not made uſe of in them. I have a great deal of buſineſs, and very ill health, therefore muſt deſire you to excuſe me from looking over them: but if you take care that no perſon or family is offended at any of them, or any thing in them publiſhed contrary to religion or good manners, you have my leave to do what you pleaſe with them. I wiſh you proſperity, and

Am, SIR,

Very much your humble ſervant,

York-buildings,
March 2.
1723-4.

RICH. STEELE.

A

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TO

S^r. *RICHARD STEELE.*

SIR,

IF ever there was a book ſo juſtly dedicated, as that no one living had any right to it, except the perſon to whom it was addreſſed, this, I think, muſt be it; ſince the letters that compoſe this whole work, were the immediate produce of your invitation, in your inimitable Tatlers and Spectators, for all the world indifferently to correſpond with you.

But

But if this had not happened in the nature of the thing, the obligations I am under to You for your kind and advantageous notice of me in the body of your Tatlers and Spectators, and for your frequent favours done me ſince, are ſuch as lead me with pleaſure and gratitude to return You my thanks (as I here do) in the moſt publick manner I am capable of.

As this work is entirely the produce of your writings, I doubt not (for the honour it deſigns to you) of its being favourably received, from the agreable readineſs I found in my Subſcribers to come into any thing that had the ſanction of your name, and which

which bore but an alluſion to your works.

From this grateful remembrance in the town, of you, I am led to a reflection on the happineſs we enjoy'd while you preſided at the head of wit, pleaſure, politeneſs, and good manners. Your imaginary title of Cenſor of Great-Britain having, at one and the ſame time, raiſed your real character to a deſerved height, unknown to the actual Cenſors of Rome, and produced ſuch viſible happy effects on a docile and well-pleas'd people, as it is much to be doubted, whether their real authority, ſupported and extended as it was, could ever boaſt of. But I forget, that while I am but barely attempting to ſay things juſt in this way, that I am giving you pain,

pain, and expoſing myſelf; for which reaſons I muſt curb my inclination, and end with begging you will kindly overlook and forgive my inability for the ſake of my intention.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obliged, and

moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

CHA. LILLIE.

PREFACE.

URING the time that the Tatlers were publiſhed under the name of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, notice was given in them, that letters, &c. for that paper were taken in by Charles Lillie, a Perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings in the Strand; which notice was alſo continued when the Spectators (the ſecond work) was taken up.

Hence numbers of letters came ſo directed, a great many of which were then inſerted in each of thoſe different works; but the letters of which this work is compoſed were left in the hands of the editor, with whom they have remained ever ſince, till Sir Richard Steele was pleaſed to give him leave to publiſh them: ſuch letters therefore, as then miſſed of being printed, are here, in juſtice to the ſeveral writers, ſent abroad in their native and genuine dreſs. And though ſome of them ſhould want that correctneſs,

neſs, ſtile, and beauty, that every writer wiſhes for and aims at, yet as they were wrote with a view of being amended, it is hoped the reader will make allowances for the failure of ſome of them, in thoſe points, when he ſhall find that almoſt all of them were (in imitation of the great author they were addreſſed to) deſigned purpoſely, for exploding and correcting ſome vices, follies, faſhions, indecorums, or irregularities then reigning.

But that I may not dwell too long on excuſing to the reader a fault that could not be amended, without a manifeſt injury to the ſeveral writers, that of an attempt to get their letters altered or amended by another hand, I will adventure in their behalf to quote from the SPECTATOR, what I hope will be ſo far in their favour, as to prove, that there may not be one ſingle letter but what may ſerve to ſave, inſtruct, or divert, and what will alſo very probably, by being enforced by ſuch an author, produce its deſired effect on the reader, that of pleaſing.

* "But though the language is mean, the "thoughts (as I have before ſaid) from one "end to the other are natural, and therefore "cannot fail to pleaſe thoſe who are not "judges of language, or thoſe who, notwith-"ſtanding they are judges of language, have "a true and unprejudiced taſt of nature.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 85.

"I might

" I might likewiſe refer my readers " to Mollier's thoughts on this ſubject, as " he has expreſſed them in the character " of the Miſanthrope, but thoſe only who " are endowed with a true greatneſs of ſoul " and genius can diveſt themſelves of the " little images of ridicule, and admire na- " ture in her ſimplicity and nakedneſs. As " for the little conceited wits of the age, who " can only ſhew their judgment by finding " faults, they cannot be ſuppoſed to admire " theſe productions, which have nothing to " recommend them but the beauties of na- " ture, when they do not know how to " reliſh thoſe compoſitions, that with all the " beauties of nature, have alſo all the additi- " onal advantages of art.

One inconteſtible good end that this work will anſwer, is the proving from ſuch a number of advocates for religion, morality, virtue, and every good deſirable and commendable in life, how laudable and beneficial a work the Tatlers and Spectators were, when they ſet all the writing world amongſt us to work, each with a view to amend their neighbour: from whence it follows, that had thoſe works happily gone on to this time, as they would have bid fair by their ſuperior force to have reformed a great part of the criminal conduct in mankind, ſo they would infallibly have baniſhed from amongſt us a thouſand indiſcretions,

vanities,

vanities, forms, and ſilly cuſtoms, that, next to bare-fac'd vice, makes us in our turns become the jeſt and ridicule of one another.

Here are near three hundred letters, wrote by as many different writers, no two of which, though very near in their way of thinking, 'tis probable ſo much as knew or ever ſaw each other: from which obſervation, I think, the whole may claim the title, of the dictates of nature. Here is religion and morality for the upright and the juſt; here is manners for the rude, and a whip for the incorrigible; here is ſobriety for the drunkard, and temperance for the epicure. For the droles and laughers, here is odd mirth, and an account of whims, not yet heard or hardly thought of. Here is dreſs and faſhion for the gay, and juſt ſatyr for the pretenders and inſipid. If the avaricious wants gold, here it is. If any man wants to buy or ſell a wife, here he may find his trader. Is any one jealous, & let him or her read, mind, and cooly digeſt N° 87, 119. in the firſt volume, and N° 25. in the ſecond.

Some account of muſick is here; as is alſo a sketch concerning good plays and players: but here is not the leaſt hint or notion concerning the Devil and Doctor Fauſtus, who could not ariſe, or if he had painfully ariſen, muſt very quickly have been laid,

laid, during the government of a Britiſh Cenſor, or the inſpection of a Spectator.

Here are (and much it were to be wiſhed they were not here) too, too many complaints from innocent women, betray'd, deceived, injured, and at laſt inſulted, in love; whereas to the honour of that ſex, there are not more than three or four, that they are called upon, to account for. From hence may the baſe, the betrayers, and the ungenerous amongſt the men, learn to amend; and the honeſt, the generous, and the too eaſily believing amongſt the women, to beware.

N. B. When this work was near printed off, an abridged tranſlation of Dionyſius Longinus on the ſublime, or the ſovereign perfection of writing, was ſent to the editor from an unknown hand, which is added at the cloſe of the ſecond volume.

ORIGINAL and GENUINE

LETTERS

Sent to the Author of the

Tatlers and *Spectators*,

During the Time thoſe Works were publiſhing.

[N° 1.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YESTERDAY the following verſes were ſent to me by a friend from the Bath. If you like them, and will print them in one of your Spectators, you will for ever oblige,

Dear SIR,

Your humble admirer, (not only now you are a mute, but when you was a tatler)

Oxon, Octob. 26. 1712.

RIC. WILDAIR.

P. S. I am mighty well pleaſed with the * Chriſtian Hero, and ſhall be always willing to ſubſcribe for any thing of yours.

My Lord Fopp—ton, B—ron of Ch—bury, his advice to his friend to write.

Begin, my friend, t' uncommon things aſpire;
Let vig'rous heat thy glorious thoughts inſpire.
With mantuan muſick, and pindarick rage,
In ſubjects worthy thy great ſoul engage;
Inſtruct, reform, and pleaſe the riſing age.
By late or ancient models unconfin'd,
Let looſe thy genius, and enlarge thy mind.
Not rival'd but by Margaretta's lays,
In noble verſe immortal trophies raiſe,
Boldly attempt the lovely ſhe to praiſe.
No longer hid, and enviouſly obſcure,
Go nobly on, of glory now ſecure;
Riſe higher ſtill, born on the wings of fame,
And let no other man the laurel claim;
Aſſert the muſes right, and get an endleſs name.

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* *Mr. Steele's Chriſtian Hero.*

If any then the lovely thing would know,
Whence ſoft, ſublime, reſiſtleſs pleaſures flow,
Sure, all mankind will ſtraight agree with me,
'Twould be to read, and to converſe with thee.

[N° 2.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE awful magnificence of this place, which the curioſity of a traveller led me this afternoon to ſee, together with the pleaſing variety of walks and proſpects about it, make me chuſe at this time to date my letter from it.

But this is not all: there is ſtill a more particular reaſon for it.

It is impoſſible for me to behold this elegant ſolitude, this agreeable retreat, without reflecting on that heroick prince to whom it belong'd. With what ſurprize and regret do I view thoſe ſplendid apartments, where (I am told) King William was wont to paſs ſome of his ſofteſt and eaſieſt moments?

With what different paſſions am I affected when I ſee him repreſented by ſome skilful painter, in the ſeveral ſtages and periods of his life?

Sometimes I am pleaſed to ſee him drawn in all the innocence, the ſmiles of childhood.

And yet, methinks, even in this ſoft and tender part of life, a certain vivacity and ardour ſeems to glow in the cheeks of the royal infant, which ſpeaks the future deliverer and preſerver of mankind.

Sometimes I turn my eyes to the hero, repreſented in the vigour and ſtrength of his years, and fancy my ſelf amidſt the clangour of trumpets, and the claſhing of ſwords.

But when once the warmth of my imagination is over, and I conſider that all theſe glittering ſcenes are only the effect of the painter's skill, I bewail in ſilence the departed warriour, and retire in ſorrow and confuſion.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

D. M.

The Houſe in the Wood, Hague, Aug. 26. N. S. 1711.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 3.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

HAVING with a great deal of ſatisfaction obſerved the pains and care that you take in making things appear in their proper light, and of your ſincere endeavours to aboliſh vice, how publick or private ſoever; the thought of theſe things has embolden'd me to give you partly to underſtand the abominable and mean practices that are made uſe of by apothecaries, who have it very much in their power to cheat mankind, not only out of their mony, but out of their lives alſo, through the baſe methods that many of them are fallen into, of preparing medicines, and keeping out the moſt effectual drugs that ſuch medicines ſhould contain, if dear, and employing their art in adding other things, whereby to continue pretty near the ſmell, taſte, and colour. I could inſtance many of the beſt medicines that are uſed in phyſick, and upon which the beſt or moſt general part of the practice depends, that are thus adulterated, but will leave that to your own inſpection; hoping that you will attempt to put a ſtop to ſuch a growing evil; by doing of which, you

may probably be of uſe to ſave the ſouls of the practitioners, the lives of the patients, and the reputation of the phyſicians.

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

Octob. 10. 1711.

POMATUM.

[N° 4.]

* Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

YOUR tatler of January the 2d. put me in extreme good humour by the continuance of them, who am juſt returned home from an entertainment made by way of rejoicing on that occaſion, where we all toaſted you in tea. As to my ſelf, I am ſo delighted with your works, that I eſteem them as the moſt ſolid, exquiſite pleaſures of my life, and wait the coming of the poſt with more impatience than at fifteen I did the return of the carrier, that was to bring me new clothes. You touch the affections of your readers agreeably, and reprove the follies of our ſex with good manners: but above all, you ſet piety and virtue in ſo true

---

* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 67.

a light,

a light, that I believe your manner of recommending our duty to us, hath made more converts in all kinds, than the moſt eminent divines ever did. If my head had not been taken up with other cares than thoſe of love, I believe I ſhould have writ to Mr. Bickerſtaff the batchelor on the ſame ſubject as Maria did, and have as much to ſay for my perſon, age, and thoughts of you, as ſhe; for it is your underſtanding charms me, and your fourth pair of ſtockings would have been no objection. It is not for ſuch a pen as mine to do you that juſtice which is your due, nor to thank you as our ſex ought, for letting the men know that they are not to marry us for conveniency only, and then neglect and deſpiſe us as their caſt ſhoes. I am not in that ſtate, and it is very probable never ſhall, but am publick-ſpirited enough to rejoice for the good of the publick, as I hope you will be by continuing your lucubrations.

I ſhall take it as a great favour, if you will write againſt that prevailing vice of backbiting and detraction, and in your acceptable way lay before them the ill conſequences to themſelves in point of principles as well as thoſe they injure, and, if you pleaſe, lay great ſtreſs on the point of religion; for I am ſorry to ſay, that thoſe that ſet up for great zealots are generally thoſe that are moſt given to ſlander, for they are

moſtly ſecret ſinners, or melancholly people, who term the moſt innocent mirth criminal. My opinion and I hope yours is, that the beſt people have more cauſe to be cheerful, and commonly are ſo. We hang a thief for ſtealing a trifle, but thoſe go unpuniſhed that take the moſt valuable things from us, our reputations, and ſometimes our fortunes; for it is often ſeen that makebates are the occaſion of eſtates being given away, and ſo poſterity ſuffer: and as you are grand cenſor, I hope you will think it incumbent on you to tell great as well as little people their faults, for they love a goſſip's tale, and their humble companions make their courts that way: but that which provokes me moſt, is, that they are not above hearing and believing and uſing the injured perſon as culpable, but are much above inquiring into the truth, or telling the occaſion of their coldneſs, or conſidering the character and circumſtances of the informer.

I take you to be a good-temper'd man, and on that ſcore I take the liberty to deſire you not to let my letter be ſeen, and alſo, if you have leiſure to write on the abovementioned ſubject, not to mention it as deſired, for I have a friend much diſtreſs'd by talebearers, and I would not for the world be ſuſpected to write to you on that account, who am Mr. Bickerſtaff's moſt humble ſervant,

ISABELLA THOUGHTFUL.

P. S. I don't know if you are in earneſt when you talk of muſick as a remedy, rightly applied; but I am ſure, I have often found the good effects of it, the ſpleen being my predominate indiſpoſition: and as you are a doctor, you will find it no ill recipe in that diſtemper. I don't ſuppoſe that you can have any command for my farther explaining my ſelf on the ſubject of detraction; but if you have, pray leave a line at Mr. Lillie's for me.

[N° 5.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE good effect your paper has had to reform the ſeveral little irregularities of the town, and more particularly the ridiculous affectations of the fair ſex, has given me the incouragement to deſire you to inſert theſe lines in one of them.

There's a young gentlewoman, a neighbour of mine, no way diſagreeable, excepting only her exceſſive fondneſs for a little lap-dog ſhe has, which expoſes and renders her ridiculous: ſhe calls it her child, carries it about almoſt all day in her arms; will not truſt the maid, but waits of it down ſtairs her ſelf,

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* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 121.

when

when it has occaſion to go into the yard: ſhe takes it to bed with her, makes it dine every day before the maid; and if ſhe goes out her ſelf without him (which is very rarely done) ſhe charges the maid not to leave the poor thing in the dark, but leave a candle lighted in the room with him. Now I deſire to know, whether you think this lady can have an entire affection for an husband, ſince ſhe has ſo much for her dog, or whether this love proceeds from the want of an husband, and will naturally ceaſe when ſhe is married. I would not have the lady think this letter proceeds from any want of reſpect, but from an inclination I have to profeſs my ſelf her humble ſervant, when ſhe ſhall be content to lie all night without her dog.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

and admirer,

Auguſt 11. 1712.

JONATHAN TELLTRUTH.

P. S. I believe if you would publiſh an edict, that all women who take their dogs to bed with them, ſhould (upon being detected) be confin'd for ever to that ſpecies only for bed-fellows, it would in ſome meaſure

ſure prevent ſuch an ill-placed (not to ſay any worſe) fondneſs.

[N° 6.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have formerly (as I remember) with juſtice expoſed the exceſs of fondneſs ſhewn by ſome of the fair, to their lap-dogs, ſquirrels, parrots, and other favourite animals; but the contrary extreme of cruelty in our rough ſex, towards creatures but one remove below them, has hitherto (I think) eſcaped your cenſure. Permit me then, to recommend thoſe ſuffering innocents to your patronage, who by one perſuaſive line, may perhaps reſcue them from the inhumanity of thoſe who boaſt of being call'd rational.

I confeſs I cannot but think men as accountable for their behaviour towards the ſeveral ranks of inferior creatures, as for their dealings with one another, and that natural juſtice binds as ſtrongly in proportion between men and brutes, as between men and men; ſo that I look upon hocking of cattle, as in Ireland, and cutting large pieces of fleſh from them, and then turning

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* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 121.

them

them graſing as in the highlands of Scotland, to be arts denoting a man as much a tyger, or a wolf, as is conſiſtent with his bearing the external figure of a human creature.

If we take a ſurvey of thoſe who are chiefly converſant in ſtables and barns, we ſhall find them often acting lower, in point of reaſon, than the brutes their companions; an inſtance of which, I not long ſince ſaw on the road, in a fellow that took the fore horſe of his team (who was turning into a wrong path) by the head, and asked him in an expoſtulatory tone, whither he was going? then pauſed and expected his anſwer, and for want of it laid on blows without mercy, with theſe very wiſe and angry queſtions, what can't you ſpeak? what can you ſay for your ſelf? would you run into the ditch and be hang'd? the horſe (methought) behaved himſelf with great gravity and patience, and was brought to reaſon much ſooner than the man, going cheerfully forward in the right way, while the man was extremely in the wrong.

But if ſuch as theſe are capable of being exceeded, it is by thoſe that with great freedom of ſpeech can damn the ſouls of their horſes to all eternity (though they believe they have none of their own) and yet rack their inraged paſſions on their bodies, as if themſelves were animated with the ſpirits of lions, and the others below mere ſenſation. Were their mouths

mouths opened, how juſtly might they complain of the aſſes that ride them, whoſe abuſe of reaſon (as it is what alone can make them highly criminal) ſo it renders them more contemptible than the animals that want it?

I have ſmil'd ſometimes to hear a young extravagant ſay, his horſe was as freſh after a journey of eighty miles, as at firſt ſetting out; I ſuppoſe his only reaſon muſt be, becauſe the beaſt did not complain: for the ſame reaſon too (I doubt not) ſome thrifty maſters perſuade themſelves that they are not hungry after a day or two's faſting.

I muſt own my ſelf touch'd with compaſſion in theſe caſes, and am of a charity ſo extenſive, as to fancy, not only that all mankind, but all things living, are in ſome ſenſe but as one body; and my ſelf affected as a member thereof, with what befals any part, even to the minuteſt reptile; looking upon them all to be fearfully and wonderfully made, and therefore to be by no means ludicrouſly deſtroyed, or abuſed. Nay, in ſome reſpects, our care and pity is challeng'd more by irrational than rational creatures; reaſon being able to prevent thoſe miſchiefs, which their natures (without our aſſiſtance) inevitably ſubjects them to, and is undoubtedly given us for their benefit as well as our own.

But I need not inlarge, knowing that your own obſervations will furniſh you with far better

better remarks, than any here mentioned: your animadverting on which, will not only merit the mute and implicit thanks of multitudes of dumb creatures, but gain you the expreſs ones of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

February 25.
1711.

W. E.

[N° 7.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I WAS on friday laſt invited to a wedding, by my friend the bridegroom, whoſe father was a great admirer of the days of yore, when men were little boys, and therefore thought matrimony ſo great a bleſſing, that he reſolved, according to ancient cuſtom, it ſhould be celebrated with many fiddles, much eating, and abundance of mirth; for he hated the modern way of ſtealing into a church, ſneaking out of it, and turning tail at the porch, which he had obſerved to be the great reaſon that moſt men and their wives went different ways all their lives after.

The bride was a pretty blooming beauty, who having been bred at honeſt Jo. Prieſt's ſchool

ſchool in Chelſea, had invited a fine ſample of her ſchool-fellows to be witneſſes of her happineſs. Very merry we all were, and danc'd as if heaven and earth were coming together. The gentlemen finding themſelves weary, adviſ'd the ladies to ſit and cool a little. We did not imploy our reſting-time with the fooliſh paſtimes of queſtions and commands, what is't like, and love my love with an A; but the ladies, who had not met together ſince the opera they all perform'd in at ſchool, were pitying the late misfortunes of their poor maſter, and praiſing the goodneſs of their miſtreſs; ſeeming very much rejoiced when I acquainted them Mr. Prieſt had got through all his troubles, was beginning the world again in a very handſom, airy houſe in Lawrence-ſtreet in Chelſea, had got many ſcholars, and was in hopes of many more.

We had ſeveral innocent ſtories that happen'd in bib and apron time; and I being a ſort of a wagg, adviſed the ladies to make haſt and marry, in order to ſupply their old maſter with a great many ſcholars. They laugh'd, bluſh'd, and look'd on their partners; and ſo we turn'd our diſcourſe to benefit-plays and your ſpectators, particularly that where you mention ſeveral of the players as repreſentatives of the town. One lady obſerved, when Wilks had a benefit, all the tall proper fellows and officers of his ſize were got into the ſide-boxes: on Booth's day all the bottle-

bottle-companions and men of wit and gaiety appeared. Mills drew together the ſober husbands and ſermon-hunters. George Powell had all the whetters, rakes and ſcowerers. Pack had the buiſy-bodies, the merry ſongſters, and all the ladies. Cibber ingroſs'd the fops, the men of muffs, red heels, and ribbons. Bullock, Pinkethman, Johnſon, Lee, and Norris, had the waggs, the drollers, and the laughers. The bride, who you muſt know is a great admirer of Mrs. Bradſhaw, remember'd her benefit was this preſent Monday the 12th of May, where ſhe acted her maſter-piece in Caius Marius. She would perſwade us all the women of virtue and reputation would certainly be there; ſome would have it the playhouſe would not be able to hold them; others ſaid the front-boxes would contain them all; I the Wagg ſaid I believ'd it was eaſy to number them: at laſt it was agreed, that I ſhould beg the favour of you, to perſuade the women of no reputation, and ſcandalous characters, not to come to the playhouſe that night, by which means we ſhould ſee how formidable the good women were: I am ſure we numbered them ſome years ago in a full winter; I am aſhamed to tell you how few they were then: if they are increaſed, it is owing to your wiſe Spectators, which has done abundance of good to your humble ſervant,

The WAGG.

P. S. The clock ſtruck five before we threw the ſtocking: I this moment met ſeveral of the ladies hurrying to make up their number.

[Nº 8.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I RECOMMEND to your diſpoſal the incloſed verſes upon wiſdom, which is ſo noble a theme, that whoever takes the pains ſeriouſly to reflect thereon, will find himſelf happily loſt in the boundleſs ocean of benefits and ſatisfaction attending it. It is without diſpute the chief good of mankind, the firm bank that conſtantly ſecures us againſt the impetuous raging of that turbulent ſea of paſſions, which inceſſantly daſh againſt the frame of human nature. It is a fort impregnable by all aſſaults of vice, folly, and misfortunes; and a ſecure rock againſt all the caſualties of miſery. It is a guide and ſecurity to youth, health and vigour to old age; and a remedy and eaſe in ſickneſs and infirmity. It is comfort in adverſity, it is plenty in poverty, and a conſtant ſource of true joy and delights. It is infinitely beyond all that the feigned Fortunatus ever could wiſh, or Gyges's treaſures purchaſe; for her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace. She is of eaſy ac-

ceſs to all that diligently ſeek her, and refuſes none that with ſincerity apply to her, and is always a ready help in time of need: therefore pray continue to recommend the earneſt purſuit of her to all mankind, and you will particularly oblige,

SOPHIA.

On WISDOM.

VIctorious wiſdom, whoſe ſupreme command
Extends beyond the bounds of ſea and land;
'Tis thou alone that doſt reward our pains,
With pleaſures that endure, and ſolid gains.

But oh! what art thou, and where doſt thou dwell?
Not with the Hermit in his lonely cell;
The ſullen fumes of whoſe diſtemper'd brain
Make the dull wretch torment himſelf in vain:
Whilſt of the world affectedly afraid,
He ſhuns the end for which mankind was made.

Not with the Epicure in all his pleaſures,
Nor with the Miſer in his bank of treaſures:
The one's a ſlave bound faſt in golden chains,
The other buys ſhort joys with laſting pains.

Not

Not in the vain purſuit of partial fame,
The gawdy outſide of an empty name;
When mov'd by chance, not merit, common breath
Gives the falſe ſhadow ſudden life or death.

Honour, when meritoriouſly aſſign'd
To noble actions of a God-like mind,
Is then indeed a bleſſing ſent from heaven,
A bright reward for human labour given.

But when 'tis fame's miſtaken flattery,
A popular applauſe of vanity,
The worthleſs idol ought to be abhorr'd,
And is by none but knaves and fools ador'd.

Thus as I'm ſearching with the feeble light
Of human reaſon, in dark error's night,
For what has oft' eſcap'd the curious eye
Of lofty wit, and deep philoſophy,
From the bright regions of eternal day,
Methinks I ſee a ſmall, but glorious ray,
Dart ſwift as lightning through the yielding air,
To an unſpotted breaſt, and enter there.

This is the wiſdom I ſo much adore;
Grant me but this, kind heaven, I ask no more.
This once obtain'd, how happy ſhall I be?
Kings will be little men, compar'd to me.
They in their own dominions only great;
I conqu'ror of the world, my ſelf, and fate.

Thus arm'd, let fortune uſe me as ſhe will,
I ſtand prepar'd to meet with good and ill.
If I am born for happineſs and eaſe,
And proſp'rous gales ſalute the ſmiling ſeas;
This path I'll tread, (the bleſſing to repay)
Where virtue calls, and honour leads the way.

But if the weather of my life proves foul,
Though ſtorms ariſe that make whole kingdoms rowl;
Yet I will on, and, ſpight of all their force,
I'll ſteer my veſſel her appointed courſe.
With her firm beak the billows ſhe'll divide,
And plough her paſſage through the foaming tide.

And at what time, or in what place ſoe're,
The pale-fac'd conqu'ror happens to appear,

Fierce

Fierce as he is, his violence I'll tame,
And make the king of terrors change his name.

Whilſt others enter trembling at his gate,
I'll march up boldly in triumphant ſtate;
And paſſing through it into worlds unknown,
Put on my glorious robe and my triumphant crown.

[N° 9.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE been for ſome time paſt a private trader to Africa for ſlaves, and have often been perſuaded by ſome friends to deſiſt being concerned in a trade which they think altogether unlawful, inſiſting on ſome common notions, which they give as weighty reaſons.

That the Guinea factors, when ſlaves are ſcarce, will ſet thoſe petty princes at variance, in order to purchaſe the priſoners of war, which by the cuſtom of thoſe nations are made ſlaves, and are bought and ſold among themſelves, as well as to us.

That by the encouragement given for ſlaves, and the great gain they find by it, makes numbers go out and take their neighbours by ſurprize, and ſell them as ſlaves,

and that ſometimes the husband will ſell his wife, the ſon the father, and the mother her children.

That when they are tranſported to our colonies, they are there treated in a very barbarous manner, being in continual ſlavery, without allowing them neceſſaries for life, or giving them any light or knowledge of chriſtianity.

Theſe things, they ſay, admitting it were lawful to buy and ſell our fellow-creatures, ought to be odious to all chriſtians. I muſt confeſs there is ſome truth in the former part of the ſtory: ſuch practices have formerly been uſed, but I think them very unjuſt, as I do the encouraging thoſe Banditti's that ſteal their neighbours, and ſell them for ſlaves.

But this may be ſaid in defence of buying and ſelling thoſe people otherways; that there are great numbers that are ſlaves in their own country; that the beſt of them there live very miſerable; and I am ſatisfied by my own obſervations in the Weſt-India plantations, that for the generality they live much happier there; that many are free and made chriſtians, and many more that are ſlaves; but I confeſs but few of the latter have any ſenſe of it.

Conſidering then that they are tranſported from a miſerable to a happier ſtate of life; that by the means of their being ſettled among

among chriſtians, many are converted, and a proſpect of many more, was the neceſſary means uſed to accompliſh it; wherein can this trade be deemed ſo unlawful, when it proves ſo advantageous to ſo many of thoſe poor people?

I ſhall highly eſteem your ſentiments of this matter, and believe it worthy the ſubject of one of your papers; and it being of ſo great and important a concern to ſo many thouſand people, I hope it will meet with your acceptance. This I aſſure my ſelf of, from your daily ſtudy for the good and improvement of mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Sept. 5. 1711. T. M.

[N° 10.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I A'M a widower of about twenty four years ſtanding, happily got over my grand climateric, which I was horribly afraid of, having heard that that year had been fatal to a great many men eminent for wit and learning: and my having eſcaped it alive,

has mightily leſſen'd the high opinion I had of my own. Now my ſeven times nine are over, I fancy I ſhall live to nine times nine, which is the next and higheſt round in that ladder: and that I may paſs theſe eighteen years, which I imagine I have ſtill upon my hands, away as merrily and as comfortably as I can, I am going to marry a young woman, about as far gone in her teens as I am in my ties, except you forbid the banns: but I muſt tell you, that ſhould you prove ſo ill-natur'd as to declare your opinion againſt it, I cannot promiſe you that will baulk my fancy, for as the ſaying is, where love is in the caſe, the doctor is an aſs. Therefore being told, that all you ſay againſt it is like to do no good, I hope you will ſay ſomething in favour of it, that may furniſh me with arguments to juſtify my conduct therein among my friends, when the thing is done; and that Mr. Spectator had approv'd of it, and given his conſent, will certainly be allow'd by every body to be a ſubſtantial one, and I am afraid muſt be often urged, as the beſt thing I ſhall have to ſay for my ſelf, who am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

EVAN ap Morgan, ap Madog, ap Meredith, ap Kewelin, &c.— ap Adam.

[Nº 11.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE paper I ſend incloſed was ſent to me printed three or four years ago by an unknown hand. That it hath had little or no effect upon our countrymen, muſt be owing to the want of ſome worthy patron to introduce it; for which reaſon I recommend it to your eſſays. They muſt be men of generous principles who engage in ſuch an unprofitable cauſe as this. I am,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

PYTHAG. COCK.

An addreſs to the cock-killers.

* Victorious and irreſiſtable GENTLEMEN,

I AM too well acquainted with your courage and your power, to addreſs in any way that may provoke you: but ſince my deſign is not to diſarm you of your valour,

* *Vid. Tatler*, Nº 134.

but

but your cruelty, I promiſe my ſelf you will be pleaſed to lend a favourable ear unto me.

If you ſhould think I am jeſting with you, you will be miſtaken; for, in good earneſt, there is ſomewhat ſo inhuman in the havock and deſtruction you make of cocks, bringing them to life again, in order to a new death, that nothing but a long cuſtom and uſage to ſuch fights yearly can make them tollerable.

The good nature of this nation hath been otherways ſo remarkable and peculiar to our ſelves, that 'tis obſerved no other language hath a word to expreſs it by ſo fully, as if the thing and name was only ours. Is this a proof of it? when we ſee, for ſeveral days together, great numbers of innocent creatures knock'd down and ſlaughter'd, without any provocation on their ſide, or concern on ours, whoſe ſufferings and cries would force a compaſſion in thoſe who are not altogether void of it.

Gentlemen, the wiſe Solomon hath told us, the righteous man regardeth the life of his beaſt, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelties. The birds (without doubt) and all other creatures too, have a title to our regard as much as the beaſts, and we ought not for paſtime to ſhed blood; nothing but neceſſity can excuſe it.

There

There is a people in the Indies, whoſe religion forbids them eating any thing of life. They are ſo fearful of hurting God's creatures, that they never light a candle, leſt ſome fly ſhould burn it ſelf therein. I am not perſwading you to ſuch a caution: but if our cock-killers by ſome miſchance ſhould be tranſported thither, I believe they would be very indifferently treated.

This cuſtom, gentlemen, came down to us from the papiſts, the bloody papiſts, and its original (as I have ſomewhere read) is not very modeſt mentioning. Now that you have gutted popery, do not keep the garbage, but waſh your hands of the ſtench and ſtain; leave ſuch practices to them, which are ſo unbecoming the good nature of a reformed people, too brave to inſult that which cannot make reſiſtance.

But, gentlemen, if your noble rage muſt be employed ſomewhere, liſt your ſelves among our ſoldiers, and exerciſe it on the French; knock them down as faſt as you pleaſe, and welcome; your country will thank you for it, and otherways reward you.

Gentlemen, enough might be ſaid in honour of this animal to melt your hearts into pity. The late famous Mr. Dryden has ſtiled him Baron tell-clock of the night. Then if you conſider how uſeful he is in giving notice

of

of the day's approach, that he is a noble creature, of muſical note, and, if well born and bred, ſtout and couragious as your heroical ſelves. Will not all this, beſides a great deal more that might be ſaid, induce you to give quarter to an unhappy bird, that hath every thing about him honourable, except perhaps his comb, and this too borrowed by the greateſt number of your ſelves upon occaſion?

Not, gentlemen, that I would reproach your want of underſtanding. It would be ſtrange indeed, if among ſo many heads there ſhould be found no brains at all. But I would gladly learn why a creature martial and brave, and ſo ſerviceable to mankind, ſhould be the yearly object of your fury?

An ambaſſador from Spain was once upon a time inſulted by a London-rabble, and afterwards complaining of it, ſaid, the flower of England was the fineſt, but the bran the worſt he ever ſaw. I do not tell the ſtory in affront, but to reform you; and if it prove a means to this, I have my end.

Killing any thing for killing ſake muſt needs proceed from ſanguinary principles predominant in man, for which he ought to call himſelf to a ſtrict account, and rectify it, leſt it proceed to ſomething worſe. Domitian, a Roman Emperor and Perſecutor of Chriſtians, is recorded in hiſtory for one who frequently enter-

entertain'd himſelf with killing flies. It was looked upon as no trivial matter, or the ſtory had not been ſo famous: it ſhewed his great diſpoſition: it was perhaps from ſporting with flies, he took delight at laſt in murdering men.

What think ye, gentlemen, of nine-pins? the harmleſs recreation of nine-pins! what think ye of the noble and healthful game of cricket? In theſe plays you have as much exerciſe and diverſion as in throwing at cocks, and more innocency. But if blood be your buſineſs, play at cudgels, and break one another's heads: it may beat wit into them, and perhaps make you wiſer. It will diſcharge the ſuperfluous blood, that makes you ſo cruel and fierce: it may make you leſs fond of bear-baitings, bull-baitings, dog-fightings, and cock-fightings. Then, feeling what it is to be knock'd down, to bleed, and to ſmart, you will have more pity on thoſe poor dumb creatures, who are ſenſible of aches and broken bones, who ſmart and pang as much as your brutal ſelves, though they deſerve it much leſs.

[N° 12.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM afraid you have had but little ſucceſs in drawing valentines this year, for I have obſerved you have as yet took no notice of that remarkable ceremony, which I muſt own afforded me a great deal of mirth on wedneſday night laſt: it pleaſed me to ſee ſuch a wonderful mixture of hope and fear, as was then perceivable in every one's countenance; though at the ſame time it ſurpriz'd me to ſee jeſt turned into earneſt, and ſo fanciful a repreſentative as a ſcrap of paper to have the ſame effect as the perſon repreſented. I was amazed to ſee one, whoſe hope was half raiſed to an aſſurance, dejected on a ſudden, and quite fallen into deep deſpair, upon her chuſing you inſtead of one William her fingers itch'd for. I can aſſure you, Sir, her diſappointment ſo moved her paſſion, that ſhe immediately tore you into twenty pieces, and after that ſhe unmercifully flung you into the fire.

* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 141.

I my

I my ſelf at firſt putting my fingers into the hat, begun to be half tranſported on a ſudden, as if I had really felt fortune leading my hand where my heart wiſhed it. As ſoon as I had pitch'd upon my lot, I unrolled it by degrees, I examined it by inches, I ſigh'd by turns, and ſo at laſt made my hidden happineſs pay intereſt for my needleſs ſorrow. Whilſt I was thus feaſting my eyes on my fortune, in comes an old uncle of mine, who ſeeing me ſo delighted with a bit of paper, immediately concluded it muſt be a bank-bill, and could not be perſuaded that it was poſſible, that Prince Eugene, being drawn as a valentine, would poſſibly afford me ſo much joy and ſatisfaction.

Your conſtant reader,

and as conſtant admirer,

E. LOVEWELL.

[N° 13.]

Dear SPECTATOR,

I AM moſt exceedingly, though unfaſhionably, in love with a lady upon the pure conſideration of her own merit, without the leaſt regard to her family or fortune. By her own merit I mean her perſon and underſtanding, for you have often taught us that the former, under the conduct of the latter, makes that clever thing, an agreeable woman. What I ſay of her family and fortune, may ſeem to proceed from no ſmall opinion of my ſelf: but truly, Spectator, if twenty perſons, every one as wiſe as you are generally thought to be, were to be judges, they would unanimouſly agree, that cupid did not take his hand upon either of thoſe eminences. Now in order to get her I muſt be aſſiſted either by you or an act of parliament: for you muſt know the only objection againſt my being admitted as a ſuiter is, that ſhe is too young to make a wife of. All therefore that I intreat of you, is to give it under your hand, that a diſcreet handſome middle-ſiz'd woman of eighteen, may be married any where within the kingdom of Great-Britain, without being deſervedly chronicled

nicled for a wonder. If you notify your opinion ſoon, and I ſucceed, you ſhall upon honour make one at the wedding; if not, I will next ſeſſions get it enacted that ſhe is one and twenty, and then you ſhall never know the dear Eugenia, nor

Your humble petitioner,

Greys-inn. EUSTACE.

P. S. I ſhould have told you, prudence requires that I admit of no delays, but rather force her from my heart, be the conſequence never ſo fatal.

[N° 14.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AMONG all the enormities of human life that have paſs'd under your ſpectatorial reflections, I do not remember to have ſeen any paper of yours, in which the baſe character of a general courter of all the women he converſes with is touched upon. Be pleaſed therefore to take the under-written ſketch of one of theſe modern monſters.

There is a certain gentleman, (if he can be called ſo) of my acquaintance, who is guilty of this: he ſays one and the ſame thing to all he is acquainted with; and in ſuch a manner, that he would make every one believe ſhe is the only perſon he admires; nay, and does not ſtick to ſay it before ſome of their faces whom he has ſaid the ſame thing to at other times; and is always preſſing for marriage the firſt or ſecond time he comes into their company. With ſome he will make aſſignations, but never keep them, though when he ſees them again, he ſwears he did, in ſpight of all proofs to the contrary; and all this he will dare to aſſert in publick company; thereby not only proving himſelf a fool, but making all thoſe ridiculous that converſe with him. Now what I would deſire of you is, to expoſe to the publick this moſt ridiculous, this moſt villianous way of converſation with women, leſt it ſhould do any farther miſchief; I ſay miſchief, becauſe it has done ſo to ſome before they found him out, and may ſo again to thoſe who do not know his proceedings. A line or two from your pen may in ſome meaſure make this gentleman aſhamed of himſelf, if he can be ſaid to have any ſhame in him, who is actuated by ignorance and impudence.

Mr. Spectator, I deſire you to inſert this verbatim, or elſe the gentleman will not know

know who is meant by it; and in ſo doing you will oblige a croud of your admirers, and in particular,

Your very humble ſervant,

RESENTING LETITIA.

[Nº 15.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

YOU will very much oblige me, if you will inſert in one of your ſpectators, the following verſes on Collin's complaint, with his miſtreſs's anſwer, by a confidant of hers; as alſo on the Spring, by the ſame hand.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

and admirer,

T. R.

COLLIN'S Complaint.

BY the ſide of a murmuring ſtream,
A ſhepherd deſpairing was laid,
And whilſt a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head;

And the wind that blew over the plain,
With a ſigh to his ſigh did reply,
And the brooks in regard of his pain,
Ran mournfully, muſical by.

Alaſs! ſilly ſwain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld her fair face,
It was better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd and I bleſt her dear tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great;
I liſt'ned and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How ſimple I was to believe,
She could doat on ſo lonely a clown,
Or that her hard heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town.
Could I hope that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in grey,
And live in a cottage on love,

What

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muſes my temples have crown'd ;
What though when they hear my ſoft ſtrains,
The virgins ſit weeping around :
Ah, Collin ! thy verſe is in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy falſe one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you my companions ſo dear,
Who are ſorry to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Though through the wide world we range,
From our fortune we never can flie,
It was her's to be falſe and to change,
But 'twas mine to be conſtant and die.

If whilſt my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground.

The laſt humble boon I would crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her true love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
The fineſt at ev'ry fine ſhow,
And frolick it all the long day:
Whilſt Collin forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

The ANSWER.

AH, Collin! why ſhouldſt thou deſpair,
When thou know'ſt that thy miſtreſs is kind?
Why ſhouldſt thou complain of the fair,
And tell thy fond tale to the wind?

To thy ſighs though the winds they did ſigh,
It was not in regard to thy pain,
But for fear the fair nymph ſhe ſhou'd die,
Of whom without cauſe you complain.

Though in beauty ſhe moſt does excel,
She has kindneſs and conſtancy too;
She can live upon love in a cell,
And wear grey, ſo ſhe wears it with you.

Your verſes can ne'er be in vain,
You need not your laurel reſign,
Shou'd ſhe try, ſhe can't find out a ſwain,
Whoſe muſick is ſweeter than thine.

Then to her old love let her come,
And deck her in any array;
Let him take her with joy to his home,
And frolick it all the long day.

Deſpair, then forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of or ſeen,
And on nights the pale glimmering moon,
Shall pleaſantly glide o'er the green.

On the SPRING.

NOW phœbus gently with enliv'ning rays,
Sports in the meads, and round the foreſt plays;
Old purblind winter does his preſence ſhun,
And skulks from his antagoniſt the ſun.

Fair phœbus long in lazy darkneſs kept,
Within his icy, cold embrace has ſlept;
'Till reſcu'd now from his deteſted arms,
She wakes, and reaſſumes her wonted charms.

The chirping birds their mother's freedom ſing,
And grateful off'rings to the victor bring.
The ecchoing vallies clad in rich aray,
Send joiful welcomes to the God of day.

The rivers now in pleaſing murmurs creep,
And fiſhes skim the ſurface of the deep.
The ſweet delicious zephyrs wanton breeze,
Now fans the tender twigs of budding trees.

Their bare and wither'd tops no more are ſeen,
But from each branch ſprings up an youthful green.
Now all is gay, all is ſerene and clear,
And nature ſmiling, ſpeaks a fruitful year.

[N° 16.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

OUT of a great veneration I have for men of ſenſe and learning, (thus the Indian, the farther he is beneath his king, the more he will adore him) I bought a ſett of your tatlers, and among all the lamentable caſes you have had in hand, you conclude none worſe than that of a woman in love: ah! Sir, that was before you heard mine. Without any preface, though I tremble to ſpeak it, it is ſo deſperate, I have met with king Richard's fate — and yet, O heavens! and yet I am in love! 'tis out — I have ſpoke it — muſt I live or die? Our fortunes are pretty equal, and ſome friends would perſuade me, it is no diſgrace to her. But what adds to the calamity is, I am always poring on my miſery; and though I do not remember I was ever laugh'd out of company, yet I cannot forbear fancying that every body, at leaſt that is not of my intimate acquaintance, muſt think it an unreaſonable ſtoop to give me a hearing when I ſpeak; therefore I wait an opportunity when all are ſilent, to drop a ſhort modeſt ſentence to renew diſcourſe, though I ſhould run the riſque of a ſmile; and when I would withdraw, I often wiſh

wiſh I could vaniſh away unobſerved, rather than give any of the company the trouble of a remove, or a common ſalutation. As for the rout of the vulgar, I am ſo far from regarding them, that I deſpiſe them, and account my ſelf as far above them, as they think themſelves above me.

Thus, Sir, you have my caſe, what ſhall I do? I burn for my miſtreſs! and though I know I never look worſe than when I turn my back, yet I fear I have ſcarce the confidence to look her in the face. I often ſigh over that of Anacreon, Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι, κλ. I know you are wonderful in council, as well as excellent in writing. I pray, as you have already given me many morning-diverſions (for I take my morning's-tatler, as others do their morning's-draught,) if you ſee any thing better than deſperate in my caſe, let me have your direction, is it beſt to ſtruggle for freedom, no — that is impoſſible? is it beſt to diſcover my paſſion by pen or proxy, or muſt I go in perſon?

Sir, if you would give my caſe a line or two in your tatler, you wou'd for ever oblige

Your very humble ſervant,

Octob. 8. INFORTUNATUS.

[Nº 17.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

I AM a young gentleman whoſe fortune depended entirely upon an old covetous batchelour-uncle, who being (by his own long experience) very ſenſible of the prejudicial conſequences of a modern ſingle life, was very deſirous of ſeeing me married; and for that end, pitch'd upon a neighbouring young lady, to whom I made my addreſſes, and with ſo good ſucceſs, that nothing was wanting to compleat my happineſs but a good agreement of the old people; but in that proved my diſappointment, for my uncle (not willing to part with his beloved bags in his life, though ready to ſettle all at his death) could not be brought to diſburſt an exact equivalent to the lady's fortune, upon which I was rejected.

But ſince (by my uncle's deceaſe) being left his ſole heir, and at my own diſpoſal, I have been taxed by ſome of my acquaintance with acting diſhonourably by not renewing my addreſſes, of which I can in no means accuſe my ſelf: for ſeeing it is very probable the wealth, not the perſon, would be accepted, I think it would ſhew a mean and abject ſpirit to comply after the firſt refu-

refuſal. Therefore your opinion in this caſe (of which I do not remember to have ſeen a precedent in any of your former papers) in your next paper, will infinitely oblige

Your humble ſervant,

Holy-head, Nov. 30. 1710.

QUERY.

[N° 18.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE deſire of being diſtinguiſh'd for zeal to a party is what many men are very fond of. But the generality of them muſt take the common methods of ſhewing their heartineſs and firm adherence to the cauſe, whilſt thoſe of a more exalted bigottry launch out into ſomething very unaccountable, and eſtabliſh their character by doing what would be deteſted by thoſe of a leſs ſanguine complection. An action that is very odd and out of the way is ſure to be attended with the greateſt applauſe; elſe, why ſhould hot-head receive all that reſpect, unleſs he had ſignalized himſelf very remarkably? He had always ſtrove to be thought a brisk and forward defender of his party; but his name was not compleat, till he brought out his two blocks, which he

he called Old Glorious and Old Noll, and publickly threw them into a bonfire. This exerciſing an act of faith upon them, by burning them as hereticks in effigie, has gain'd him a great reputation: and the project being liked, it is thought that little Will. and Cromwell will be burnt every great day, when they have a mind to be extraordinary merry.

Yours,

F. R.

P. S. I have not dated my letter, becauſe I would not have it known that we have amongſt us at Oxford, ſuch blind zealots and ſilly politicians.

[Nº 19.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I MADE a viſit the other day to a friend of Sir Roger's, when one of his hangers-on had the impudence to get drunk before his turn, and aſleep by that time others are well awake. As ſoon as ſleep ſhut his eyes, his mouth flew open, wide enough for the reception of a Chriſtmas-candle, which accordingly was lighted and ſtuck in his face, and

and there remained till it burnt to the ſocket. I ſend you this as a modern invention: I fancy you never heard of a man's being metamorphos'd into a candleſtick, holding a light for all ſpectators to ſee his folly, and fire their pipes at. If this be for your turn, you may put it into your own inimitable ſtile, and communicate it to the publick,

From,

Decemb. 5. 1712.

YORKSHIRE.

[Nº 20.]

To the TATLER,

SIR,

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to write to you, as the only perſon in being, who is capable of giving an honeſt and a charitable turn to one of the moſt flagrant and miſchievous misfortunes, that we of this kingdom labour under, but which, by being ſuppoſed to have the ſanction of a law or laws in its favour, and for want of being handſomly ſet out to the truly juſt and honeſt, goes on uncontroul'd and unmoleſted, to the utter ſhame, ruin, and confuſion, of thoſe unhappily concern'd on one ſide, only to ſupport the

the riot, the luxury, and the avarice, of the other.

But not to detain you any longer, the ſubject matter of my complaint is againſt the barbarous, the cruel, and the wicked methods practiſed in almoſt all the pariſhes in and about London (the country being ſomewhat honeſter, though ill-judgedly ſevere) in the affair of illegitimate children.

You will, I doubt not, pretty eaſily forgive the zeal with which I introduce this, when you ſhall know that a particular hardſhip done to my ſelf, and which led me unwillingly through all the dark paths of ſhame and injury in this matter, has extorted it from me to you. Therefore, as an aſylium to the diſtreſs'd, I fly, not for ſafety nor for ſuccour, for I am undone already, but for the only reparation I can hope for, that of ſeeing this vile practice expoſed and detected, in ſuch a manner, as may produce an amending ſhame in the preſent and ſucceeding managers in this affair on the one ſide, and conduce to the quiet and preſervation of the unhappily culpable parents, and the ſafety of the innocent unhappy babes, on the other.

The laws in being relating to this matter are (as I am inform'd) ſuch only as tend to the care of the injured woman, the preſervation of the offſpring, and the ſecurity that pariſhes ſhall not have illegitimates left

as

as a charge on them. Be pleaſed then, Sir, to ſee how theſe laws are executed. No ſooner does any woman of almoſt what condition ſoever, come to dwell or lodge any where about this town, that is but ſuſpected to be with child, but notice is carried, for the ſake of five ſhillings (which is the uſual price for ſuch information) to the overſeers of the poor, who thereupon immediately come in a body to make an enquiry of, who begot it? when? how? where? mixing ſuch odious lewdneſſes with their pretended authority, while the affrighted, fainting, poor creature, half dead with ſhame, fear, and anger, is at once become their paſtime and their priſoner.

But ſhe recovers; —— and perhaps knowing, at leaſt hoping, her man to be a man of honour, ſo far as to ſupport her and her child, and not wanting any aſſiſtance from or deſigning any impoſitions on them, ſhe replies, my husband is the father: an excuſe that, ſure, may be allowable, when not only her own honour, but her ſeducer's, and perhaps the reputation of both their families, is in view of being ſaved thereby. To this the frequent reply is, damn you for a ſlut, a b——, or w——, we ſhall find a way to alter your tone; and then the unhappy wretch, perſiſting in her excuſe, is either forcibly drag'd to, or ſome one of them is ſent to bring, ſome wiſe unjuſt juſtice of the peace

to

to take what they call her examination. Here the brutal ſcene of bawdry and beaſtiality is again open'd, which is no other than either forcing the woman by mean and baſe promiſes, or by wicked and unlawful threats, (I call them unlawful, ſince no law of God or man obliges any one to be his own accuſer) at once to exchange her remains of modeſty for ſhame and infamy, and give, as a ſacrifice to their voratious views, with her own, the character and honour of a man, who, free from the publick ſhame of having a child ſworn to him, would perhaps have been aſhamed privately to have done a baſe or wicked thing, to the miſtaken and frequently repenting injured woman.

But now that by virtue of the extorted accuſation of the woman, they have got the man into their power, let us ſee how they behave towards him. The firſt enquiry is, as to circumſtances and affinity, as to a wife, mother, ſiſters, or other female relations; for the more there is of theſe, the better uſe is made for enhancing the bargain and ſale of theſe miſerable dependants: for though the law in this caſe knows no ſuch thing as mony, yet theſe executioners of the law know hardly any other; and upon their meeting with the accuſed, their firſt and main queſtion is, how much mony will you give with the woman and child,

or children? or if for a ſhew and form of honeſty, mention be cooly made for ſecurity by them, or readily and generouſly offered by the man, they riſe ſo hotly in their demands, that whatever is offered, though undeniably ſafe, is too little, and as ſuch rejected, and ſuch terms are inſiſted on by them, as they well know muſt produce ſuch new additions of ſhame, as muſt of neceſſity drive their priſoner to a compliance with their ends. Obliged thus by threats, perſuaſions, wheedles, and impudent denials on their part, and by his own falſe fear of ſhame, the man at laſt agrees to their terms, which is to give in ſale with the wretched mother and unborn vagabond, a ſum of mony, and to ſaddle the ſpitt, (the main foundation of this wicked babel) their dirty phraſe for dirtily devouring and guzling two or three pieces for a ſupper. This ended, the man goes off clear, though far, very far, from being honeſt; and the diſtreſs'd woman is entirely in their diſpoſal. The firſt ſtep taken with her, is uſually to ſend her to a pariſh-nurſe to lye in, to whom they allow for all neceſſaries (as they are call'd) about ten or twelve ſhillings a week. Out of this ſtipend, the nurſe, who is always a party with the officers, generally takes one entire half for her ſelf, and brings in all her train of cormorants to devour a moiety of the remainder. Judge you therefore, Sir, what

ſtarving,

ſtarving, what miſery, the woman and the child muſt undergoe ? nor dare ſhe complain, for fear of being reproached for a whore, threatned with Bridewell, nay, perhaps, beat by a cabal of bawds, ſtated and common whores and thieves ; for none elſe will ſubmit to the barbarity uſed here. This however, if health (notwithſtanding this) falls to the ſhare of the woman, (for as for the child, that muſt be a conſideration by it ſelf) is not the worſt ſhe is to undergo, for as ſhe is here expos'd to the vileſt part of the vileſt ſex, with regard to their own ſex, ſo all attempts at farther debauches, drinking, lewdneſs, uncommon arts of being wicked, are conſtantly made upon her ; ſo that if ſhe does not (notwithſtanding her former crime) carry in with her virtue and reſolution enough to withſtand and contemn ſuch practices, ſhe is ſure to come from thence in ſo much a worſe caſe than ſhe went in, as is the difference between a miſtaken unhappy woman, and an impudent and abandon'd ſtrumpet. Here you ſee, Sir, how the firſt part of the laws in this caſe which regards the care of the woman, is abuſed and inverted.

The uſage the helpleſs infant meets with is ſtill harder, if poſſible, than what the mother has undergone, for that, free from guilt, ſhould not meet with puniſhment, the diſpoſal of that is almoſt univerſal. Thus

if unhappily it ſurvives the month, it is ſent to a pariſh-nurſe for their children, another degree of feinds, more wicked, if poſſible, than thoſe I laſt mentioned, and her allowance for its maintenance, clothes (or rather nakedneſs) included, is generally about eighteen or twenty pence a week. Here the helpleſs babe is launch'd into a ſea of woe, want, cold, diſeaſes, abuſes, and every hardſhip in life, and furtherance towards its death, that inhumanity, added to neceſſity, can inflict; is its hapleſs portion left ſtarving for want of food, benum'd with cold, and its little intrails almoſt exhauſted with its continual crying. Happy are thoſe unhappy infants that here end their pains in death; for as for thoſe that overcome it, they are frequently let out to hire to common and ſturdy begging wenches, where the more pinches they ſuffer, the more want of food they undergo, and the more ſores is made viſible on them, the more it is thought to enforce the charity of the beholders. Thus through a train of miſeries are numbers of them brought up from the ſwadling raggs beggers, and early, very early in life, commence regular (and as it were lincens'd) vagabonds. From this ſtock proceed great numbers of nine and ten years old harlots; from hence proceeds the conſtantly ſupply'd ſwarm of pick-pockets, ſhop-lifters, thieves, and the ſtarving crew of impudent, ignorant,

rant, and inſolent demanders, that infeſt our ſtreets.

As to the multitude of them that die infants, whether from the ſmallneſs of the wages given with them, (which ſeems next to impoſſible for their ſupport) or from the want of almoſt common humanity towards them whilſt alive, I think is a kind of negative murder, chargeable on all the parties concern'd; and yet this diſmal view cannot be got over, whilſt the method of taking mony ſupplants the taking that ſecurity which the law alone directs. For as the ſum uſually taken in this affair is ſeldom more than ten pounds, more wages than is abovementioned cannot be afforded to be given, for by every child that lives above two years, the pariſh at their preſent rate is out of pocket. From which conſideration, theſe wiſe, theſe juſt managers, rate the life of every child they buy and ſell at two years purchaſe; and if they happen to live beyond that, the child having eat through its father's patrimony, becomes then truly the child of the people, viz. a charge on that pariſh.

Here you ſee, Sir, in what manner the care of the unhappy offſpring is attended, in purſuance of the good and juſt deſign of the law: you ſee alſo how the foundation of right juſtice and charity is here ſapp'd and undermined, and that, inſtead of the pa-

riſhes being freed from any charge on this head, by this vile practice they are loading their inhabitants with additional rates to the poor, and that (not to take any more notice of the inhuman part) inſtead of warding againſt particular injuries, they are raiſing nurſeries of harlots, thieves, vagabonds, and beggars.

From this unheeded (becauſe to the juſt and good unknown) practice proceed alſo other direful conſequences; when the mother, no farther guilty yet than being the mother of an unlawfully begotten child, ſhall, to avoid the ſhameful part ſhe fears ſhe is to act in this cataſtrophy, add murder to her former crime, and become the butcher of her own bowels.

From hence alſo proceeds the baſe betraying practice of the men, who decoy with more aſſurance and ſecurity, from this opportunity of ſelling, with their honeſty, their ſhame at ſo ſmall an expence; ſince nothing is more common amongſt them, than brags and boaſts, that they have ſold a chopping boy or wench, or have been (in human form) at the eating up of their friend Jack's or Dick's child.

I ſubmit the whole to your correction: and am, Sir, the moſt diſtreſs'd of your correſpondents,

the injur'd and repenting

MARY K——.

[N° 21.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I REMEMBER that in a former ſpectator, or elſe in one of your tatlers, I have read that in good queen Beſs's days, the maids of honour were uſed to have ſirloins of roaſt-beef for breakfaſt; and as the ladies of late have taken to drinking of tea, and therefore of conſequence cannot eat beef in a morning, I would humbly petition to have the ſirloins given to us young fellows, who have ſpent our youth and blood in our country's ſervice, and our little fortunes in attending here; ſo that we are now obliged to ſtay four or five hours, to the tune of craving ſtomachs and empty pockets, inſtead of full bellies and empty platters, as our landladies at Plimouth and Chatham were uſed to ſay when at ſick-quarters. Now as the honourable gentlemen at the long-table are pleaſed (this cold winter) to allow us a fire and ſmall-beer, and as the chaplain to the lord ſtay'd out dinner after your treating on that ſubject; ſo we pray, that theſe our good lords will either diſmiſs us (to eat

* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 148.

peaſe and pork aboard) with a piece of parchment, or elſe allow us the roaſt-beef. If they comply with the firſt, you ſhall wet my commiſſion, if with the laſt, I will get a ſheet of paper from Bennet, and ſend you an inſide cut by Cricket the porter. Faith, ſpectator, I am very hungry, and (as crop runs low) I ſhall be obliged to ſteal down into ſome cellar, and get two penny-worth of boiled beef, and ſtand hard for a bit of carrot, which is all till the parchment or roaſt-beef comes, from,

Your admirer,

Admiralty-office, Nov. 22. 1711.

LIEUT. WOU'DBE.

P. S. If you love roaſt-beef, or punch, be expeditious.

[N° 22.]

* Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

YOU are ſenſible the buſineſs of the Roman Cenſors was only to exhibit laws of vertue, and to curb the viciouſneſs of that age. You would do your ſelf a

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* *Vid. Tatlers*, N° 129, 187, 190.

grand

grand favour, if you would break off acquaintance with the Italian Paſquin, and not diſturb your ſelf with principles, which are as far above your thoughts, as the probability of your diſcovering the philoſopher's ſtone. You cannot be ignorant that when a perſon endeavours to be a man of party in publick, he ought to be a man of ſenſe in private. Your viſions and mirrours are fine and engaging, they carry the grandeur of the thoughts both divine and moral, and all that read them are ſenſibly pleaſed. As you have aſſumed the title of Cenſor of Great-Britain, ſo you ſhould be cautious of your own reputation, and not be counted amongſt the factious, either by admitting Aminidab the Jew, or Paſquin the Catholick, into your ſtudies. You muſt pardon this freedom ; and it is at your pleaſure to take the advice of

Your well-wiſher,

and humble ſervant,

July 6. 1710. ORONTES.

[N° 23.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

I HAVE here ſent you the ninth ode of the third book of Horace, rendered into engliſh by a young gentleman. If you pleaſe to give it a place in your Tatlers, you will very much oblige, not only the tranſlator, but,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. M.

Horace.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quiſquam potior brachia candida
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Perſarum rege vigui beatior.

Engliſhed.

Whilſt I thy faithful love poſſeſs'd,
And while no happier youth his arms
Did twine about thy neck and breaſt,
More bleſt than Jove me made thy charms.

Lydia!

Lydia.

Donec non alia magis
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloen,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Engliſhed.

While thou for me didſt keep thy flame,
And whilſt I fairer in thy eyes
Than Chloe was, with greater fame
I liv'd, than th' Empreſs of the skies.

Horace.

Me nunc Threſſa Chloe regit,
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ ſciens
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata ſuperſtiti.

Engliſhed.

Now charming Chloe has my heart,
Chloe who ſings with voice divine,
Who ſtrikes her lute with ſofteſt art,
Whoſe life to ſave I'd ſtraight loſe mine.

Lydia.

Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi,
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata ſuperſtiti.

Engliſhed.

Me lovely Calais, Ornith's ſon,
Does love, and I love him again,
For whom I twice wou'd life lay down,
Wou'd fates let his own life remain.

Horace.

Quid ſi priſca redit Venus,
Diductoſque jugo cogit aheneo,
Si flava excutitur Chloe
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ.

Engliſhed.

What if our former loves return,
And we in firmeſt bonds be ty'd?
What if fair Chloe off I ſpurn,
And take ſcorn'd Lydia to my ſide?

Lydia.

Lydia.

Quanquam Sidere pulchrior
Ille eſt, tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adria,
Tecum vivere amens, tecum obeam lubens.

Engliſhed:

Though he outſhines the brighteſt ſtar,
Though with the ficklieſt thing doſt vie,
And than rough ſeas more rough by far,
With thee I'd gladly live and die.

[N° 24.]

——————————— *Qui*
Dente theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid
Ad te poſt paulo ventura pericula ſentis?

HOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM ſo far ſenſible of my deficiency in thoſe qualifications that are eſſential to a man of wit, that in all converſation I avoid with the utmoſt caution, engaging my ſelf in ſuch diſcourſes as naturally excite men of pregnant fancies, and thoſe leſs ſenſible of their

their own defects than my ſelf, to exert themſelves according to their abilities. Not that I profeſs my ſelf an enemy to what nature has denied me, but leſt, if being ſilent when a fair occaſion offers, I ſhould be thought inſipid and dull, or by an unſucceſsful attempt demonſtrate my ſelf in reality to be no otherwiſe.

But notwithſtanding this, it is my misfortune for the moſt part to converſe with a ſort of men, who, either out of exceſs of good or ill nature (which I leave you to determine) ſeem to extol and admire me for my wit; and although, with ſeveral proteſtations to the contrary, and innumerable flat expreſſions, I have endeavoured to convince them of their error, yet they ſtill perſiſt in an unreaſonable expectation of ſomething more than common in every ſentence I pronounce; or I deſire to know the reaſon, why at every period, (even when I am ſpeaking of the moſt trivial affair) they ſtare upon one another, enquiring where the jeſt lay?

This unfair uſage, as it makes me appear in company more ridiculous than really I deſerve, ſo it frequently puts me upon extravagancies I ſhould otherwiſe never be guilty of: for being unwilling always to baulk their expectations, and give Momus the trouble of ſifting and examining every expreſſion in vain, I purely out of

of good nature make ſome excurſions out of my ordinary road, though I am ſatisfied the fartheſt advances I can ever make towards the frontiers of wit, are to clink in rhime, and wrap my thoughts in the ambiguity of a punn, which are too groſs entertainments for the refin'd taſte of my company. But what ſtill makes my caſe leſs tolerable is, whenever I attempt to ſatisfy theſe gentlemen, how unjuſtly they expect the products of a redundant fancy from one who was never ſo ſollicitous of being thought a wit, as not to be thought a block head, they are all ſo fully employed in the examination of every term I make uſe of, that my arguments, though ſufficiently founded upon reaſon, prove ineffectual: and were it not for a ſerviceable hint I took from the writings of a very ingenious author, I ſhould be entirely deſtitute of means to avoid their mercileſs treatment, which now I can ſometimes do, by making a declaration before-hand that I intend not to be witty.

Now if the common ſpecies of criticks in converſation are generally reckon'd ſo deſtructive to human ſociety, what muſt we apprehend from thoſe, who not only employ themſelves in bringing to the teſt what the author intended for wit, but are alſo buiſy in pulling to pieces the moſt inſignificant phraſe, and proving there is no wit in an expreſſion where

where the ſpeaker never deſigned any? Though Lucilius's continual remarks on thoſe who make the leaſt pretenſions to a polite genius, render his converſation diſagreable, yet it is eaſy to diſcern a ſpark of generoſity glimmering through the ſhade, his other qualifications has caſt about him, in attacking thoſe only, who by their very pretenſions are ſuppoſed to have ſufficient ſtrength to ward off the ſtroaks of his reflections: for that reaſon I was not at all angry with him for ſetting in its true light a notable witticiſm I the other day (not without ſome pains) brought into the world. But when I ſee Momus baſely inſulting thoſe whoſe ambition never climb'd higher than to talk reaſonably, judging of the ſignificancy of the diſcourſe according to the quantity of wit he can extract out of it, I am ſo inraged, that methinks without reluctance, I could urge him to the ſame ignominious extremities, as did an ancient ſatyriſt the painter that expoſed him, had nature bleſt me with the ſame endowments.

As this baneful weed is without doubt the product, not only of the ſoil where I live, but of ſeveral other parts of this kingdom, I beg you would, for the ſake of thoſe who elſewhere ſuffer by its malignant effects, as well as for my own, take occaſion in ſome of your ſpeculations to inform all perſons

perſons of ſuch humours, that they very awkwardly affect to be thought wiſe, by profeſſing themſelves ſuch zealous biggots to wit, as to reliſh nothing in converſation but what by ſome quaint turn can amuſe the minds of the hearers; ſince there are ſeveral ſubjects where the ornaments and embeliſhments of an airy wit, are as improper as the ludicrous geſtures of an harlequin at the ſolemnities of a funeral: and that to inſult over thoſe whoſe want of endowments renders them incapable to retaliate the injury, argues a narrowneſs of ſoul and depravity of nature far beneath the dignity of a rational creature. It is poſſible they will believe, if affirmed by Mr. Spectator, what they would only carp at, if ſpoken by,

SIR,

Your prodigious admirer,

TIMOTHY DULMAN.

[N° 25.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

IT is allowed by moſt divines that the ſin of fornication in either ſex is equally odious to the almighty. Why then ſhould ours who are the weaker ſex, and conſequently more ſubject to frailties and miſconduct, be rendered ſo very reproachful and ignominious to mankind, as never to be pardoned for once committing this crime, tho' we are become the moſt ſincere penitents for it? whilſt the men (many of whom, like birds of prey, are daily contriving means to bring about our ruin) ſhall glory in their wickedneſs, and yet paſs uncenſur'd.

Pray, Sir, favour the publick in one of your tatlers with your ſentiments of this impartiality to our ſex; and you will very much oblige ſeveral of your female diſciples, but more particularly

Your humble ſervant,

A. M.

[N° 26.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a boy of twenty five years of age, my father is right worſhipful in the county of York, and my mother wears the breeches; who preferring a tea-table to the liberal arts, I was brought up under her wing till eighteen, when ſhe agreed with a friend about twenty miles off, upon a match between me and his daughter, to whom I was married after leſs than a week's acquaintance. By my education you may imagine I can hardly ſay bo to a gooſe, and indeed this is my caſe, which my wife quickly found out, and has tied me down to hard meat ever ſince. In ſhort, ſhe is woman all over; and I am quite weary, but could not tell how to eaſe my ſelf of her, till the other day I met with a New-York gentleman's ſale of his wife for eighteen-pence, which I was mightily pleaſed with. I deſire you will inſert this letter in one of your papers, to give notice to any one who wants a tidy laſs with more tongue than brains, that I have one in the city of York to diſpoſe of for half a crown, (for why ſhould not the old city have the ſame liberty as the

new, and the preference?) and at the ſame time, if you will ſet forth the inconveniencies of theſe ſort of marriages in their proper colours, you will oblige

Your admirer,

York, Nov. 20. 1711.

JOSIAH COXCOMB.

[N° 27.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE a long time been about asking your advice upon a very important affair; but can now defer it no longer.

You muſt know, Sir, I am a young gentleman, in no extraordinary circumſtances at preſent, my paternal eſtate ſettled on me and the heirs of my body being almoſt all ſettled in jointures to two widows, whereof one is very young, and likely to live very long. There is a certain widow lady who is rich enough, but the worſt on it is, ſhe is neither young enough to gain my affections, nor old enough to give me any hopes to get rid of her time enough for me to enjoy her riches after her death, with any manner of ſatisfaction or delight. There is likewiſe a young lady in all reſpects, but in her

her fortune, to be lik'd, who is dying in love for me.

I viſit the widow ſometimes; the young lady I ſpend moſt of my time with. If I ſhould forſake her, I abſolutely believe her death will enſue: if I marry her, I muſt be miſerable. I often tell her I cannot think of marrying one of her ſmall fortune, tho' I give her ſome ſmall hopes of what may be if I ſhould ſoon arrive to my eſtate; for I dare not totally refuſe her for fear of her life. She tiezes me to death when I am with her, by her continual ſighs, tears, ſwoonings and jealouſies. When I am abſent, ſhe plagues me daily with long letters, meſſengers, and the like; reproaches me with tears when ſhe ſees me next, for ſtaying ſo long away. I cannot go out of one room into the other, or walk in the garden, but ſtraight ſhe follows me. If I read, ſhe wonders how I can be ſo tired of her company: if I write, it is infallibly to ſome of her rivals: if I receive a letter, floods of tears and vollies of ſighs are the certain effects of it: if I am either gay or penſive, ſhe will find out ſome way to raiſe diſcontents and jealouſies in her breaſt, always uneaſy, always drawing conſequences to her diſadvantage, from every frown or ſmile, or every action I am capable of doing. Nay, ſhe will dive into my very thoughts a thouſand times a day, and tell

me I am thinking ſo and ſo, and even for quietneſs ſake oblige me to tell her what I am thinking of. I lead a very tireſome life with her; and ſhould I ever marry her, beſides the indifferency of my circumſtances as to fortune, I ſhould undergo a hell on earth by her over-fondneſs and jealouſies. If ſhe had a million, I believe ſhe would have me. I really love her both by inclination and gratitude, though I cannot marry her; and did I not fear the diſmal effects it would undoubtedly produce, I would plainly acquaint her with my final reſolution.

Now, Mr. Spectator, I want your friendly opinion how I ought to deal with this lady, who is too poor and too amorous, and with the widow, who is too ugly and too old. Pray tell me how in honour and conſcience I ought to proceed, and I ſhall act accordingly: this will infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Yours, moſt humbly,

Will's coffee-houſe,
Octob. 15. 1711.

T. LOVELITTLE.

[N° 28.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE often read your papers with a great deal of pleaſure, and am ſenſible they have frequently had the deſigned effect among the intelligent world. How far the following perſons may be eſteemed of the number, I would gladly be informed.

It is uſual for moſt gentlemen of figure in the country to covet an authority, which may give them the aſcendant over their meaner neighbours; for which reaſon they willingly think 500l. per ann. ſo ſhining a qualification, that the owner of it, and a pack of dogs, muſt conſequently be dubb'd a juſtice. If any perſon of leſs outward endowments (through merit or good ſenſe) be thought worthy to be added to the number, it is expected he muſt truckle to the former, and ſubſcribe to all he dictates. His refuſal is fatal to his reputation as a gentleman, and a man of honour; for he will no longer be eſteemed fit company for the governing 'ſquire, who majeſterially expects all his brethren to join with him in gratifying his own or his brother ſportſman's pique, or in ſerving their intereſt, though againſt all

rules of property, law, juſtice, or charity; and whoever ſhould argue againſt the ſenſe of the ſavage fox-hunter, ſuch perſons diſſenting from his arbitrary will, eſpecially if he has but 500 l. per ann. or more, muſt be abuſed, bullied, and affronted.

You that obſerve the actions of all, (as you preſide over all aſſemblies) cannot but have taken notice of theſe enormities. What I beg of you therefore is, that you will inſtruct the ignorant country world, (who at preſent are unacquainted with nice calculations of any ſort) what meaſure of underſtanding goes with 500 l. per ann. and ſo proportionably, and what ſort of difference a perſon moving in a lower orb, (though bleſs'd with a liberal education, and among the polite and thinking, paſſes for a man of penetration, and unbiaſſed juſtice, and is every way equal to his talk) ought to pay to the ſuperiour genius of the 'ſquire; who, as he rules the territories of the woods, plains, and mountains, conſequently expects to worry his brethren (like his game) into tameneſs. Your direction herein will much oblige the civiliz'd part of all the quarter-ſeſſions in Great-Britain, and among them,

SIR,

Your faithful admirer,

Decemb. 15. 1711.

Φιλοδίκαιος.

[Nº 29.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU will give me leave to appeal to you as a criminal, ſince you have already inſerted a gentleman's vindication of himſelf for the ſame offence.

I am one who have alſo ſnatch'd a favour I could not obtain by requeſt; for which I lie under ſo great a diſpleaſure, that it is become, *dignus vindice nodus*, a variance which none but your mediation can reconcile: beſides, it is in a great meaſure owing to you the difficulty I labour under; for ever ſince the precedent you have given us of an excuſe, I verily believe my injur'd fair one too has expected a poetical ſatisfaction. I have attempted therefore, in the firſt eſſay I ever made of this kind, to gratify her reſentments, and (ſhould the following poem ever ſupply the place of better ſpeculations) intend to preſent the lady myſelf with the firſt appearance of it in publick, and at the ſame time execute my apology by the example I have deſcribed. I muſt aſſure you, that in referring myſelf thus to your determination, I am conſcious of nothing but what may very well conſiſt with the ſtricteſt decency or reſpect; for as I conclude all offences againſt virtue, good nature, or good manners,

manners, (in our converſation with that ſex, you are particularly a patron of) amongſt ſuch as I would willingly allow to be inexcuſable; ſo for all thoſe, which are only the effect of a fond but virtuous inclination, as the innocent dalliances which gratify no other deſire than that which enjoys them: when theſe (if they muſt be ſo called) offences, are, by a ſeverity exceeding all juſt pretences to modeſty or reſervedneſs, thought unpardonable, I think I ſhould be as much in any body's caſe as my own, for indulging ſuch a liberty as Damon's in his own juſtification: but however my excuſe ſucceeds with the lady, believe me, Sir, that I am not a little concern'd for that I ſhould make to you. I am very ſure, I ſhall expoſe a great many faults, by taking this way to get one pardoned; and from the accuracy of your own writings muſt conclude, that you can do no leſs than condemn all the reſt, if not that. There is no confeſſion I could make to my own advantage, or which you don't know already; therefore owning this to be a tranſlation, is only to deſire the favour you would not do it ſo much injury, as to let every body know, where to compare it with the original. I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

A. B.

To Mrs. A. B.

THINK but how often you deny'd
The favour I implor'd,
You'll own, this tale's not ill apply'd,
Perhaps ſome kinder word.

I ſnatch'd a kiſs without affront,
When nothing elſe could eaſe me;
Forgive me then, for if you wont,
I know what muſt appeaſe ye.

Three days were paſs'd, nor had th' unhappy pair,
Delphire once ſeen her ſwain, nor he the fair;
Three days were paſs'd, nor yet their ſeparate flocks
Or ſport on plains, or wanton climb the rocks.
Drooping around, theſe mourn their Damon's fate,
Theſe on their Delphire's frowns no leſs lamenting wait.
The lonelieſt deſerts his ſlow ſteps purſue,
Or ſhades by nature form'd t' attend ſuch woe;
Where pitying rocks may to his moan reply,
Repeat his grief, and ſooth his miſery.

Not ſo (attended by the jolliеſt ſwains)
She, triumphing through their wide labour'd plains,
Swell'd with diſſembled pride, and with feign'd joy,
Feeds on thoſe real ones her eyes deſtroy.
Inſulting thus the miſeries ſhe gives
With new diſdain, their faithleſs hope revives:
Whilſt a more ſecret corner of her breaſt,
The lov'd and loving Damon ſtill poſſeſs'd,
Nor all her ſtudied cruelty conceals,
How much in being ſo his pain ſhe feels.
May love and you then equal umpires be
Of his offence, and her ſeverity.
An opportunity he long had watch'd,
Once ſome ſlight favour from her lips he catch'd,
Sudden reſentment at th' ungrateful bliſs,
Baniſh'd the bold tranſgreſſor for a kiſs.
Perhaps by ſecond thoughts that judgment weigh'd,
Or leſs the crime or puniſhment had made.
Howe'er, one ev'ning as with uſual care
The ſhepherds homeward with their ſheep repair,
Returning from their paſtures, on the way
The bleating flocks in various figures play;

Them-

Themſelves for that repoſe which can their toils repay,
Bleſs'd in their rural melody the cloſe of day.
Delphire from far her ſilent Damon ſpies,
(For none can ſee ſo far as lovers eyes)
She ſtopp'd and in th' adjoining thicket ſtrove
To ſhun the object of her conſcious love:
There through the maze his paſſion all reveal'd;
She wiſh'd her own were ſcarce ſo much conceal'd.
Such as ſhe would inflict his griefs appear,
Such as all lovers ſhould in abſence bear:
Liſtleſs in penſive thoughts he paſs'd along,
And by his ſide his pipe neglected hung.
The god of love, who hov'ring all this while,
View'd his own miſchiefs with malicious ſmile,
At length came down, and gently ſhook the boughs,
Th' obedient boughs their leaves with trembling loſe,
Th' hidden ſavage to the lover's gaze diſcloſe.
Each at the ſtrange event, with like ſurprize
Poſſeſs'd, nor he approaches, nor ſhe flies:
Damon firſt broke the ſilent interview,
His words (but not at once) their influence knew;

The tendereſt proofs does his repentance give,
Proofs which e'en Delphire will herſelf believe,
Yet coldly ſtill the penitent receive.
What moving accents each expreſſion grac'd,
Each ſeem'd t' exceed, and be it ſelf the laſt;
'Twas thus his lips did all their art explore
The ſweets from her's once ſtolen to reſtore.
No Nymph to ſuch perſwaſion but comply'd,
No ſwain with ſuch a voice was e'er deny'd.
Eccho, who long has her Narciſſus mourn'd,
Never ſince his ſuch mournful notes return'd;
With theſe complains alone the mocking fair,
Had to a voice conſum'd and pin'd to air.
Now th' injur'd ſhepherd his raſh judge arraigns,
By turns his crime and innocence maintains:
Then more ſubmiſſive both again he pleads,
As each her pardon moſt her pity needs.
Were but his merit with his fault compar'd,
Th' offender only did himſelf reward:
Yet it too far his fond preſumption urg'd,
Himſelf condemn'd what ſhe ſeverely judg'd,

That

That tempting crime he wou'd repeat no more ;
No ! by that tempting crime itſelf he ſwore :
No more he would thoſe treach'rous joys believe,
Which thus deſtroy the happineſs they give.
No purer flames ſhould feed the veſtal fire
Than thoſe, which now his paſſion ſhould inſpire :
And ſince he can ſucceed by that alone,
Her heart ſhould ſoon approve one like her own.
He ſigh'd and begg'd ſhe would his friendſhip prove,
And all his recompence might be to love.
Thus Damon little knowing what he meant,
Through too much love does all its hopes prevent ;
Impatient Delphire's favour to regain,
All it could grant his promiſes diſclaim,
But ſaw, as he theſe gen'rous vows rehears'd
To kinder ſmiles her angry frowns diſpers'd ;
A ſudden joy riſe with the new-born charms,
And extaſy tranſports the lover's arms.
Round her they claſp'd, he of his wiſh poſſeſs'd,
There ſeals his pardon where he had tranſgreſs'd ;
Oft' had the fair enjoin'd at other times
Severer penalties for ſmaller crimes ;

But

But now (the Lord knows why) they both are pleas'd,
He goes away content, and ſhe appeas'd.

The tale is done; then what's the moral?
Shall we like them make up our quarrel?
For wiſer heads than ours maintain,
Lovers fall out but to fall in again.
Thus my fair Delphire would I oft' diſpleaſe,
That but as often I might make my peace.

[N° 30.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

WHILST the coin was ſo generally corrupt as it was before the happy reformation of it, I had no ſcruple on me of paying it off without regard to its ſize or value, becauſe all people knew it was generally baſe and deficient; but ſince it has been reſtored to its juſt value, (though I have not eſcaped the taking baſe coin) I have never offered any of it again in payment: for ſince all people take it to be good, I muſt impoſe on the ignorance or inadvertency of my neighbour in putting it upon

upon him, which is neither a generous nor a chriſtian part. I am perſuaded, that ſince the laws of our country have made it a capital crime to counterfeit the queen's coin, all they who are inſtruments of its currency, when known to be counterfeit, are *participes ſceleris:* and I have again conſidered, that if I ſhould be an agent, by paſſing it away, to convey it down to ſome miſerable poor perſon, in whoſe hand it ſhould founder in its currency, I ſhould be guilty of the oppreſſion, miſery, want, and anguiſh, that may thereby happen to the indigent perſon and his family. If you think the ſubject worthy your notice, I wiſh you would oblige the publick with your ſentiments of it (which are ſo juſtly valuable) in your moſt excellent tatlers.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

Octob. 24.
1711.

T. R.

[N° 31.]

* Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

HAVING ſometimes (though but by chance) the opportunity of peruſing your ingenious papers, I have obſerved in ſeveral of them you have expreſs'd a great deal of concern for the welfare of our ſex; on whoſe account your charity is ſo extenſive, that you have at length contrived the way and means to marry them all, both old and young; by which I find there is but one ſtate of life in this world, unpitied and without a patron, and but one ſort of wretch who hath no friend at need: there is great proviſion made for the widows and fatherleſs; lunaticks have their college, the ſick and lame their hoſpital, yea, the very criminals their daily bread; but nothing falls to her ſhare, who hath an improvident and careleſs husband, but abundance of miſery, and a heart brim-full of grief: ſhe is the hapleſs ſoul for whom there is none takes thought, or once ſuppoſes they ought to be relieved. Why this ſhould be ſo, my weak judgment cannot apprehend? therefore would think my ſelf highly obliged to that perſon,

* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 157.

who

who could prove either by reaſon or ſcripture, that ſuch a wretch is not an object of charity; if it is allowed that ſhe is ſuch, how comes it then to paſs, that in this pious age ſuch unhappy ones ſuffer more than all the world beſide? perhaps it might be ſuggeſted, that thoſe who would relieve the neceſſities of a diſtreſs'd wife are not willing the husband ſhould partake of their bounty, leſt it ſhould encourage their extravagance: ſo that the woman muſt inevitably ſtarve, for fear her husband ſhould have a part; yet if thoſe who hold this doctrine would conſider the words of our dear redeemer, they would ſoon change their opinion, who ſaith in the 13th of St. Matthew, Let both grow together until the harveſt: and ſince the ſame mouth hath pronounced, That whom God hath joined together no man ought to put aſunder. It is my belief, that there is no conſideration ſtrong enough to make it lawful for a woman to forſake her husband, whatever ſhe ſuffers with him: and for this faith, I have endured and am ſtill under ſuch miſeries and diſtreſſes, as (without a miracle of providence) will in a ſhort time render me a martyr to my marriage-vow. Nevertheleſs, that there may not be many more ſuch ſufferers, I have taken upon me to recommend to the ingenious Mr. Bickerſtaff the deplorable ſtate before-mentioned; whoſe generous ſoul may, doubtleſs, be inſpired for

the relief of the miſerable; in which number (to the laſt degree) I am reduced and depreſs'd. Who am,

Good SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Southwark, Aug. 17. 1710.

ELISA.

[Nº 32.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

COULD I hope for your approbation of the following lines, I know not but it would make me vain, was I not taught by you to throw away that greateſt evil of our ſex; but I have a requeſt to make, which, if granted, I am ſatisfied I ſhall glory in: it is, that you would inſert them in your ſpectators; with ſome of your own ingenious lines preceding them, and recommend them to the officers of young-Man's Coffee-houſe. I beg you to inſert them between this and Saturday, or let me know the reaſon that makes them not worthy your notice: in doing either of which,

which, you will oblige one who has nothing to recommend her, but that ſhe is an admirer of your profound ingenuity, and,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Red-lion-ſquare. E. M.

KEEN ſatyr, riſe, and help my willing pen
With friendly aid againſt theſe red-coat men,
Who talk of death, and brave a cannon-ball,
Of ſtorming towns, and ta'ng the devil and all:
Yet, ſpight of all this great and mighty doing,
They're ſooneſt quell'd when e'er they go a wooing.
If they're repuls'd at the firſt onſet, then
They dwindle to the meaneſt ſort of men.
The lady ſhewing but a modeſt ſcorn,
Their courtſhip's over, and their love is gone.
And though her beauty and her fortune's great,
They dare not, rallying, tempt a better fate.
Satyr, then ſay what is't theſe men deſerve,
For beauty and for money both to ſtarve?

Was I to manage them, I'd let them know
The num'rous torments they ſhould undergo,
And find a lady's gain'd not with that eaſe
As they ſtorm towns, and take them when they pleaſe.

[N° 33.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE frequent obſervation we have made of the good effect which your general reprehenſion of ſeveral kinds of misbehaviours hath had, in reclaiming many on whom private admonitions have no way ſucceeded, hath encouraged us to trouble you, deſiring you would admoniſh all ſuch, who, out of a vain and affected ſingularity, in divine ſervice, daily prolong their rehearſals a full ſentence after the reſt of the congregation, with a very particular tone, not only to the diſturbance of the reader, but which cauſes alſo much diſorder in the reſt of the congregation: a particular inſtance of which may be heard every lord's-day at a church near St. Paul's: for the reclaiming of which we earneſtly deſire your cenſure of ſuch behaviour; hoping that the conceited behaviour of a certain overgrown child, and a notorious offender of this kind, may be thereby amended, and all farther imita-

imitation of him by others prevented; which will be a very great obligation to

Your humble ſervants,

GREGORY SOL-FA,
and
BEMI MAGDALEN.

July 8. 1712.

P. S. The conceited offender above-mentioned is very particularly troubleſome in that part of the divine ſervice which is the peculiar office of your humble ſervants; and though this complaint is particular, the ill practice which occaſions it is ſo general, that it needs your ſpeedy reprehenſion.

[N° 34.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have long declar'd your ſelf a friend to every virtue and decency of life: give me leave then to propoſe to you a ſubject I think you have not yet ſpoken to, or not enough conſider'd; I mean, an inſolent liberty that ſome men of impertinent wit take in talking obſcenely to women of vertue and honour: the reaſon I urge this is from an inſult I lately received of that kind by a gentleman, whoſe knowledge of the

world and ſenſe is, I am ſure, ſuperiour to his conduct. 'Tis, I own, too much the infirmity of my nature to be but too ſelf-conſcious of honour, and have too tender and quick a ſenſibility at reproach, though never ſo unmerited; yet I confeſs, my own thoughts, and the diſcourſe that innocently gave the occaſion to the nauſeous application, were ſo very diſtant and remote from ſuch a levity, that I did not at firſt comprehend the expreſſion, as it was too apparently meant, and fear he might miſconſtrue my ſilence and ſurprize for approbation: but let him be aſſured from this, that though my own husband was referr'd to, to countenance the folly, I have never ſince thought of it but with an indignation better felt than expreſs'd. After all, I am no enemy to wit and gaiety of converſation, provided it be managed with innocence, civility, and good nature, but become infinitely averſe when it degenerates from thoſe rules; and think a wife obliged to a more than virgin-caution, as ſhe has not only her own but husband's honour to preſerve, and in that word I conclude all conjugal virtues. Pray, Sir, endeavour to convince ſuch miſtaken men, that every the leaſt deviation from modeſty is an offence to chaſt minds.

Your ſervant,

Sept. 6. 1712. PORCIA.

P. S. You will, I hope, Sir, ſoon give this a place in your paper, and do juſtice to the ſubject. You often ſuffer your ſelf to be impos'd on by malicious, ſly-inſinuations from the worſt of people, whoſe infamous art it is to endeavour to ſink all that have any advantage in merit to their own level, and you, by lending an eaſy credit and ready compliance to diſperſe their poiſon, become an acceſſary to their guilt. If either religion, humanity, or juſtice, has any weight with you, you will be tender for the future how you contribute to blaſt the reputation of any perſon, a good more valuable than life; and believe, that divinity, morality, philoſophy, poetry, and hiſtory, will furniſh more uſeful themes, and be more worthy of your care and pen.

[N° 35.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE following verſes were lately ſent me from ſome of my friends at Stratford upon Avon, with a deſire I would endeavour to get a place for them in one of your papers; which if you will pleaſe to grant, the favour

favour will be acknowledged by them, and by,

SIR,

Your profound admirer,

W. K.

TWO tragedies within one month you've ſeen,
Of a ſtabb'd monarch and a captive queen.
The firſt was of our native Britiſh growth,
And conſequently ——— nothing worth:
The other French, in Britiſh wollen clad;
Enough 'tis thought to make a poem bad.
But ſtill with loud applauſe the motley took,
And ev'ry word enhans'd before 'twas ſpoke.
The habit of a Frenchman ſuits all nations;
We awkard iſlanders admit all faſhions.
But ſtill there's no French author dare to fit
His meagre carcaſs with our Britiſh wit.
Our giant Shakeſpear was not of their ſize,
His manly genius does their limbs deſpiſe.
Two ſuch unlike productions ne'er was ſhewn
Within ſo ſmall a circle to this town,
Nor from ſuch diff'rent authors ever known.

Racine

Racine had all that learning cou'd impart;
He wanted neither judgment, wit, nor art:
By a young ſprightly monarch he was bleſt,
And as by him by others was careſt.
Nature her ſelf ſhot Shakeſpear as from earth,
And with him roſe to bleſs the happy birth:
Upon his man-like genius ſhe hung
With pious care to dictate what ſhe ſung:
O'er his performances does ſtill preſide,
To check the inſolence of learned pride.

[N° 36.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR ſpeculations are of ſo univerſal advantage, that I think 'tis the duty of all your readers to put you in mind of what may eaſily be ſuppoſed to eſcape your notice. What I am to complain of is, that there are women who (not thinking it enough to keep their inhumanity to themſelves) make it their buſineſs to proclaim on all occaſions their hatred of children in general, always adviſing their ill treatment rather as ſlaves than children. You know, Sir, how naturally moſt women are inclined to be imperious, and

and how eaſily perſwaded to what they are inclined; and as good advice has often the misfortune of being taken amiſs, ſo bad is but too often followed. By theſe means it very often happens, that the moſt dutiful children are as ill treated as the moſt diſobedient can deſerve, and then you may imagine what diſorders and uneaſineſſes ſuch poiſon infuſed into the minds of parents has and may occaſion. Did theſe unnatural creatures but reflect a little that they ſhould do as they would be done by, ſure they might remember they were once ſo, and how little they ſhould have then liked ſuch ill treatment as they adviſe the uſe of. And yet what happens more frequently (though I think nothing can be more to their ſhame) than to ſee theſe very people marry after ſuch a profeſs'd hatred of what others juſtly eſteem the chief bleſſing of that ſtate. If I ſeem too ſevere, believe that it comes from a ſufferer by theſe means; and if you think this unworthy the honour of a place in your papers, I beg of you to let us have your thoughts alone upon this ſubject: in which you will particularly oblige

SIR,

Your admirer, and

humble ſervant,

S. R.

[N° 37.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU having formerly (though in a different capacity) given us the expectation of an account of a piece of painting, wherein was to be repreſented the ſtory of Alexander receiving a potion from his ſuſpected Philippus, and we apprehending it to have been finiſhed ſome time, and fearing leſt you ſhould have forgotten it, or for other reaſons intended to deprive us (together with the reſt of your readers) of ſo valuable an entertainment, humbly take the liberty to remind you of it, and aſſure you it will be very acceptable to,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

humble ſervants,

Grecian-Coffee-houſe,
May 17. 1712.

J. B.
S. W.

* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 209.

[N° 38.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

SIR,

THE pleaſure which I all along found in reading your tatlers is ſuch, that I have frequently reſolved to ſend you my thanks. To ſee virtue and religion encouraged, and vice and profaneneſs exploded, in this degenerate age, was what gave me the trueſt ſatisfaction. I ſeveral times wiſh'd to ſee ſome particular follies expoſed, which afterwards I found chaſtiſed by you in the very manner that I deſired. One ſubject I wanted you to treat upon, and I ſuppoſed you avoided it, becauſe you imagined (and perhaps rightly) that it would not be agreeable to the generality of your readers. But however, ſince your firſt motto, *Quicquid agunt homines*, confined you to no particular ſubject, I could not tell but you might accept of the hints of a well-wiſher, and purſue the argument more at large yourſelf, *Fungar vice cotis acutum reddere quæ ferrum valet exſors ipſa ſecandi.*

The abuſe which I intend to enlarge upon in this letter, is that humour which is now ſo prevalent, of ſetting wit and banter (or

as

as the new word is, bambouzle) in oppoſition to ſolid learning. The occaſion which led me to it was the uſage which the world has given to Athenæus, who has labour'd as much to infuſe a ſpirit of ſolid learning into this nation, as any man in it. I meddle not with the private controverſies, in which he is involved with his own ſociety; they are before a proper and a competent judge: if he has done unjuſt things, let him, in God's name ſuffer for them; if he has not, I am fully ſatisfied, his cauſe will be examined by thoſe that will acquit him.

That which I complain of is, that ever ſince the queſtion was firſt ſtarted about the genuineneſs of Phalaris's Epiſtles, that whole branch of learning, in which Athenæus does ſo deſervedly excel, has been the ſcorn and ſport of all men of wit about town. What ſignifies (ſays one) whether Phalaris's Epiſtles are genuine or not? what avails it to know all the meaſures of the ancient verſes? is the world the better for this correction of Horace, or that of Callimachus? Now this way of reaſoning ſapps the foundations of learning. That divinity, and morality, and true philoſophy, and the ſtudy of the municipal laws of any country, are the moſt valuable ſtudies which a man can employ himſelf about, is no queſtion: ſtill this does not leſſen the true worth of other parts of learning; and no man will ſtudy to excel

cel in any thing, if, inſtead of applauſe, he ſhall meet with reproach and obloquy.

Life is content with a very little; but then if mankind ſhould upon that ſcore take up a reſolution to uſe nothing in their diet, clothes, furniture, and equipage, but what is abſolutely neceſſary, three parts of the world muſt ſtarve. When therefore men once found it expedient to go beyond this abſolute neceſſity, emulation took place: that emulation has made arts and ſciences thrive, and by employing innumerable multitudes, has proved in the general an unſpeakable bleſſing to mankind: that ſet Rafael and Mich. Angelo, Titian and Correggio, Rubens and Vandyke, to work; and yet their excellencies were no more neceſſary to life, than the skill of any common ſign-poſt-painter in town. Carry this to any other ſcience; what real advantage to phyſick and ſurgery have the fineſt diſcoveries in anatomy, moſt of the experiments in chymiſtry, that diffuſe knowledge in botany produced? none, I am afraid: and I know the great maſters will readily own it. Are not therefore, Harvy and Wharton, Willis and Lower, de Graaf and Swamerdam, for their anatomical diſcoveries; are not Boyle and Vanhelmont, for their chymical labours, are not Ray, Plukenet, and Tournefort, for their pains in improving botany, worthy of commendation? yes, undoubt-

doubtedly. Go into the mathematicks, the uſe of mathematical learning to civil life, as numerous and as noble as they are, which are produced by the knowledge of the ſeveral proportions of lines and numbers, will be anſwered without the diſcoveries of Barrow and Newton, of Ward and Wallis, of Del Hoſpital and Leibniz : and one may calculate eclipſes, and ſail a ſhip, without underſtanding the one thouſandth part ſo much aſtronomy as Dr. Gregory, or Mr. Halley. What ſignifies it (will ſome ſay) to know the language of our forefathers ; to trace the ſeveral ſteps from which it is derived ; to ſay this word is Britiſh, that Saxon, this Daniſh, that Iſlandiſh, or this French ? perhaps he that makes the objection has no taſte for ſuch diſquiſitions : let him leave them then to others that have. Thoſe whoſe love to their vaderlandt (as the Dutch very ſignificantly call it) leads them to know every thing which their anceſtors did or ſpoke, will be pleaſed with theſe diſquiſitions, and will think that Dr. Hicks has in his literary capacity deſerved as much from his country as any man could poſſibly do in ſuch a way.

To bring this back to our firſt enquiry, does not that man deſerve great encouragement from his country, at leaſt ſhould not he be protected from the flouts of ignorant boys, and not much more knowing men,

who has acquired ſo thorough an inſight into all the parts of greek and roman learning, that he has thereby been able to teach the men of the profeſſion ſo many things which they knew not before? Is it not for the honour of our nation, that we have a man of our own, who can keep pace with the Scaligers, the Grotius's, the Salmaſius's, and the Spanheims, of other countries? But what good has he done? told us how many tragedies Jonchius has writ; reſtored ſome words in Heſychius; gathered the fragments of Callimachus; fixed the age of Pythagoras; and ruined the credit of Phalaris's Epiſtles. Suppoſing this were all, ſtill this is what no body elſe had done, and ſome of it perhaps none could do beſides himſelf. It is an addition to the ſtock of knowledge, and it ſhews beſides, that he that could do this, might (when commanded by his proper ſuperiours) do a great deal more. And if Horace and Cicero be authors worthy ſtudying, and if one would be glad to ſee what they ſay themſelves, and not what their copiers or editors have given us for theirs, then his emendations upon Cicero's Tuſculans, and upon Horace, ought to endear himſelf to the polite part of mankind. I ſpeak of the one which I have not ſeen, from the other which I have read; and by what I ſee he has done upon the one, I gueſs what he will do upon the other. And a man muſt have a very

a very odly-turn'd head, if he does not at firſt ſight acquieſce in at leaſt nine parts in ten of his corrections upon that which is perhaps the uſefulleſt book that ever Tully wrote.

The accuſation of Pedantry which our witlings lay ſo heavily to his charge is all ridiculous; our city, as well as our rural gentry, call now-a-days every thing Pedantry which is above their reach. This is an enormity worthy, Sir, of you to cure. Let his accuſers but look into his nine ſermons, eſpecially the laſt, and they muſt own that nobler eloquence, as well as a greater depth of true divinity and philoſophy, is not any where elſe in our language to be found. And if he be the author of the emendations upon Le Clerc, which appeared laſt ſummer, and which all the world aſcribes to him, he deſerves all poſſible encouragement and protection from our church. That amazing erudition which Mr. Bayle aſcribes to him in his dictionary, (*Art. Claſſ. Chærea*) has there been employed to an excellent purpoſe, to take down the great opinion which the world has had of the abilities of a man, who perhaps has hurt the chriſtian religion, as to the belief of its great and fundamental articles, more than any man of our age. This he has done more by the reputation which he contracted of being one of the firſt-rate ſcholars of Europe, than by any thing elſe; which repu-

tation is now among proper judges effectually deſtroyed. In ſhort, it is for the honour of the nation, that ſuch a man as Athenæus ſhould be protected in his character, and that perſonal imperfections ſhould not obſcure his merit with thoſe that know him not; that he has ſuch imperfections, his friends conceal, and his enemies publiſh: but his ſufferings have as much proceeded from his zeal to promote the cauſe of ſolid learning againſt banter and clamour, as from any other ſingle reaſon whatſoever. The cauſe that you ſo inimitably manage, is the cauſe of all that is good, ſerious and praiſe-worthy, among which things, learning ought to have a place, and that you have too much value for, not to honour in the perſons of its greateſt advocates.

I am,

Decemb. 28. 1710.

Your real admirer, &c.

P. S. Pray oblige the world with your thoughts concerning Pedantry, wherein it does, and wherein it does not conſiſt. That matter is as yet pretty much in the dark: and if you would chaſtize the *cui bono* men, who laugh at all knowledge but what themſelves like, you would do a good piece of ſervice to the learned world; that is, a world

world as well worth your pains as the beau monde of St. James's coffee-houſe or White's chocolate-houſe. Be not afraid, your zeal, ſteadily purſued, may turn the bent of the nation from pamphlets to ſolid books; and by your labours, inſtead of amuſing ourſelves with finding faults on both ſides, and in the fault-finders, we may in time recover out of our political madneſs, leave our governours whoſe province it is to manage this britiſh world of ours, and betake ourſelves once more to the ſtudying thoſe things, by which we may be enabled to do good in our generation. Adieu.

[N° 39.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WITHOUT the epiſcopal gate of this city, I reſort very frequently of an evening to cardinal's coffee-houſe, where I meet ſome honeſt neighbours. Our converſation generally turns to buying and ſelling, recovering debts, and other parts of trade; but we are very frequently interrupted by a young fellow whom I ſhall call a wedge. Our company generally fills a table when he does not intrude upon us; when he does, though we ſit ſo cloſe as to think it

impoſſible, yet he gets in his wedge-noſe, drives forward with his irreſiſtible beetle-head, and cleaves immediately us poor blocks. Then begins upon politicks. We are let into the ſecrets of the cabinet and privy councils of all the courts of Europe, elections of parliament-men, aldermen, ſheriffs, and common-council-men, &c. things that we never dreamt of or deſired to know, neither do we underſtand, and conſequently ſeem to us the greateſt noiſe and nonſenſe. Now, Sir, tho' we are not capable of underſtanding his harangues, yet they may be uſeful to the publick; and being unwilling to extinguiſh the active ſpirit of this may be conſiderable man for ought we know, we have reſolved to get rid of a troubleſome companion, and abundance of hard words, though at our expence, to pull down the preſent indexes of our habitations, and employ him thoſe hours he uſed to ſpend in making us martyrs, in delineating in hieroglyphicks his ſubjects, which we preſume are the preſent occurrences to hang up in their ſtead, only waiting your approbation. If the humour takes, we conceive it may be much to his profit, as well as his and our fame at preſent; which in the ſucceeding age, no doubt, ſome learned antiquarian may immortalize, by a three-penny diſſertation on ſigns and ſign-poſts: and indeed,

indeed, it may clear up (as other antiquities do) the hiſtories of the preſent age.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

Friday, Decemb. 14. 1711. J. R.

P. S. Pray, Sir, let all intruders into company and converſation be for ever hereafter deemed wedges; which name will never be forgotten, if they are once ſo called by the Spectator.

[N° 40.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

IF you think the following verſes worthy a place in your tatlers, I deſire you would pleaſe to inſert them as ſoon as you have room; and you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

R. T.

WHILE fortune did with fate agree,
And doggrel rhimes ran full and free,
Then who ſo great as I and he.
But now misfortunes moil the ſpring,
We both are quite another thing.
He, like a full meridian ſun,
Bleſſes whoe'er he ſhines upon:
While, like the humble turneſol, I
Unſhone upon, recline and die.

Tell me, ye Sophs, if planets rule,
And ſtamp the wiſe man and the fool;
If riches thence have all their date,
And honours are the gift of fate;
Why do we, like the Negro ſlave,
That thoſe we hate the gains may have?
Meer ſuperficial agents, we
Have nothing but ſupine to be.

But if the planets, as they rowl,
Take laws from ſome ſuperiour ſoul;

Tell

Tell me again then, tell me why
Does vice exult and virtue die?
Why thrives the man whoſe vital juice
Has ſerv'd his luſts, not nature's uſe?
While the chaſt honeſt man forlorn,
Cries he had better ne'er been born.

To this perhaps you'll make reply,
Look forward on futurity,
And ſee with faith's almighty eye.
There's a reward, both ſound and ſure,
For all we do or can endure.
Theſe tranſitory evils paſs'd,
Delights enſue, that ever laſt.
And as a drop is to a ſea,
Are thoſe with theſe compar'd to thee.

That poor-rich friend, whoſe chief delight
Has been to edge his appetite;
Whoſe only uſe of ſenſe and youth
Was fairly how to plunder both;

Surren-

Surrenders up his niggard ſtore,
And owns himſelf in plenty poor.
Worſe than the friend forgot divide
Thoſe riches he alive deny'd.

What does the friend forgotten do?
Conſider wiſely on't, you'll know.
His ſoul a calm, the tyrant death
Scarce cares to take away his breath;
Surpriz'd and ſtupify'd to find
Such calms in ſuch a ſhatter'd mind;
Where paſs'd unkindneſs nothing moves,
But as he languiſhes, he loves.

[N° 41.]

Sibimet invidia vindex.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is to its own damage, if envy oppoſes the trophies and glory of Hercules; to what end does it attempt to bite his ſharp-pointed club but to make its jaws bloody? in ſhort, it is its own avenger: it ſeems to

to be like a ſword, which from the ſame blood it ſpills gathers ruſt, and by it is afterwards eaten up. All other vices take their riſe from ſome appearance of good or pleaſure; on the contrary, this proceeds from an inward grief and diſſatisfaction at the good of another. Envy ſooner executes its fury on its own bowels than on the honour of its neighbour. Men are naturally apt to look with an ill eye on up-ſtart happineſs, and deſire to reduce the fortunes of none more than thoſe whom they have once ſeen on a level with themſelves.

He muſt flie from dignities and honourable employments, that would not be expoſed to envy's darts. Valerius Publius ſet his houſe on fire becauſe its magnificence procured him envy; Fabius abdicated the conſulſhip, ſaying, now I hope envy will ceaſe to trouble the Fabi's. In my opinion, they were in the wrong, for nothing is better in this caſe than ſcorn, and being always endeavouring to mount higher, till the envious man's eye fails him, and he loſes ſight of you.

Your very humble ſervant,

T. A.

[Nº 42.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE uncommon reſpect you ſhew for piety, and your encouraging poetical performances of that nature, gives me preſumption to ſend you the following lines upon part of the firſt pſalm; ſubmitting them to your judgment.

Your humble ſervant,

Septemb. 3. 1712.

R. S.

BLEST is the man, yea, doubly bleſt is he,
Who ſhuns the councils of impiety,
And from the companies of them withdraws
Who God deny, or ridicule his laws;
Nay, though a mighty man avoids his door,
Who hates the righteous few, or ſcorns the pious poor.
But in the law of God is his delight,
On that he mediates both day and night:
Yet far from pride or affectation, he
Shuns both profaneneſs and hypocriſy.

He,

He, like a laurel by a river's ſide
(The deathleſs poet's, and the warriour's pride)
Shall ſpight of ſtorms and thunder ſtill be ſeen,
With everlaſting bloom and never-fading green.
But oh! the impious man ſhall ſoon decay,
As vulgar leaves in autumn ſtrew the way;
Fading a while and yellow they remain,
The game of ſporting winds, and ſpatt'ring rain;
Puff'd to and fro, and ſcatter'd o'er the plain:
Till in ſome cliſt or hole at laſt they're driven,
To rot, the ſcorn of earth, and curſe of heaven.

[Nº 43.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I READ your ſpeculations with great pleaſure, as thinking them of great uſe to the reforming our manners, as well as extreamly diverting.

There have very few vices eſcaped your reproof, but this I want to have corrected I think has, I mean that inſufferable vanity of commending ourſelves, which I ſo often meet with (I ſhould not have ſaid ourſelves) for I think I am not guilty of it. I am ſo fear-

ful

ful of offending in that particular, I hardly ſay enough for myſelf when it is neceſſary. Pray, Mr. Spectator, humble thoſe people who talk ſo well of themſelves; for I cannot bear they ſhould think they are better than me, which they muſt of neceſſity do, when I ſay nothing in commendation of myſelf, and have not ill manners enough to contradict them. To hear people, like the proud Phariſee, thank their maker for qualities they never had, or if they had, were not fit to be blazon'd by their own mouths. If I am in the right, let me know in ſome of your papers; becauſe I am ſoon to meet with ſome of theſe Phariſees; and I would have the pleaſure of reading it to them, to mortify them; and you will eternally oblige

Your profeſs'd admirer,

CLOTELDA.

P. S. I am tolerably handſome, and have a good fortune, and if your ſentiments agree with mine, I will take care you ſhall know who I am: you underſtand me.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 44.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE two friends, the one is already married, the other may be: this has been for ſome years exceedingly delighted in the converſation of a man ſhe loves, but dares not marry for fear of loſing him. That great neglect and coldneſs with which moſt men behave themſelves to their wives ſoon after marriage, is the cauſe. This is ſo notorious, that if a man (though never ſo paſſionately fond of the woman before it) can but prevail with himſelf to treat her with a little good manners after a few of the firſt months are over, he is accounted a wonderful good husband, and ſhe out of her wits who expects more.

I beg to know, what you, Sir, take to be the reaſon of this great evil, if it is to be cured or prevented, and by what means?

As for myſelf, I am an inſignificant obſcure female: I dreſs not, take no ſnuff, in a word, I do no faſhionable things; but I read over all your papers with attention and pleaſure: and if you will favour me with an anſwer to this in your paper, and give the men ſome good advice on this head, you ſhall have a thouſand good wiſhes in return.

Your ſervant,

M. D.

[N° 45.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING conſulted ſome modern phyſical writers, in queſt of the epidemical diſeaſes which have raged moſt in the ſeveral conſtitutions of our atmoſphere ſome years paſs'd, I found a paſſage in a treatiſe of Dr. Walter Harris * (that great and worthy phyſician) ſo ſuitable to our preſent raging diſtemper, denominated the Feveret, that I could not paſs it by without obſervation: which having tranſlated from the latin, I here ſend you as a fit entertainment for the curious, as alſo to take off the amuſements of the vulgar, who are every where predicting judgments unwarranted, and raiſing new theories as well as practices, (both certainly pernicious, ſhould they be generally purſued) impoſing farther upon one another forged tales or lying ſtories for true accounts and real verities.

In the year 1688. about the middle of May, there raged for ſeveral weeks a certain light fever, which ſeiz'd the ſick with pains of their limbs, running by turns from

* *Harris de morbis acutis infantum*, p. 91. &c.

one

one joint to another, attended alſo with head-ach, eſpecially towards the forehead, and a giddineſs or vertigo of the ſame parts. This ilneſs was ſo very epidemick, that I had never known the like from what cauſe ſoever, or at whatever ſeaſon of the year, vaſt numbers of whole families being down together, and ſcarce one out of the multitude eſcaping the common calamity; ſo that this fever being thus univerſal, ſeemed to me plainly to take riſe from the change of the ſeaſon: for after ſome days violent heat, there came ſuddenly a ſevere cold air, from whence the pores of the skin were ſtraight contracted or cloſed up, which had been ſet wide open by the preceding heat. Now that which was very remarkable in this ilneſs was, that as never more people were known to be ſick together, ſo never fewer to miſcarry: for ſuch as had this fever, whether they followed proper or improper methods, as bleeding, purging, ſweating; whether they took only kitchen-phyſick, old women's or phyſicians remedies; whether they kept houſe or rambled abroad; in a word, however they govern'd or behav'd themſelves, almoſt all of them did well; or if it chanced that any ſunk under this very mild diſtemper, it happened to the younger ſort, of the hotter conſtitutions, or ſuch as tired and harraſs'd their bodies by a regimen endeavouring to force ſweats.

What remains to be remarked is this, that we have cauſe to fear from thus eaſily ſubduing this ſo benign and kindly epidemick, by all ſorts of remedies both improper as well as rational and convenient, we have not more fatal and dire effects, when ſome other epidemick at a contrary ſeaſon with worſe ſymptoms ſhall happen, adverſe to theſe prepoſterous methods of cure, ſhould they be purſued by thoſe who are now buoy'd up with the ſucceſs attending the preſent management.

Your friend unknown ——

Of the College of phyſicians, London.

P. S. You may likewiſe obſerve, if you pleaſe, that as ſeveral perſons pretend as many ſeveral ways to cure our preſent epidemick ilneſs, among which, ſome propoſe the getting drunk with a good doſe of claret, let them be aſſured, that as there is attending an inflammation of the blood, the leſſening its quantity by bleeding, keeping houſe, and regular government for a few days, as to diet and the other nonnaturals (ſo called by phyſicians) will be found the ſafeſt and moſt certain expedients; and that if others do well notwithſtanding their debauch, it is more owing to the clemency of heaven, and the mild nature of the diſtemper, than to their imprudent (not to ſay impudent) directions.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 46.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM as conſtant an admirer, as aſſiduous a reader of your paper; and find very much ſatisfaction in your pleaſant, witty, and withal juſt and improving reflections upon the manners and follies of the age. As you ſeem to have a very particular regard to the diſcretion and conduct of the fair ſex, I beg your thoughts of the following caſe.

A gentleman of ſmall fortune and no very engaging perfections or endowments of mind or perſon, made his addreſſes to a lady for above two years; at the end of which time, another gentleman made his applications to the ſame lady. As to the goods of fortune, the lady could have no great inducements to prefer this laſt to her firſt lover; as for his character in other reſpects, my too near concern in him will render my giving of it very ſuſpicious. However, he had reaſon to believe the lady looked more favourably upon him, than her firſt lover; ſince ſhe favoured him ſo far, as to promiſe upon her word and honour ſhe would marry him in very few days; and to ſet his heart at eaſe, told him all that paſs'd between her and his rival. She aſſured my

tranſported friend, that ſhe had that very day forbidden him (the firſt lover) ever to ſpeak to her concerning any love-affairs; and to convince her now fond and doating lover, that ſhe dealt ſincerely with him, renewed her promiſes before one of his deareſt friends. You will naturally conclude my friend very happy, at leaſt, very near it, ſince he and his friend left his miſtreſs with a full reſolution of giving her ſelf intirely to him, at the end of five or ſix days.

But behold! when he came next to ſee her, ſhe was not the ſame woman: in place of the joy and inviting ſmiles that uſually ſat upon her countenance at the ſight of him, ſhe received him now with a forbidding, moroſe, and ſullen air: when he enquired into the reaſon of that ſo unlook'd for change, ſhe denied all her former vows ſo ſolemnly made to him before his friend, whom he ſent for, that her inconſtancy might appear the blacker.

In a word, with unheard of confidence ſhe told him, ſhe had never promiſed him any thing relating to love or marriage, and deſired him never to ſee her more. He left her then, full of anger, jealouſy, and love, (the laſt was the moſt prevailing paſſion). After that time he uſed all methods to ſee and ſpeak to her; but ſhe took ſuch care, that all his endeavours were to no purpoſe. She would give no reaſon for her inconſtancy,

nor

nor had ſhe any objection againſt my friend: he never gave her any occaſion of complaint, but was always aſſiduous, complacent, and reſpectful, in the whole courſe of his paſſion; nor has he ſhewn any manner of reſentment for ſo provoking an injury ever ſince. He thinks, without leſſening the reſpects due to a lady's character, he may communicate the caſe to you, and deſire the favour of your cenſure and advice to Philippina in particular; and in ſuch a manner, as that it may be of uſe to the ſex in general.

This my friend begs by me, who had a very diſtinguiſhing value for the former, and ſhall ever honour the latter; though not ſo much as to deprive you of a great ſhare of my admiration and eſteem.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

June 15.
1711. D. A.

P. S. It may not be improper to let you know the lady was a widow, and now left and deſpiſed by her firſt lover.

[N° 47.]

THE under-written queſtion (which is ſaid to be taken out of Chaucer) having occaſioned a conſiderable wager, whether it was meant by that author to point out a good or bad wife? was ſent to the Spectator for his opinion, which was agreed ſhould be deciſive. The Spectator's anſwer was then only written, at the deſire of the parties concern'd.

QUESTION.

If my wife were as little as ſhe is good,
An inch of cloth wou'd make her gown and hood.

ANSWER.

Upon firſt reflection, one is apt to think this ſentence is to the diſadvantage of the wife; but upon farther conſideration it is quite otherwiſe. The humour of it is, that the man in a rallying way commends his wife under the appearance of diſcommending her. What makes a ſort of riddle in it is, that the imagination is apt to carry the word Little to her virtue as well as to her perſon, but that word refers to the quantity of

of her body, but not to the quality of her mind: ſo that if ſhe were to be as little as ſhe is good, the better woman ſhe is, the leſs woman ſhe would be. The meaning is not that if her bulk and virtue were equal, a little would cloth her, but if ſhe were in proportion as remarkably little as ſhe is eminently good, ſhe would be ſo little, that an inch would make her a gown and hood. Thus it appears to me, her increaſe of virtue would diminiſh her ſize, and the diminution of her virtue enlarge her ſize, and the words are a commendation.

Sign'd,

SPECTATOR.

[N° 48.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH I am but a footman, yet I conſtantly read the ſpectator; and finding in ſome of your papers that you are a friend of the diſtreſs'd, I muſt beg leave to apply to you in my preſent condition, which in ſhort is as follows.

As I was dry-rubbing my lady's chamber laſt week, I had the misfortune to break

ſeveral pieces of china, the value of which amounts to near ſix pounds. No other ſatisfaction will be acccepted of but my paying for it, which (if inſiſted upon) will ruin me. Let me live as ſaving as poſſible, I cannot work it out under four years, which diſmal proſpect makes my life very miſerable: nay, it wrought upon me ſo far, that rather than ſuffer what I do, I offered to ſell my ſelf laſt Saturday to go beyond ſea; but the gentleman being very hard, would not give me above five pound ten for my ſelf, which I had the vanity to think too little. What adds to my uneaſineſs, is the treatment I meet with from my fellow-ſervants, who are ſo barbarous, as to turn my ſighs and tears into ridicule, and compare my dejected mournful looks to thoſe of a dog that has ſtole ſheep. Theſe inſults I cannot endure much longer; and if you do not ſpeedily reconcile me to my lady, or recommend me to the king of the temple, I muſt be forced to ſell my cow in Wales, which is the only way I have left of paying this great ſum. This I confeſs is the laſt thing I would do, becauſe the cow is the ſupport of my poor aged father and mother, and if I ſell it, they will go very near ſtarving. In hopes that you will intercede with my lady. I reſt

Your afflicted ſervant,

OBADIAH CLUMSEY.

[N° 49.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I DO not remember that you have yet touch'd (in your ſpeculations) upon thoſe worſt ſort of bawds and peſt of mankind, which may be comprehended under the deſcription of neceſſitous mercenary match-makers. One of this ſet of procurers lately ſent the under-written propoſal to a friend of mine by an under-ſtrapper of the ſame ſpecies, which you may depend upon to be genuine; and unleſs timely prevented by your ſuperintendency, I have reaſon to fear it may have too great an influence in deluding an honeſt gentleman, who ſeems ſo eager at ſwallowing the bait, that he cannot be perſuaded to diſcern the hook underneath. My friend has a more than ordinary regard to your judgment, which ſeems the moſt likely if not the only means to reclaim and undeceive him. I depend upon it, that your philanthropy will not ſuffer you to defer your advice herein. The diſtemper is very malignant and acute, therefore requires an immediate remedy, or elſe your patient will be too far gone ever to recover. He has already ſeen the widow, and likes her, and begins to talk much

much of the coal-pits, which I hope your preſcriptions will reſcue him from digging in.

If you approve of this intelligence, you may be furniſh'd with as much more as you pleaſe, from

Your humble ſervant,

S. A.

Mrs. H——tt,

IF you have any friend of ability, I have a young genteel widow twenty three years old, and hath 100 l. 80 l. 70 l. and 25 l. per ann. and two coal-mines that at leaſt will bring in 2000 l. perhaps (and more than probable) 4, 5, or 6000 l. per ann. with the aſſiſtance of 4 or 5000 l. gradually, not all together. She is well born and educated, without child, brother, or ſiſter.

[N° 50.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

BRIGHT oracle of truth, from whom proceed ſublimeſt judgment and matureſt wit, whoſe radiant ſhrine by thouſands is adored; thou art the guiding ſtar by which we

we ſteer through rugged ſeas that threaten our deſtruction; in pity lend thy generous aid to one, who in ſubmiſſive terms aſſiſtance begs. Permit me then to tell you, Strephon's charms, all over engaging, captivate my ſoul; immaculate and pure as morning-lights are all his words, his actions, and his thoughts. Whilſt on my panting breaſt his head reclin'd, in ſofteſt accents begg'd me to declare when he conſummate joys of bliſs ſhould taſte, with mutual flames do my affections blaze; but a material thought does ſhock my ſoul with univerſal tremblings, nature's frame is ſhock'd, ſince I in the marriage-ceremony have read (juſt as the ſame concludes) theſe words, And are not afraid with any amazement. What it is amazement means, I cannot tell, ſo beg that you would explicate the ſame, then ſighing Strephon ſhall no more complain.

Yours,

FLORA TIMOROUS.

[N° 51.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

YOU will certainly very much oblige your true patriots, if you let this praiſe of one of them have a place in your tatlers. I remain

Your humble ſervant,

J. R.

In praiſe of RANSFORT, *an engliſh knight.*

Tranſlated from the ſecond book of Buchanius's latin epigrams.

RANSFORT, I render this honour to thine aſhes, which a true merit intitles thee to; thy generoſity yields in nothing to that of thine old anceſtors: in time of peace thy piety has been known, as well as thy courage in time of war; thine exteriour was modeſt, thy table ſplendid without extravagance, thine houſe was a ſanctuary to the afflicted, and thy purſe open to the honeſt; tyranny has not been able to interrupt thy liberty

liberty of ſpeaking; and thy country made ſlaves, has not broken thy courage; thy ſoul, which evils could not overcome, is gone out of thy tired body with the attaints of death and the cruel fears of * ſlavery.

[Nº 52.]

To Mrs. JENNY DISTAFF,

† MADAM,

THOUGH I have been often perſecuted with epiſtolary impertinences, yet I think I was never mortified with any that looked ſo extravagantly whimſical as does the incloſed. I muſt needs confeſs, it appears to me to be an original, in which I believe you will agree with me in opinion.

I have communicated the paper itſelf to you, partly in hopes that the author of it may ſee his opiniated ſingularity juſtly condemn'd by judicious Mr. Bickerſtaff, in one of his tatlers; and alſo with a view, that I

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* Slavery indeed muſt be very odious in itſelf, ſince that even the moſt unpoliſhed nations have it in horror; witneſs the Saguntins, who in the year 535 of Rome, choſe rather to burn themſelves, their wifes and children, than to change their maſters, and ſurrender to Annibal: though in this they were too extream, yet it proceeded from generoſity.

† *Vid. Tatler*, Nº 247.

and

and the reſt of my ſex, that hate affectation in any thing, may no more be diſturb'd with the inſipid, exotick, ill-approv'd conceits of ſuch miſerable pretenders to be witty.

Who he is I cannot eaſily gueſs, and yet I believe my curioſity will hardly ever carry me to a conjurer to find it out. But now I think on it, his epiſtle being ſpun out like a funeral-bill to an unreaſonable length, I do not know but it may prove to be a certain leering (and ſaid to be poetical, lampooning, punning) undertaker, whom from our window I have often (more particularly ſince my aunt's ilneſs) obſerved to frequent the batchelor-bookſeller's near Bickerſtaff's new coffee-houſe. If your brother (as Cenſor of Great-Britain) ſhall think fit to ſummons him before him, that he may be warned by his awful injunctions, not to write love-letters till he has attained to the knowledge of expreſſing himſelf ſo as to be underſtood by thoſe who make no diſtinction betwixt nonſenſe and unintelligible ſenſe, perhaps, ſuch ſage inſtructions may prove more advantageous to him, than will be to him his waiting to ſee a miracle wrought upon her, who is proud of this opportunity to ſubſcribe her ſelf,

Your kinſwoman,

and moſt humble ſervant,

JENNY GREENTWIG.

MADAM,

AS I have a memory ever faithful to me as to all accidents that affect my heart, ſo I can be poſitive that I am right in my account when I compute it now juſt three weeks, five days, and about ſix hours, that I have had a very powerful paſſion to encounter with. In the idea which I have formed of you, and which I ſhall never, no never loſe, you appear ſo lovely, as I can much more eaſily conceive than find out words to expreſs: and ſure there are none ſignificant enough to make you comprehend how high an eſteem I have for you; though it be true, paſt all diſpute, that every thing ſpeaks in your favour, and though it be as true too that I can ſee nothing all this while that ever ſeems to appear in mine, yet, after having once been ſo happy as to have heard you ſpeak, I believe I ſhould much more willingly conſent to part with all the repoſe and tranquility of the reſt of my life, than I ſhould to let ſlip the firſt opportunity of running to ſee you again; and as lovers are always apt to flatter themſelves, and (things which they have once ſet their hearts upon not being eaſily got out of their heads) are even inclined to imagine impoſſible things, why may not I indulge my humour too, and be as full of fancies as the reſt of them, and ima-

imagine that fortune (who is ever fantaſtical) may one time or other come to work a miracle in my favour? If the ſatisfaction of the certainty of it be without my knowledge, yet the probability of it is within, and conſequently an agreable amuſement at leaſt does certainly remain; and it is ſome felicity however, to know how to draw advantages from every thing. Nay, ſhould you obſerve ſome diſorder or irregularity in this letter, or in the manner of conveying it unto you, yet it is my opinion, that even indecorums of this kind (when not too great indeed) ought to be interpreted to my advantage: I mean, they ought to appear to you as a confirmation of the truth of what I write to you, and as proceeding from a diſcompoſure of temper, which is the uſual effect of a true paſſion: for as the ſong ſays,

Lovers like dying men may well
At firſt diſorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell,
What fortune they ſhall ſee.

And I confeſs, I have not skill enough to caſt a figure, to find out whether or no it be one of thoſe floating iſlands that are never to be poſſeſs'd that I have in view? and whether you were not ſhewed to me as the land of Canaan was to Moſes to look at, and not to enjoy?

But

But whatever it be, ſince it is not an allowable thing to reaſon too ſtrictly upon the actions of love, you ought to excuſe the trouble I give you of this paper; and becauſe none are more troubleſome than thoſe who want power to ſerve us when they would make a ſhew of their good intentions, I will not fatigue you often this way, but ſhall content myſelf with waiting for a miracle from fortune, and with making good wiſhes for you, which you may take my word for it, are ſuch, as your own good angel when he would do you moſt good might be content to come and take his inſtructions, from,

MADAM,

Your admirer,

and very humble ſervant,

R. P.

[N° 53.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

AS cenſor of Great-Britain, you certainly are intitled to have the examination of all cauſes which our conſtitution has not ſubmitted to ſome other juriſdiction. The juſtice and equity you have ſhewn in all your determinations has gained you a ſort of legiſlature: we think it juſtification enough of any action, to ſay Mr. Bickerſtaff allows it; if it has received your cenſure, we reckon it next to a *malum in ſe*.

Your giving your opinion in the caſe of rewarding other people's ſervants will be a great publick ſervice and obligation. The ſatisfying thoſe mercenaries is become the great inconvenience of going to viſit a friend. When you go from a gentleman's houſe, you are forced to pay a long reckoning without the ſatisfaction of a bill; every ſervant puts himſelf in the rank to receive his due; the gueſt (as it were) runs the gantlope, and is forced to pay every pretenſion, which they claim in proportion to the quality of their office, which if you miſtake, perhaps, you meet with an affront for. There is no evidence neither of theſe payments being gratuities, but that they give you no receipt for them.

them. If the maſter makes it a conſideration in his bargaining, and therefore gives the leſs wages, the ſervant then ſtands only to demand what he agreed for; but how far a ſtranger to their agreement is obliged to make himſelf a party is ſubmitted to you. No doubt, Sir, but the other particulars of this ill practice have fallen enough within your obſervation, for me to give you no farther trouble, than to beg your judgment in your legiſlative capacity.

I am, SIR,

Your obedient,

humble ſervant,

T. C.

[N° 54.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

I AM amorous but virtuous: I am ſure you can adviſe me to gratify my paſſions, and ſecure my conſcience; between theſe extreams I am truly miſerable. So forget not

Your humble ſervant,

WILDFIRE.

[N° 55.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

I HAVE obſerved in all your writings ſo ſtrong a zeal to reform the enormities of mankind, that I cannot forbear imparting ſome ſerious and diſmal thoughts my retirement this morning ſuggeſted to me, and which a forcible impulſe bids me communicate to you; and though I am a private ſufferer, yet the grievance is general to all the honeſter part of mankind: and as a poor ſick wretch languiſhing under a dolorous malady of body, readily receives the wholeſome advice of his phyſician, ſo you that are a publick doctor to rectify the minds of the people in general by your good advice, (or rather the Apollo of the iſland, whoſe ſentiments are received as oracles) have it in your power to rouze the reaſon of thoſe that ſeem to be in a ſleep or deep lethargy.

My contemplation was on ſeveral wiſe and worthy people of both ſexes, that are managed or rather led by the noſe by ignorant flattering creatures, ſome by domeſticks, others by companions, that turn pariſites, and equally abuſe their patrons and their friends; and like the devouring hornet ruſhes into the hive, and robs the induſtrious bee that toils

toils for the honey; yet ſuch are in favour, and like the old proverb, thoſe that cheat, moſt commonly get good will; and if at any time reaſon is alarmed, yet thoſe ſyrenes ſhall ſing a ſong, and huſh her to ſleep again: yet what is more aſtoniſhing than all the reſt is, that men that dare face the mouth of a cannon, ſhall want courage and reſolution to diſcard a flatterer.

I hope, Sir, you will ſhew ſuch in ſome of your papers the misfortune as well as the folly it muſt terminate in: the ſubject is very copious, I ſhall much deſire to ſee it handled by your ingenious pen, and you will raiſe a laſting monument of gratitude in the breaſt of her, that is,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

humble ſervant,

From my private cell,
Aug. 12. 1710.

URANIA.

[N° 56.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have ſo often by your writings juſtly recommended continence to youth, that I believe the following relation cannot be wholly diſpleaſing.

Not long ſince, Cleophilus (a youth about twenty) being at one of thoſe publick places where the faſhionable world rendezvous and converſe with an open gaiety and freedom, happened to behold a young lady with more than ordinary attention. She had an air of gandeur in her motion without aſſuming, vivacity in her countenance without levity, a bewitching modeſty without conſtraint: her face was almoſt oval, her complection clear, and ſet off with black hair, black animating eyes, yet inclining to languiſhment. Her ſhape, it muſt be confeſs'd, was not ſo exactly taper as is conſiſtent with the nice rules of a finiſhed beauty, but eaſy and genteel. In ſhort, the whole woman appeared charming in the eyes of the admiring youth; who took the liberty (which is not unuſual in ſuch places) of addreſſing himſelf to the fair, and began the acquaintance with deſiring the lady for a partner in a dance, to which, after ſome modeſt refuſals, the lovely Syrena

rena complied, and performed ſo well, that Cleophilus was deeper engaged, and by paſſionate geſtures, glances, &c. during that entertainment endeavoured to make her ſenſible of his new-born paſſion. Afterwards continuing the converſation with the lady, was farther charmed by her good humour and affability, admired her wit more than her perſon, and after ſome importunities was admitted to wait on her home.

When Cleophilus was entered into the apartment of the admired Syrena, the fair one by degrees diveſted herſelf of all thoſe awful forms which are apt to check a lover's deſires: ſhe appeared more gay, more ſprightly, and her eyes ſpoke more ſoftneſs than before. Another would have thought himſelf happy in the preſent circumſtances of Cleophilus: he ſat by the toilet whilſt the ornaments of the day were exchanged for thoſe of the night. The gentleman, though unacquainted with the practice, was not wholly ignorant in the manner of a faſhionable town-life, yet was a little ſurprized at what had paſſed; and it being late, in ſome confuſion took his leave, with an intimation from the lady, that a viſit the next day would not be unacceptable.

The youth (who had good principles, as well as a polite education) retiring, revolved in his mind the danger he had eſcaped, and conſidered the female in a different view

from the firſt, and thoſe impreſſions which were made by her wit and beauty, accompanied with modeſty, were effac'd when deprived of that becoming attendant. However, he was not willing to be too ſevere in his reflections, till he could have a further aſſurance to countenance them, therefore determined to ſee the lady the next day: in the mean time, he fortified his mind by reading books of morality, and formed a reſolution not to yield to any deſires which were contrary to his duty.

He was received by the expecting Syrena in a free agreable manner: if ſhe appeared handſome before in a ſett dreſs, ſhe was now much more beautiful in a neat careleſs diſhabilie. Cleophilus knew enough of the town-talk to engage that way if he pleaſed, and paſs'd two or three hours very agreably with the fair one; he ſeemed to preſs for further favours, and did not make his addreſſes to a veſtal: perceiving the lady yielding, he changed the diſcourſe, being ſatisfied in his conjectures.

It was now about nine a-clock at night, when Syrena riſing from her ſeat, (after two or three turns in the room) threw open a door, within which appeared a large commodious bed-chamber; into which Cleophilus likewiſe entring, beheld it adorn'd with every thing inviting; two pillows tied on each ſide with cherry-coloured ribbons, ſeemed to

ſhew,

ſhew, the bed was not deſigned for the repoſe of a ſingle perſon. The lady's eyes darted humid fire, her inclinations were rais'd: the youth obſerving this, durſt no longer continue an airy humour, but grew more ſerious, and fell by degrees into a diſcourſe of morality, and the excellence of commanding the paſſions, the advantages and ſatisfactions of a vertuous life. You may eaſily gueſs how ſuch a diſcourſe was received by Syrena: however, ſhe did not apparently contradict it, confeſs'd what was ſaid was true, but thought it an improper time; — inſinuated, that pleaſures were made for youth; — that we ought to take hold of all opportunities for enjoying delights whilſt we were capable of them; and this accompanied with thoſe glances of the eyes which are the interpreters of looſe deſires; but Cleophilus would not appear to underſtand her.

After ſome time ſpent in this manner, ſupper was brought, which was ſoon over, becauſe neither had any appetite.

The lady finding the young gentleman remiſs, made more advances, uſed all thoſe alluring arts which are better known by them who converſe with ſuch women than I can deſcribe. The youth offered to go ſeveral times, but it was impoſſible: — one half hour longer: — could he leave her? — what made her diſagreable to him? — In

ſhort,

ſhort, the gentleman preſſing the neceſſity of his departure (it being three or four miles to his habitation) and then after twelve, ſhe urged the danger of his going, begged his ſtay; in fine, offered him her bed. What! could he heſitate? — was it to be refuſed? — was her perſon ſlighted? — Cleophilus replied, that he had no diſguſt to the lady; on the contrary, admired her wit, was charmed with her beauty; but had been brought up in the precepts of virtue, and could not yield his future repoſe for the gratification of his preſent deſires; acknowledged ſhe had made a conqueſt of his heart, but reaſon ſtill maintained its empire; confeſs'd, that nothing but the frailty ſhe was guily of, could have hinder'd him from becoming her captive; and concluded with telling her, that in his opinion, modeſty was the moſt engaging ornament of womankind, and therefore begg'd her pardon, he muſt refuſe her offer, and preſs'd his departure. Syrena, though diſpleaſed at the anſwer, yet would not refuſe it, but deſired nevertheleſs, that he would not expoſe himſelf to the dangers of the night abroad; and ſince ſhe could not engage him to any thing further, intreated ſhe might enjoy his converſation longer: — ſhe would reſign her bed and chamber wholly to himſelf when he pleaſed. After ſome difficulty, the young gentleman agreed to ſtay on that condition: and about

two

two the lady retir'd. Cleophilus deſigning to depart next morning early, and unwilling to diſturb the fair, took his leave of her then, telling her his intention. The youth recommended himſelf to the deity, paſs'd the remainder of the night alone, and enjoyed a ſweet repoſe in the lady's bed.

It is not in my power to acquaint you how the diſappointed Syrena reſted that night: but in the morning about ſix, Cleophilus riſing, and knocking for one of the ſervants, Syrena came down only in her wrapping night-gown and ſlippers, and would have ſtill detained him. The continent youth modeſtly took his leave of the tempting fair one; and being conducted to the door by a ſervant, took horſe and returned home, with more ſatisfaction in conquering ſo great a temptation, than can be enjoyed in complying with our vitiated deſires. Hoping you will approve of his conduct,

I am, SIR,

Your admirer, and

humble ſervant,

P. L.

P. S. This is matter of fact, and no fictitious adventure.

[N° 57.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A YOUNG fellow ſhewing me a ſong he made upon his miſtreſs, in which he had put a great many darts, flames, and modern flights, aſſured me (though he ſaid it) it was one of the beſt modern pieces. I had a mind to ſhew him my talent, and rumaging my cloſet, I found the ſong I made upon my miſtreſs (afterwards my wife) forty five years ago. He had no ſooner read it, but I thought he wou'd never have given over laughing. It is true, I am no poet; but I do not think my compoſure ſo ridiculous as he would make it; for which reaſon I have ſent it to you, as cenſor of Great-Britain, to have your opinion, whether or no it ought to be immoderately laughed at.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. S.

WHEN Calia's charming voice I hear,
Methinks, the muſick of the ſphere
Deſcends to bleſs my raviſh'd ear.
Her note my captive ſoul inſpires:
I've heaven in view! angelick choires
Can only bound my vaſt deſires.
I ſpurn this globe, my wiſhes riſe
To bliſsful ſeats beyond the skies,
My ſoul too large for earth, to heaven flies.

Her ſhape the atheiſt might reclaim,
Who'd own a God cou'd only frame
A form ſo bright, that atomes ne'er
By chance cou'd make a form ſo fair.

Her face at once can fire the blood,
And make the vileſt wretches good;
Who'd quit their vice in hopes to be
For ever in ſuch company.

Of bliſs ſhe gives ſo near a view,
They'd ſlight their trifling pleaſures;
With eager ſteps thoſe ways purſue,
Which gain eternal treaſures.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 58.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR goodneſs, ſo generally extended to our ſex, is at once a motive to ask your advice, and an aſſurance of pardon. But not to tire you with too long an epiſtle, I will only tell you that I have ever with the greateſt care imaginable guarded myſelf againſt that too, too often, fatal paſſion love till now: ſpight of all my caution, I am ſurprizingly ſtruck by the ſight of a gentleman and dazling chariot that has lately ſhined in this town; which the conqueſt is moſt owing to, the perſon or the equipage, I cannot yet determine, the latter I am at preſent inclined to believe, for the firſt and only time I unfortunately met this glorious machine, nothing in it but the top of a very handſome perriwig was viſible; the riſing ſoftneſs of the cuſhions making the happy owner appear much like the ſun behind a cloud.

But certain it is, in love I am, therefore dear, Sir, aſſiſt me by the beſt advice a ſpeedy conſideration of my caſe can produce, for that will not admit of delay; and at the ſame time let me know how to manage myſelf at the opera and play, that I may be

be happily diſtinguiſhed by this idol of my eyes.

I hope to find an anſwer to this in your ſecond or third ſpectator after the receipt of this, and you will infinitely oblige her, who is

Your real admirer, and

moſt humble ſervant,

Lincolns-inn-fields,
Feb. 27. 1712.

DIANA HASTY.

[N° 59.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

I NEVER yet, either in your lucubrations, or other tracts whatſoever, met with any account of theſe territories to which I lately arrived, or of the humours, manners, ways of living, &c. of the inhabitants thereof. Wherefore I perſuade myſelf, it will not be an unacceptable performance to enter upon a ſubject which will afford ſo great variety of diſcoveries. But leſt you ſhould think my arrival hither as romantick as his, who invented a machine to mount him into the world in the moon, I will give you as rational an account of my proceedings as the nature of the thing will bear.

It

It was not from any report I had received of the magnificence, beauty, or wealth of the place, or of the learning and politeneſs of the people, that I was tempted to this voyage, nor really ſo much as from a fixed intention I had at that inſtant for travelling; but at the inſtigation of ſome friends, who were (it ſeems) more ſollicitous for the enlargement of my underſtanding, than they found me inclined to, I was (in a manner) ſpirited hither; for a commiſſioner for the peopling theſe territories, putting on human ſhape, wiſper'd a few hard words in my ear, in a ſuprizing dialect, and at the ſame time produced a parchment ſcrole, which in magical notes contained a charm too ſtrong for all my virtue to oppoſe, the force of which immediately put my reluctant vehicle into a progreſſive motion.

Our firſt ſtage was to his own ſeat, oppoſite to another royal ſtructure belonging to the Q. of G. B. at Kinſington: there I was treated with the civilities of his own houſe; and he did me the honour of placing his own guards upon me, a favour I could willingly have excuſed, but that his courteſy preſſed it upon me.

Liquor flowed in in abundance, not only to me, but alſo among all his attendants; and indeed, he conferred the honour upon me of treating them all. But I found his principal

cipal kindneſs conſiſted, in endeavouring to lighten me all he could for the greater eaſe in my paſſage, the end of which was (after I had diſcharged his houſe, and myſelf of what I had about me) to bring me to an inchanted caſtle called (as I have ſince learned) the Marſhalſea; and there he gave me to underſtand his commiſſion ended.

The various ſpectacles in this place were amazing: in one place you hear a fiddle, in another a groan; here a piper, there a penitent; in another place a fat bawd, and after a skeleton at the head of fifty walking diſeaſes. Though I rarely met a fighting face, yet there is ſcarce a man that is not a thouſand ſtrong; and what is ſtrange, he feeds all theſe while he ſtarves himſelf. Within you hear the clinking of irons, and vollies of oaths, while they are fettered from throwing aught elſe at one another's heads. The moſt wretched here fare the beſt, and eat out of the basket, while thoſe on the other ſide are ready to eat them.

After a while I had made remarks on the great variety this ſcene contains, attendants were ordered to wait upon me to a judge, to ſign my paſport to theſe realms, I am now become an inhabitant of. I was firſt conveyed to a ſtructure in one of the avenues belonging to them (in the vulgar term) called bird-cage-alley; and was not a little ſurprized at the wonderful transformations all ſuffer there;

for they enter woodcocks, continue owls, and go out canary-birds; but (contrary to the manner on your ſide of the water) the longer they are coup'd, the leaner they grow. But it were ungrateful to paſs over the care took of us there; for leſt we ſhould run into dangers by rambling abroad in the night-time in a ſtrange country, our doors are faſt lock'd and bolted upon us: and ſince many when their heads are diſturbed with new adventures, are apt to walk in their ſleep, and miſtaking the doors, to go out at the windows, thoſe there are thick ſet with iron bars, to prevent ſuch hazards. None but perſons of condition have the privilege of this ſtructure, who come with letters of recommendation to the prince, and the price of their liberty, which when purchaſed, they have the freedom of ranging throughout the empire; but if they preſume beyond its limits, a parcel of furies, in the ſhape of ſcape-warrants, lie in wait to hurry them to the next gaol, from whence their is no redemption, till cleared of all they are charged with.

Sir, if I find this eſſay acceptable to you, I will proceed to give you accounts of the manners, humours, ways of living, &c. of the inhabitants of theſe realms; alſo of divers ſtrange arcana, never publiſhed before: and in my next prove (how familiarly ſoever you talk there of the queen's-bench) that this

this is another world, where every thing is tranſacted in direct reverſe, to what it is in yours.

I am, SIR,

Queen's-bench-rules,
Nov. 22.

Yours, &c.

[N° 60.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I TAKE you to be ſo much above all that I can ſay in your commendation, that I think it would be no ſmall affront to attempt to give you your juſt encomium. However, give me leave to ſay, that it is as difficult for me to expreſs the pleaſure which I take in reading the ſpectator, as to come up to its beauties: there is ſo much proper and eloquent language, ſolid ſenſe, ſprightly wit, good morality, and obſervation and knowledge of mankind, diſcovered in your paper, that the world can only deſire that you may go on as you have begun: and you have given ſuch plain proofs of a great and uncommon genius, that if you continue to write (as I heartily wiſh you may) we have reaſon to believe, that if it be poſſible, you will continually improve; and that as at your firſt ſet-

ting out, you manifeſtly excelled all the world, ſo you will in your progreſs happily excel your ſelf.

I am,

Your admirer,

London, May 7. 1711.

J. B.

[N° 61.]

* To Isaac Bickerstaff, Eſq; cenſor of Great-Britain, and judge of the court of honour. A bill of indictment preferred againſt Thomas Plumbcake.

Thomas Plumbcake, goldſmith, of the pariſh of St. Edmund's Lombard-ſtreet, is indicted by John Cittern, of the ſaid pariſh, Eſq; for entertaining and keeping three ſervant-maids, very much to the coſt and charge of many of her majeſties good ſubjects, the viſitants of the ſaid Thomas Plumbcake. For whereas, he the ſaid Thomas, gave an invitation to the ſaid John Cittern, to come to his houſe on Saturday the 6th inſtant to chuſe King and Queen, and take a

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* *Vid. Tatler*, N° 250.

noggen

noggen of his chriſtmaſs-ale, the ſaid John Cittern accepted the ſaid invitation, and then, and there, complied with the cuſtom of the ſaid order; but that after the ſaid John Cittern had choſen one piece of cake, value nine-pence, and drank three glaſſes of ale, (delivered him by each of the reſpective ſervants of the ſaid Thomas Plumbcake) the ſaid John Cittern took his leave of the ſaid Thomas Plumbcake and his family, which whilſt the proſecutor was doing, Madam Plumbcake, wife of the ſaid Thomas, feloniouſly called her three maids to light out of the doors the ſaid John Cittern, to the prejudice and coſt of the proſecutor in three ſhillings: for which he humbly moves this honourable court for ſatisfaction, that either this court will order the ſaid Thomas Plumbcake to put away two of his ſaid ſervants, or elſe that but one attend and ſerve whilſt he has any company at his houſe; or that he ſhall give ſo much mony as he deſigns his ſervants ſhall have; or finally, that he gives this honourable court good ſecurity, to make no more invitations to his ſaid houſe, but ſhall be ready to meet his friends at a tavern, where each may have what they pay for, and be under no farther obligations than to each other for their company: either of theſe I ſubmit to the wiſdom and juſtice of this honourable court.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 62.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE following eſſays being ſent me from an humble ſervant of mine, I am deſirous, in return for the handſome and juſt things he has ſaid in the behalf of honourable love, to make them immortal, by their having a place in your inimitable works.

I am,

Your admirer,

MIRANDA.

The difference between real and counterfeit LOVE, in proſe and verſe. In a letter to a lady.

——— *My love's ſo true,*
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor ſhew it where 'tis not.

Dryd. All for love.

IN obedience to your commands, Madam, I have ventured to ſend you theſe few thoughts upon the difference between real and counterfeit love, in hopes you will add your

your own obſervations to what I have ſaid, and let the world ſhortly ſee a compleat treatiſe upon this ſubject.

As love is a principal inherent in our nature, Madam, ſo it always influences our actions; and according to its guidance and direction of them, we may judge whether it is true or falſe.

When it prompts us to purſue thoſe nobler ends it was deſigned to proſecute in courting the fair, ſuch as ſincere reſpect and undiſſembled pretenſions, obliging deportment, and endearing kindneſſes, mutual affection, and reciprocal amity, then, and then only, it deſerves the title of love. But when it degenerates into feigned raptures and formal addreſſes, immodeſt behaviour and ungenteel returns, it forfeits its character, and ſinks into brutality.

The moſt genuine effect of love is to endeavour the delight and ſatisfaction of the perſon beloved, and this the ſincere admirer makes his conſtant buſineſs and concern: he keeps back from every thing which may miniſter offence, and is forward and active in all ſuch ſervices as can any way conduce to the pleaſures or content of the object he would gratify.

Does the lady rejoice? he rejoices too: does ſhe mourn? he ſhares in her grief: is ſhe in diſtreſs? he ſuccours her: in want? he ſupplies her neceſſity: he is always over-

flowing with good offices, and trying to pleaſe and make himſelf agreable.

No ſooner is he fixed in his choice, than he ſtrives to excite her eſteem. He is proud to obey, and fearful to diſobey; he is eager to declare, and forward to diſcover his affection: he does not acquieſce in the quaintneſs of a ceremony, (though he ever bears regard to the rules of decency and good-breeding) nor does he believe himſelf leſs ſincere, for not adjuſting a bow, or miſplacing a compliment.

He hates formality as much as hypocriſy, and diſdains a conqueſt barely for the name of it, no leſs than he dreads the thoughts of a defeat. The ſame reaſons which at firſt engaged him to attempt, ſtill urge him on to ſollicite the favour of the fair. He is exact in performing the promiſes he makes, and faithful in diſcharging the vows he ſolemnly repeats. He makes a real difference betwixt the perſon and the fortune, and values the one, no otherwiſe than as it contributes to the pleaſures of the other. He admires with conſtancy, and praiſes without flattery; he prizes nothing more than the conſent of her he loves, and impatiently expects the reward of its ſincerity.

But how different, alaſs! Madam, is this character of a lover, from that which is now aſſumed? when modiſh intreaguing paſſes for

for true love, and an air of gallantry uſurps the right and title of affection. We have a ſort of baſe creatures, who make it their buſineſs to delude, and never applaud their happineſs ſo much, as when their deceit is crowned with ſucceſs: ſucceſs, which advances no farther than a conqueſt, and ſacrifiſes the fair to the inſults of their victory.

They urge their paſſions with extaſy and rapture, but are ſhock'd at the thoughts of reſtraining their liberty. They viſit their miſtreſſes as they frequent the park or opera, only becauſe it is faſhionable, and ſollicite their favour, not through any impulſe of love, but becauſe it diverts a malancholy hour. They vow and proteſt, and uſe all the little arts which inſinuate affection; but when they are tax'd with the baſeneſs of ingratitude, or the cowardice of deſertion, they are loſt in amaze, and wonder complaiſance ſhould be miſinterpreted love, and common civility miſtaken for courtſhip and addreſs. They pity the poor creatures they have practiſed their arts upon, but ſwear that matrimony was the fartheſt from their thoughts. They live open and at large, and are reſolved to maintain the freedom they are ſo fond of, at no leſs an expence than their honour and their conſcience.

Such

Such ſaucy invaders, Madam, deſerve the ſevereſt reſentments from the fair, as the juſt and proper reward of their inſolence; and I hope they will always feel them.

A POEM upon the ſame ſubject.

WHEN nature firſt an human ſhape deſign'd,
Reaſon and love ſhe to the ſubſtance join'd;
The former to diſtinguiſh right ſhe gave,
The latter to improve our bliſs we have;
That ſhews the object where to place our love,
This does the vital air and paſſions move:
When both go hand in hand, we ne'er can miſs
The end which crowns our ſearch, —— true happineſs.

But e'er we fix our choice, 'tis fit to know
The rules by which to fight, and conquer too:
If what we wiſh for we propoſe to gain,
Let love without diſſimulation reign.
True love to gen'rous ſouls is only given,
The favourite bleſſing of indulgent heaven:
And he who truly loves will learn to bear
Coy looks and ſoft repulſes from the fair.

Oſt'

Oft' have I ſeen an am'rous tender boy
Sigh, bluſh, turn pale, and gaze his ſoul away;
Oft' have I ſeen a merry charming youth,
Once fam'd for wit, and air, and want of truth,
Loſe his gay wit, and mirth, and blooming air,
Speak all in ſighs and looks of wild deſpair;
Oft' have I ſeen him tremble at a look,
And loſe his voice and breath whene'er ſhe ſpoke;
Whilſt the ſhy haughty fair, ſeem'd to deſpiſe
The falt'ring of his lips, and kindneſs of his eyes.

Fain would the youth capitulate, but ſhe,
Proud of her conqueſt and her ſov'reignty,
His articles rejects, his ſuit denies: ——
New lightning darts from her enchanting eyes;
Again the ſearching flames ſoon catch his heart,
And ſpread, and burn, and torture every part.

At laſt the idle god of love ſurvey'd
The mighty triumphs of the charming maid,
And thought 'twas time to interpoſe his dart,
To bend his bow, and pierce her cruel heart.

The quiv'ring ſhaft cuts through the liquid ſpace,
And reaches in a trice the deſtin'd place ;
She faints, ſhe ſickens at the ſudden blow,
And trembling, feels herſelf ſhe knows not how ;
She looks, ſhe bluſhes, turns away her eyes,
And when ſhe meets her lover's, gently ſighs !
Loath ſhe's to ſtay, yet knows not how to go ;
Love unperceiv'd and ſilently does grow,
'Till ſhe begins to pity and will bear
Her ſlave's complaints to ſeize her liſt'ning ear.

Soon fluſh'd at ſuch an unexpected turn,
The lover does with eager tranſports burn,
In broken words he vows — I'am ever thine,
And only dear Miranda, ſhall be mine !
The nymph does his ſincerity approve,
Crowns all his wiſhes, and rewards his love !

Love undiſſembled triumphs over ſcorn,
And ſeldom fails to meet with a return ;
But florid ſpeeches never win the fair,
When all our words a double meaning bear :

Nothing

Nothing that's forc'd does true affection ſhow;
True love with eaſe and nat'rally will flow;
And does in its own native luſtre ſhine
Without the varniſh which conceals deſign.

Curs'd be thoſe fops who impudently dare,
By oaths, entreaty, vows, and earneſt pray'r,
Diſſemble love to ſacrifiſe the fair!
Ten thouſand curſes reach that monſter's head,
Blaſt his baſe hopes, ye Gods, and ſtrike him dead!
But bleſs'd be thoſe, whoſe paſſions ſoar above
The falſe pretenſions of an impious love;
Who by ſtrict juſtice guide their chaſt deſires,
Who ſcorn to harbour ſuch ignoble fires;
Scorn to diſſemble what they don't approve,
And by firm conſtancy convince they love!

May ſuch a lover meet Miranda's arms,
And be for ever bleſs'd in her celeſtial charms.
By nature form'd compleat, by art improv'd,
By all the nymph is prais'd, by all belov'd;

Her

Her radiant beauty frozen hermits warms,
She ſtrikes all eyes, all ſenſes ſhe alarms,
Where e'er ſhe goes, ſhe chears us with her ſight,
And gilds the day with freſher beams of light;
Each look, each ſmile, does ſome new joy afford,
And melting zephyrs breath in ev'ry word,
Lovely and pleaſant, gentle in addreſs,
Around her reigns eternal happineſs!
What grief and joy does ſhe at once impart?
Her eyes inflame, her voice melts ev'ry heart!
Strange power this! at once ſhe wins and awes!
At once our love and admiration draws!
Where e'er, in ſhort, we wond'ring caſt an eye,
We view ſome miracle of piety!
Here her bright wit, and air, and courtly ſenſe;
There her angelic form and innocence!
Low at her feet then lay thy faithful ſong;
There may ſhe bloom, and be for ever young!

Fain would the muſe purſue this ſteepy way,
Where hoſts of loves, myriads of graces play;

She

She claps her wings, and tries a ſoaring flight,
To place your virtues in a proper light:
But ah! when ſhe attempts the diſtant skies,
Proſtrate, adoring, at your feet ſhe lies;
Trembling ſhe views, but dares not try her lays,
The fair Miranda, is above her praiſe.

Hail, charming ſex! ſweet raviſhers! to you
Our lives, and all the joys of life we owe!
Soon the creator ſaw his work was incompleat;
Man cou'd not live alone, though in a deathleſs ſtate!
See, various forms the earth and heavens fill!
Woman! laſt effort of almighty skill,
Crowns all the reſt! view well the glorious birth,
Which gave her husband a new heaven on earth!
Th' exulting man embraces the dear prize,
Feaſts on her charms, and ſoon forgets the skies!

But, muſe, forbear to proſecute this theme,
Leſt the effects of love ſhou'd flatt'ry ſeem;
And whilſt diſſimulation is arraign'd,
It ſhou'd be ſaid, —— the poet feign'd.

Mr. SPEC

[N° 63.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is obſerved from the ancient fathers, that the churches rung with the ſolemn and loud aſſent of the primitive chriſtians to their joint prayers, in pronouncing at the end of them the Amen. This I conceive did ariſe from hearts inflamed with an earneſt zeal, and becoming importunity with the almighty for the ſucceſs of their petitions; but yet to mimick thoſe holy fathers in loudneſs of ſound in an affected noiſe without the warmth of devotion, is as much to be blamed as the other was to be commended.

The primitive chriſtians did mightily invigorate one anothers devotions by ſuch ardent, yet humble expreſſions of their reverence; but the modern cryers of an Amen, the Reſponſes, &c. whoſe devotion ſeems to come only from the throat, are ſo far from animating their chriſtian fellow-worſhippers, that they greatly diſturb and interrupt the more ſincere and modeſt adorers.

I cannot therefore but take notice to you, Sir, of a certain ſet of young men, who conſtantly aſſemble themſelves at St. Laurence's church, as one would think, not to prepare their

their hearts, but to try their throats; and when they are admoniſhed to ſing to the praiſe and glory of God, ſeem to have no other end in following the clerk, but to recommend the loudneſs of their voices to the congregation for their own praiſe and glory. That you would be pleaſed to animadvert upon this way of bawling rather than ſinging, and aſſure the gentlemen, that as ſoon as ever they provide themſelves with black coats, brown bog wigs, and a band, they ſhall be more effectually recommended by their ſilence than their untuneable noiſe to be pariſh-clerks, according to their reſpective pretenſions, is the requeſt of

Your moſt humble ſervant,

St. Laurence-jewry,
July 6. 1712.

HESYCHIUS.

[Nº 64.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

I SEND you the encloſed lines, which I ſubmit to your judgment: and am, with great reſpect,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

W. L.

The tranſlation of an EPIGRAM attributed to Virgil, concerning Love and Wine.

BE charm'd my friend by neither love nor wine,
For to thy fatal ruin both combine,
Venus exhauſts your ſtrenth, and Bacchus too
Makes you attempt, but hinders you to go.
Blind love's an enemy to ſecrecy, ——
The ſame fault lies in mad ebriety;
Love is the cauſe of many ſervile toils,
Bacchus promotes the moſt deſtructive broils:

Venus

Venus in bloody wars involved Troy,
And Bacchus, did the Lapithæ deſtroy.
Beſides, when love and wine mens minds do ſway,
Shame, honeſty, and fear, ſoon flie away;
Venus and Bacchus, therefore cloſely tie,
Leſt they ſhould hurt, by too much liberty:
Let wine aſſwage your thirſt, get heirs by love,
Beyond theſe bounds, they will deſtructive prove.

An EPIGRAM out of Owen.

By the ſame hand.

ALL day the ſhrew Afflana does complain
Againſt the bondage of the nuptial chain,
At night recants what ſhe by day had ſaid,
And praiſes the pleaſures of a nuptial bed.

[N° 65.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

LAST year I obſerved you was pleaſed to mention ſeveral petty aſſemblies of men, called clubs, which were conſtituted in divers parts of this kingdom; as, the amorous club, the ugly club, &c. Thoſe I confeſs, were fantaſtical enough, yet I do not think them half ſo ridiculous as the club I am now about to inform you of; I could almoſt ſay, that the name of this club, with the whimſical reaſons which are given for its appellation, are even below ridicule. I would not have impoſed this trouble on you, did I not think that as it makes up one compleat piece of buffoonry, it ought to be communicated to the publick, to be laughed at and exploded.

You are to know, Sir, that this club hath been kept in this town about ſix weeks, and is called the indented or ſcollop'd club; and takes its name from the habit of the ſociety, and the poſture or poſition the ſeveral members ſit in at the club, on their club-days.

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 9, 17, 30, 43, 72, 78.

The

The whole ſociety conſiſts but of eight perſons, four of which are low in ſtature and four high, and are as odly compoſed (or rather diſcompoſed) as any you have ever heard of, viz. of a mountebank (who keeps a ſtage in this town) and a barber, a draper and a taylor, an attorney and a bayliff, a proctor and an appareator. The club-day is the Thurſday in every week. The mountebank as being the moſt florid and talleſt man in the company is preſident, and always takes his place at the table accordingly; next to him is placed the loweſt man, then next to him the talleſt, ſo alternately one high, and one low, till the whole eight perſons are thus ſeated round an oval table, and (which is nitch'd with eight hallows in the edge of the leaf, for each man's body to ſit in the more commodiouſly) forms a ſort of an orbicular or oval ſcollop or indenture, their ſeats being all faſhioned according to their reſpective heights, ſo that the eye may the better diſcover a due riſing of one man's head, and a juſt falling of the other; whence they give themſelves the name of the ſcollop'd-club; though I have been informed, that all except the doctor, have been clients to the attorney, who by ſome art that he knew, has by degrees, pared and indented one half of them, from which they might as reaſonably claim their name. Be that as it will, the talleſt part

profeſs themſelves tories, and the loweſt whigs; but I am apt to believe the barber is a trimmer. The doctor (as I before ſaid) being the moſt eloquent, generally commands the ears of the company, though the bayliff laſt week, very much interrupted him, whether by the aſſiſtance of the attorney I know not.

The houſe where they hold their club, is to receive no trouble from their company, (which is the reaſon their ſociety is ſo promiſcuouſly conſtituted) for each man commands his under-graduate, as the doctor the barber, the attorney the bayliff, and ſo on. Thus, the heads of them reign, like ſo many knights-errant, over their eſquires.

Some part of their habit is as odd as their manner of ſitting: each member on a club-day, hath on a ſhort wig, that inſtead of deſcending in regular curls down each ſide of the face, is nitc'd in very irregular ſcollops round the hinder part, and in progreſſive nicks, or ſort of ſteps up each ſide, very much reſembling two ſhort ladders ſet oppoſite to each other, meeting at the top, but diſtant at the bottom, and which (together to help to keep up the name of the club) is the reaſon of their wigs being thus nitc'd: for that the doctor having in his young days, danced the ladder-dance on the ſtage, ſtill retains a ſecret reſpect for ſuch a climaterick form.

Their

Their cuſtoms are, (viz.) each man on the club-night to meet in the club-room at eight of the clock, or forfeit two-pence, which helps buy tobacco for the reſt of the ſociety, and is always ſerved at table in an eſcollop-ſhell, which is the arms of the preſident, and is always on club-nights fixed over the door, at the entrance into the club-room. Each member is obliged to ſpend ſix-pence per night, or as much more as he pleaſeth.

Every man in his proper time hath a right to ſpeak what he thinks convenient, but no one upon pain of excluſion is to break in upon another's diſcourſe: the preſident firſt begins, and after him the next to him on his left-hand; ſo all regularly after him, till the turn comes to the doctor again; who likewiſe, as he begins firſt, always cloſes the diſcourſe at their parting. The attorney very often offends in this point, and once told the company (in the preſence of the preſident) when it came to his place to ſpeak, that he thought, the preſident often detained the ears of the company too long, and encroached too much upon the right and liberty of the ſociety, in ſpeaking much more than in proportion to the time they uſually ſtay'd, came to his ſhare, and with as bold inuendo's (as he durſt) hinted to the company, that ſince theirs was a well-diſciplined and regular audience, the preſident

ought to conſider it as ſuch, and not fancy himſelf at the head of a mob on a publick ſtage. The preſident hath as often retorted upon the attorney, by letting the fraternity know, that he ought not to act as in a petty court of judicature or ſeſſions, where each mercenary wretch, ſold his breath by the hour or day; but as in the preſence of a preſident, whoſe affability, candour, and good nature, prompts him to allow the attorney a larger ſhare of time to talk in, and which he uſed as he ought not, and expreſſed himſelf as did not become him. I ſhould not omit, that the barber (tho' mention'd third) is not inferiour in any thing either to the preſident or attorney: and for eloquence or ſprightlineſs of expreſſion, would as much have out-done the barber in don Quixot (were he living) as he did his poor eſquire Sancho.

As this club is thus compoſed of perſons of ſuch different employments, ſo each man ſpeaks in his own ſphere; and as the bayliff, appareator and taylor, deviate much from the eloquence of their ſeveral lords or maſters, and as they have an unqueſtionable right to ſpeak when it comes to their turns, ſo their diſcourſe is differently interlarded and imbeliſhed by the ſeveral elocutions and witticiſms of the former, and vilified, depreciated and abaſed by the dull jeſt and ribaldry

of

of the latter. The whole may not improperly be termed a ſcollop'd diſcourſe.

All I approve of in this club, is that ſeven of them, will with ſome patience, ſit to hear the oratory of the eighth: and I could wiſh, the more general aſſemblies and publick companies within this kingdom would admit of the ſame taciturnity.

But I ſhall take upon me, more the buſineſs of a ſpectator, than an informant, if I continue to comment upon it; and will therefore leave it to your judgment to make what remarks you pleaſe upon this whimſical aſſembly; and to inſert it in your ſpeculations, if by its oddneſs it merits a place in them: and am with all ſubmiſſion,

Your conſtant reader, and

humble ſervant,

Northampton,
June 18. 1712.

J. TELLTRUTH.

P. S. If this appears in your papers with diverſion to the country, I will in a little time, ſend you the orders of a female-club in this neighbourhood, which I think is full as fantaſtical.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 66.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE late act of common-council againſt foreigners, has very much increaſed the members of this honourable city. It has been a long cuſtom for the perſon newly denizeon'd to make a merry entertainment among his friends upon that occaſion; and theſe of late have been very frequent.

The generality of us new citizens, were educated in the country, and unacquainted with that wholeſome diſcipline and order which ſhould make us worthy members. And therefore, that we may be better qualified for preferment, and become ſober and honourable citizens (for we all expect to wear the ſcarlet gown) we humbly beg your opinion, upon the following reſolutions; which we hope you will think proper regulations upon ſuch occaſions.

Reſolved, that a ſpeaker be choſen upon the convention of every ſuch aſſembly, previous to all other buſineſs; and that he come of an honourable family, and qualified with a ſound pair of lungs, an acute wit,

wit, a proper perſonage, a good front, a coming appetite, and a proportionable drought.

Theſe were propoſed in our caſe, and immediately the choice fell, *nemine contradicente*, on a young gentleman, who goes among us by the name of the young tacker, a perſon very well accompliſhed in all the forementioned qualifications, and one that behaved himſelf very much to the ſatisfaction of the company. We eat and drank heartily, and debated and diſputed very learnedly; but no time for beaking up being yet concluded on, it was left to the honourable ſpeaker, who thus decided it, with a laudable voice;

Gentlemen, in my opinion, it is but reaſonable, that no member of the ſociety withdraw or take his leave, or baulk his glaſs, till he ſees me drop.

This was immediately agréed to by all, for ſeveral good reaſons, one of which was becauſe it was late, and we were all deſirous to be diſmiſs'd.

Sir, upon all occaſions of our meeting together ſince we have continued this gentleman in the aforeſaid poſt, for that qualification of dropping eſpecially, without which we ſhould never know when to break up. But upon the ſignal we immediately adjourn, and out of reſpect to our ſpeaker, if not

not far from home, we bear him thither upon our ſhoulders, and afterwards very honeſtly repair to our own.

Your humble ſervant,

(in the name of the ſociety)

London, under the roſe,
Octob. 31. 1712.

W. LOVEORDER.

[N° 67.]

Moſt renowned irregular REGULATOR.

I FIND you are very ſollicitous about ſome trivial trials, but I give you a better theme, and deſire you will employ your tranſcendent capacity, and with all your indefatigable induſtry, endéavour to perſuade your countrymen, to omit their deſigns of doing to the lion, as they have done to his jack-call. And if you think what I have wrote on the other ſide worthy of him, inſert it in one of your tatlers, with your opinion concerning a publick ſpirit; ſince it is obvious, the ſervice of one's country meets here, only with an inevitable ruin: ſince I have ſome reaſon to believe your notions

notions are different from the common, I refer this matter to your wiſe worſhip: and, according to the ancient cuſtom, remain,

Your humble ſervant, &c.

DEgenerate iſle, from what mad freak,
Seek'ſt thou thy vengeance thus to wreck,
Upon his head with glory wreath'd,
Who's ſword for thee, has ne'er been ſheath'd?
Is't thus with benefits return,
And thoſe ſecure you ever ſpurn?
Has he not victory ſtill brought,
And all your youth, war's leſſon taught?
Upon that fund which he begun,
Your future battels muſt be won.
Has he not rival'd all your race,
Adds to the three a fairer grace?
As in his offspring, in his glory,
He equally ſhall ſhine in ſtory.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 68.]

——— *Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum. ——— HOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE common deſign of your preceding papers, has been to diſcourage thoſe little enormities which ariſe from men of a more than ordinary levity, or to check the luxurious, recommend the imbelliſhments of modeſty, adorn the pretty paſſions of ſimplicity, and frighten the flutterer into a ſenſe of his folly.

Now, as you have been thus beneficial to our nation in particular, and have hitherto ſucceeded with ſo much proſperity, I hope your worſhip will take no little notice of our Grinners, who have behaved themſelves ſo prepoſterouſly uncivil to ſtrangers, and indeed with ſuch ſucceſs, that I am afraid the poiſon will work itſelf into a conceit of good behaviour, and the diſtemper grow epidemical, unleſs the application of your ſalutary medicines nip it in the growth.

The Grinners above-mentioned, are perſons of a ſingular genius, and uncommon diſpoſition: naturally unciviliz'd, humourſome, and affected. To paſs them by in ſilence

lence would be in effect to encourage them to draw up their conditions at pleaſure, and to riſe upon us at the diſcretion of their ill nature. If then we examine theſe violent flights, we ſhall eaſily perceive more of heat, than light in them: the object is over-flouriſhed by the imaginary ſweetneſs of their own conceited perfections, which uſually paints beyond life, ſo that the luſtre of the ſurface dazzles the ſenſe, and conceals the more inward defects. Beſides, it argues the want of ſenſe, forces the mind to run ſtrolling after foreign objects, and by degrees, makes it grow clamorous and impudent. But however, this hurry in the purſuit is but a ſhuffling pace, and will ſpoil the gracefulneſs of the motion. Their pretended wit, extravagant outrages, the tinctures of pride modelled with impudence and ſhame, are the ſtandards of their good behaviour. Beſides the many ridiculous grimaces and foul aſperſions, which flie out in vollies. Such as theſe, muſt certainly debaſe them to the loweſt pitch of infamy, unravel their follies, diſcover the coxcomb, and write in large characters Ideot on their own foreheads. Every one is not ſo eaſily captivated with their opiniated charms as they imagine.

To ſee theſe Grinners ſet upon the innocent, and with loud laughters extort the bluſhes of modeſty, muſt grate upon the organs

of

of a generous mind, and throw a man into the poſtures of impatience. It is beneath the dignity of a noble ſoul to fall under the weight of ſuch an imperfection: it hath pride, ignorance, and impudence its concomitants.

I would have you, dear Sir, conſider how unnatural it is for intelligent beings to grovel in the baſe emergencies of inſolence, to ſcoff at every one, like venemous adders, grow big with poiſon, exalt themſelves upon the ruin of others decay, and (if there be any advantages) magnify the inequality beyond all ſenſe and proportion.

I am,

Dear SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Dat. Eman. Coll. Camb.
Octob. 14. 1712.

T. BASHFULL.

[Nº 69.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have given us a hiſtory of clubs: but I dare venture to ſay, this is one you never heard of. It is a club of young men, that are enemies to that excellent ſtate of matrimony, and are under an obligation of paying a very large ſum of mony to treat the company, whenever they enter into it.

I am of opinion, that no reſtraints ſhould lie upon any one for entering into that excellent ſtate, as you have deſcribed it: as a farther vindication of which, and for the ſake of the modeſt and the fair, I deſire you would therefore expoſe this unaccountable club.

I was a member of it, but Leonora's beauty has made me forſake it, and ſo I ſend you my invitation. Pray take notice of that deſpicable word for matrimony, Mouſe-Trap. And you will oblige

Your humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY HEARTY.

* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 9.

SIR,

YOU are deſired by Mr. Thomas Boddington, to dine with the gentlemen of the Mouſe-Trap-Club, at the Sun-tavern on Fiſhſtreet-hill, on Thurſday the 24th of January, 1711, at two of the clock.

The above-written is the form of the ſummons, which are ſent printed to the members.

P. S. Dr. Spintext has promiſed me to preach againſt this club, in his next ſermon againſt prophaneneſs.

[Nº 70.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

FROM the time I firſt peep'd into the world, I have had the melancholy view of about half a dozen elder brothers, all of them hitherto have choſe that of a ſingle-life, and ſo long, as that two or three of them in that condition have ſurmounted their five and thirtieth year, and yet by talking of love and miſtreſſes, do not ceaſe to give pain to me ſtill.

What I humbly therefore pray, Sir, is (ſince I take that affair of matrimony to be perfectly within your juriſdiction) that you will

will henceforward make it a ſtanding order, for the benefit of the fair ſex, and the better preſervation of families;

That all elder brothers unmarried, in poſſeſſion or expectation of an eſtate of above 300l. per ann. ſhall, if already arrived to the age of five and thirty, or as they arrive to the ſaid age, in moſt ſolemn manner, in the late erected court of honour, and in open court, then and there renounce, releaſe, and quit claim to all their right, title, and intereſt, that they before had or might have had to marry or take to them in marriage any maid, widow, or other woman whatſoever, and all other their pretences thereunto: except ſuch maid be of the full age of forty five, and ſuch other woman or widow of the full age of fifty, or upwards.

Provided nevertheleſs, that if any ſuch elder brother as aboveſaid, has an amour upon his hands at ſuch time of his becoming of the age of five and thirty, that then he may lawfully endeavour to proſecute that with effect; but if that miſcarries, that then it ſhall not be lawful to commence or to have the benefit of any other commenced ſince the time of his ſo becoming of the ſaid age of five and thirty: ſave only as before excepted.

Sir, I ſhall be deſirous to ſee this receive your ſanction as ſoon as conveniently it may, for I ſhall be in great fear of my elder

brothers till ſuch time as they ſhall ſee you interpoſing in this affair.

And I humbly apprehend, Sir, withal, this will be giving that fair play to younger brothers, which ſevere cuſtom now deprives them of; and, with ſubmiſſion, it will likewiſe greatly redound to the benefit of that better part of the creation, the ladies.

I am, SIR,

Yours,

Decemb. 6. 1710.

MISADELPHOS.

[N° 71.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHY ſhould I conceal what all the reſt of the world endeavour to publiſh? their being conſiderable in it. My way then of being ſo, partly conſiſts in what all our ſex value themſelves upon, beauty; but more in what the other ſex value us for, a good fortune. Upon both theſe accounts together, I have a great many addreſſes made me, in which all endeavour to recommend their pretenſions by different manners. I ſhall not trouble you with any at preſent,

preſent, but one I have lately received out of the country, whereby I ſuppoſe I am to underſtand myſelf to be the lovely mead, and the author to be the amorous river repreſented in his conceit. I take this way of appealing to your opinion, concerning this uncommon way of courtſhip. Such a one, I confeſs, would be moſt likely to prevail with me, as being ſufficiently tired with the repetition of it in the uſual forms. The gentleman however is miſtaken, if he thinks to paſs with me for the compoſer of the following poem; for I think I have ſeen the original of it in French. But as he deſigns the application to me, I would oblige him ſo far as to let him know my thoughts of it (with ſubmiſſion to yours.) I have often enough obſerved the moſt deified beauties forſaken by their adorers, to prefer ſincerity rather than devotion, in addreſſes of that kind. I am not offended at the reſemblance my lover has choſen to place me in, of a beautiful piece of ground, which, as it always rewards the ſervices beſtowed upon it, is moſt likely to continue them too: I imagine at the ſame time, without taking any exception at it, that he may make ſome alluſion to an eſtate of mine lying conveniently enough to his; but then at other times (not thinking I am to be a mead) I tremble at his arms dividing, and expect no leſs

than to be ſwallowed up in their embraces.

I do not queſtion but you will determine as I do, that his waters had been much more acceptable, if they had been warm: few of our ſex but would ſhiver at the thoughts of ſo cold a lover as mine. All things conſidered, without your interpoſition, I am very likely to return him this anſwer, That I dare not venture into any but the croſs-bath; and if any river can pleaſe me, it is the Thames. Poor Meander! tell him however, if he will take but one journey more, that is to London, I will take a trial of him for my tea; and if the water proves well, perhaps, make uſe of it on more agreable occaſions. To recompence this trouble, I will ſend you next ſpring the firſt noſegay of my own growth.

FLORIMELL PRATILLA.

FAR have I travell'd, lovely mead,
To you I bear my courſe;
Let not thoſe waves be ill receiv'd,
Which only wou'd be yours.

'Twas

'Twas this, the proſpect of thy ſhore,
Made me forſake my ſpring;
That all to thee their watry ſtore,
My little waves might bring.

Each verdant bank, each flowry plain,
My rapid waters paſs'd;
Might other wandring ſtreams detain,
I was too much in haſt.

Ev'n all and more than you will grant,
Many have thought my due;
Yet all this merit do I vaunt,
Only to offer't you.

How glad at my arrival, would
The ſhores their pleaſure tell?
To which my too ungrateful flood,
Murm'ring, ſcarce ſaid farewell.

'Tis true indeed, and all that's ſo
I muſt to you confeſs;
Some I could like, but that I know,
They give to all acceſs.

Proud of their numbers theſe, my ſtreams
Would in the crowd be loſt;
Nor dare appear to ſultry beams,
As others are expos'd.

'Tis you alone my choice can fit;
And I ſeem made for you;
But then you muſt none elſe admit:
Who loves, is jealous too.

Who loves too, will that fault o'erlook,
For virtues I can boaſt,
Small as it is, my rowling brook,
No ſeaſon will exhauſt.

Not all perhaps which it beſtows,
Could every ſoil ſupply;
They might th' impetuous torrents chooſe,
But thoſe are oft'neſt dry.

Nothing my equal tide deſtroys,
Though full, yet ne'er o'erflows;
The beauteous banks which it enjoys,
Its chryſtal mirrour ſhows,

Some

Some fields there are, however gay,
No brooks would feed their pride,
Unleſs by art they force the way,
Which nature had deny'd.

Whilſt you without that coſtly aid,
Have all that art can give;
From far theſe waters are convey'd,
Which may your wants relieve.

The beauty o'er that ſurface ſpread,
All eyes now raviſh'd view;
But ſoon thoſe blooming charms will fade,
A river can renew.

Rich treaſures will this fertile wave,
That new-ſprung flowers ſend;
All in their courſe round what they gave,
On every ſide defend.

To me alone that care confide,
My ſtream no other knows;
Already do my arms divide,
That you they may incloſe.

A thou-

A thouſand different tracks they form,
By thouſand wandrings croſs'd;
From thence unwilling to return,
In their own maze are loſt.

I feel, I feel, their am'rous rage
Boil in their banks, nor I
Longer their tranſports can aſſwage,
'Tis time you ſhould comply.

[N° 72.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE other day being in a coffee-houſe with an hybernian gentleman, after ſettling ſome philoſophical diſputes to our own ſatisfaction, and the approbation of an attentive audience, we came at laſt upon a ſubject lately handled by yourſelf, that of wit; and carrying on our obſervations ſomething farther than yourſelf had done, we began to ſpeak of ſome particular climates that afforded men of ſprightly wits: in reckoning them up, I forgot Ireland; and not readily admitting that country, this gentleman (as much a man of honour, as a philo-

philoſopher) took me up, and without much ceremony, gave me to underſtand that I was a very ſilly fellow for my pains, and challeng'd me upon the ſpot.

Now you muſt know, Mr. Spectator, that my profeſſion excuſing me from fighting with ſword and piſtol, I refuſed him; but upon his preſſing me hard to vindicate my omiſſion, I gave him this anſwer, that if he would take the following draught, ℞ *Mercurij Crud. gr. xx. in hauſto libero papav.* in an hour after, without ſtirring from the place, I would ſtand him the diſtance of ſix yards with a piſtol loaded with a brace of bullets: he abſolutely denied this equivalent for a ſword. I deſire to know whether I may not inſiſt on it, and poſt him.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

SAL ARMONIAC.

[N° 73.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a woman of a conſiderable fortune, and by the conſent of my father contracted to a gentleman who is now in Spain: he has my affections intirely; in nine months I hope to be made by his return the happieſt woman living. He has been abſent four years: I never once waver'd in my inclinations for him, though I daily converſe with a man of merit ſuitable to my own fortune; not that I believe he has any thought of me, or any deſign to marry at preſent. His ſiſter lives in the ſame houſe with me: all his ſpare hours, which are many, he beſtows upon us: ſhe is but little with us, being for another ſort of converſation than his, which is always upon ſome topick for the improvement of our ſex: he ſeems inclinable to contract a friendſhip, and often tells me things that I have reaſon to believe he would not have known. I in return make him my confidant: he always encourages my paſſion in the praiſes of my intended husband; often telling me the happineſs I am to expect from the converſation of ſo deſerving a perſon. This has continued for ten months without any interruption, till yeſterday

yeſterday my father told me he was not pleaſed at our being ſo very much together, fearing it may give uneaſineſs to the gentleman I am to marry, ſhould he ever know it. I that thought myſelf not twenty four hours ſince the happieſt perſon breathing in a lover and a friend, am now deprived of both for ſome time: my friend's converſation I can only have in publick, which leſſens its pleaſure. I cannot but obſerve his uneaſineſs; nor is my father much leſs concerned, knowing the advantage I have received from his converſation.

I cannot but own, when I was ſixteen I was much pleaſed with what you call a woman's favourite: none of them ever gave me any pain, yet a crowd of admirers is very agreable to our ſex at that age. In my nineteenth year I firſt ſaw the gentleman I am to marry: as my heart was never ſenſible of any paſſion till then, the firſt time I found he was what I never before converſed with, the ſecond view gave me a pain I never before felt. Buſineſs brought him frequently to my father's: he then was deſigned to marry a lady which I believe he paſſionately loved: he made me his confidant, which did not leſſen but rather increaſed my paſſion: his converſation was always upon the friend he expected in his wife, and that it was not poſſible there could be that friendſhip in two perſons of the

the ſame ſex, he being very obedient, their parents not agreeing, broak off the match. The lady diſmiſs'd him with a careleſs air, he in the height of his paſſion came to vent it with me: my concern was ſo great for his ſufferings, which I could not expreſs without tears, that from that moment he became my lover. I believe him ſincere, ſince not long after, he might have had the ſame lady with three times my fortune, which he generouſly refuſed. Your opinion of friendſhip between man and woman will infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

Septemb. 28. 1711.

A. P.

[Nº 74.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

SINCE your have ſo generouſly given leave to your correſpondents to give you their ſentiments freely on the point of a petty-cenſorſhip, for my part I freely declare againſt it, eſpecially to through away ſo much time and paper on ſuch frivolous impertinences. When I come to bind up my ſpectators in a volume (for I take them daily, and conſtantly drink a diſh of tea over them) how poor a figure will fifty two leaves make in my book, filled with top-knots, muffs, ſcarfs, and riding-hoods? beſides, that day my tea will loſe its reliſh, for I cannot bear thoſe trifling pieces of low life. No, Sir, rather advance human nature, by reaching home to the corrupt affections of both ſexes, and thereby make your paper equally ſerviceable as delightful to men of ſenſe and virtue as to ſmall wits and triflers. The grecian law againſt neutrality is ſo far from being practicable in our preſent circumſtances, that were it to be executed it would prove our ruin. In the neuters alone does

* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 16.

all

all our ſafety lie; for were we all to ſtrike reſolutely into a party, and then warmly to purſue our reſentments, we muſt at laſt come to blows, that we might have it determined who ſhould ſubmit, and who ſhould rule.

Your reſolutions, Sir, againſt malicious inſinuations and family-ſcandal, are worthy of your character. In God's name, Sir, go on in your undertaking; mend the age, reform our manners, and lend your hand to compoſe our differences: the pious endeavours of ſome, the ingenious eſſays of others, and the bleſſing of the prince of peace, may perhaps at laſt make us happy.

I am,

Dear SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. C.

[N° 75.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I FORMERLY hated all ſocieties, as giving them the ſame pain in ſtaring, which I received in being ſtared at; but for this very reaſon I deſire to be admitted into their ſociety, where alone it is poſſible to meet with ſo much deformity. I have but one thing which can diſqualify me: I have heard that a late famous monarch uſed to ſay, nothing can be ugly that is under twenty, which is my misfortune.

I hope you are not of that opinion; but that upon producing certificates of my unparalelled diſtortions, you will recommend me for being female. I naturally love company; and for the reaſons aboveſaid avoid all proportionable creatures; therefore muſt lead a ſolitary life, unleſs entred a fellow where my decrepid ſhape will not, I fear, meet its fellow; for all admire my parts as well as yours.

Your low and humble ſervant,

FRANCES FRIGHTFUL.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 17.

[N° 76.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

NOTWITHSTANDING your reſolution of not troubling the town with any more ill-ſpelt nonſenſical love-letters, I have taken the liberty of ſending you the incloſed, and flatter myſelf, that when you are acquainted with the occaſion of my doing it, you will, in compaſſion to a poor perſecuted virgin, allow it a place in your ſpectator.

You muſt know, that the author of this inimitable piece, who is a pert coxcomb, was originally bred a weaver, and having left off his trade for ſome time, ſets up now for a man of wit, gallantry, and politicks; though by the ſtile and pretty turn of his letter, I believe you will be of opinion that he had better have ſtuck to his loom, than have undertaken a province for which he ſeems not to be altogether ſo well qualified as he ought. To finiſh his character in few words, he is an eternal admirer and tormentor of our ſex; and not being ſatisfied with teazing them with fulſome and ridiculous compliments in all publick aſſemblies, he is continually plaguing them with billet-deux of the ſame ſtamp with the incloſed, ſo that they cannot with

with any patience ſuffer his impertinences any longer. There is ſcarce a young lady of any tolerable fortune or beauty, in or about this country, but he has made love to: it is now my turn to be the object of his paſſion, and conſequently to be plagued with his inſipid courtſhip and nonſenſical letters. I have civily deſired him to give over his amour; but finding the fop incorrigible, and having no other hopes of getting rid of ſo troubleſome a lover, I beg the favour of you to print the incloſed: which perhaps, may ſilence him for the future, and put a ſtop to his impertinence and folly.

If the publication of it frees me from his nauſeous addreſſes, you may depend not only on having a rundlet of the beſt norwich-nogg to treat your old friend Sir Roger with in the winter; but alſo obliging a whole ſociety of women, but in a more particular manner,

Your conſtant reader, and

humble ſervant,

Norwich,
July 7.

MELLESINDA.

MADAM,

WITH humble ſubmiſſion, after my duty preſented unto you above all the reſt of your ſex, wiſhing I might crave the favour to be your moſt humble ſervant: I underſtand by both the worthy gentlemen your two brothers, that if you will be pleaſed to accept of my ſervice, it would not be controlled by them: only as the tender and fatherly affection they bear to you will cauſe them or any friend to ſay as it is obſervable all friends will ſay, if your age were thirty years, you were young enough, or too young; which indeed, is only tender fear. For all people of each ſex that know you, do well and truly affirm, that no gentlewoman is or can be more fit for marriage than you, although but nineteen years old this Auguſt; for ſeveral people in ſeveral places do marry at fourteen years: and the apoſtle St. Paul, in the Philipians, adviſeth that the young women marry, bear children, and guide the houſe; and that they ſhould not be afraid with any amazement, it being the only pleaſant and happy life in the world, when a man can but gain ſuch a virtuous lady as you are, ſo well accompliſhed with all good properties. And although my deſert is altogether inferiour to your noble qualifications, yet my ſober and

honeſt

honeſt family and ancient court of arms, with near 500l. a year in lands worth, and being a-kin to all the eſtate of —— Eſq; left, being near 200l. a year; and although there are three people living, yet fortune turns upon the wheel, and as it pleaſeth, may for your pious deſerts come to you, and my reputation clear. So I give leave to all the world to ſpeak and declare the real truth for me or againſt me; and that as I have thirty years upon my back, I am ſo much the more able to encounter with buſineſs, and that is your greateſt advantage. If I may be ſo happy as to receive an anſwer from ſo good a lady, it would for ever bind me to you and your heirs: ſo I reſt

Your moſt dutiful, and

humble ſervant,

Thorp, next Norwich, Aug. 16.

[N° 77.]

* Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM extreamly overjoyed to hear of an ugly club: for you muſt know, Sir, I am in hopes to be well received there; my perſon being as ugly as poſſible, for my face is longer and broader by three inches each way, than any I can yet meet with. After having told you the ſhape of my face, I ſuppoſe I need not trouble you with the reſt of my perſon, otherwiſe than to aſſure you it is equally diſproportioned. I beg you will recommend me to the ugly ſociety: and in order the readier to induce you to this favour, there is one thing more I muſt tell you, which is, that as they are very merry, they will like me the better; for I am very merry, and much uglier (if it be poſſible) when I laugh than when I do not. From

Your very ugly

humble ſervant,

June 11. MERRY SUE.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 17.

P. S.

P. S. I hope there is ſome merit in being the ſecond woman in the kingdom of Great-Britain, that has owned ſhe thinks herſelf very ugly.

[N° 78.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR compaſſion and council to many of my ſex leſs miſerable, encourage me to hope for the like favour. Know, Sir, I am a young woman of no deſpicable fortune, though it is not anſwerable to the common opinion.

Secure and innocent did I live in the country, till my brother drew me to town, and a near neighbour to a gentleman with whom I had heretofore ſome ſmall acquaintance: but my brother being intimate with him, I took occaſion to viſit the gentleman's lady, who in years ſurpaſſed us both, and which doubtleſs was very diſagreable to the youth and gallantry of her ſpouſe. Seeing his behaviour, I was inſenſibly led to pity his misfortune, and too ready (heaven knows) to encourage his company; and he at firſt by very innocent inducements gained upon my ſoftneſs too much. To be ſhort, death deprived him of a wife, and me of a ſtrong argument againſt his continual efforts: then

in what paſſionate extaſy did he addreſs me! with what ſolemn vows and oaths did he ſwear fealty! even in that rapturous, though curſed minute, when virtue, honour, and myſelf, was forgot. After this the traytor vow'd; but in few weeks was married to another. Is there words to expreſs my grief? I think not: thus am I left neglected, abuſed, nay, hated, by the man I love: can you any ways alay my ſorrow? ſay, ſpeak ſomewhat in anſwer, I charge; nay, rather let me conjure you by all that's good and ſacred to give your aid and aſſiſtance to the moſt deplorable of all your ſupplicants.

Sept. 28. 1711. SUSANNAH SORROWFUL.

[N° 87.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

On FLAVIA, upon her ſmiling diſdainfully, and ſhewing her ebony teeth.

FLAVIA, the world allows your numerous charms
Might tempt the greateſt monarch to your arms;
Your eyes like riſing ſuns appear ſo bright,
With eaſe they captivate each human ſight:

That

That pretty dimple, and that well-turn'd face,
That eaſy air, ſo languiſhing a grace;
So well proportion'd features, and ſuch limbs,
Deſign'd for univerſal ruin ſeems.
We gaze, we love, and each bright part admire;
We burn with paſſion, and adore with fire:
But if your unſeal'd lips ſhou'd e'er diſcloſe
The lurking bones that vie with full-grown ſloes;
Our chains are broke, and our ſtray heart returns,
And for lov'd Flavia it no longer burns.
The witch herſelf makes us from charms ſecure,
For though ſhe looks to kill, ſhe ſmiles to cure.

[N° 80.]

Tollit ad aſtra levis —— HOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AMONG all the differing ſorts of vanity you have expoſed, there is one, I am ſure, you have not yet thought of, perhaps from its particularity, and the ſmall number of its profeſſors; of which ſect, be pleaſed to honour Mr. B——t as preſident.

By

By their actions they ſeem buſie-bodies; but are never known to concern themſelves in any one's affairs under the degree of a lord: but if ſuch a one will pleaſe to enter them in their ſervice, they will run with all the drudgery and expedition of a hawker: they will approach him with the obſequiouſneſs of a petitioner, till they have got the ſecret, and then receive him at the diſtance of a ſollicitous beggar. If any is within hearing, (as the ſcene and meeting is generally at Will's, Covent-garden) good my lord, don't plague me ſo; you know very well what great things I have already done for you;—— that without my help you had never got a groat by—— well, let me alone then to follow this in my own way;—— if you won't, take it all into your own hands, I'll meddle no more with it.—— Nay, good Mr. B——t favour.—— I will not hear one word, for I know you are in the wrong. Well, pray, gentlemen, did you ever know one ſo teaz'd as I am in ſerving his lordſhip:—— walking out of the coffee-houſe to give them an opportunity of talking of his performances; and to leave his lordſhip in the dark as to his affairs, that his curioſity may force him to follow and enquire after him at other publick places.

Thus, in the purſuit of having it ſaid he is ſuch a lord's right-hand, and that he can do

do nothing without him, he ſpends his whole time and eſtate, and then is perpetually teazing all people (when this great man is not preſent) with what he has told them twenty times before; how he has laboured and ſweat and ſpent himſelf, to bring about ſuch a matter; how artfully he acted in ſuch a point; and had not he interpoſed moſt critically in another, his lordſhip had ruined all.

And when any miſchance happens (tho' he is ſure to be the cauſe of it) he as certainly lays it upon the poor lord, and tells how often he caution'd him againſt it; nay, all along told him it would fail there, and that he foreſaw it from the beginning. Thus he is always in the right, and by this uncivil uſage is ſure never to be thanked. His lordſhip even makes a dear purchaſe of a victory gained by one of theſe vain medlers, in the attendance, complaiſance, and ſervility, they make them pay: yet ſo reſtleſs are they in this ſtrange purſuit of vanity, that when one matter is ſettled, they go a begging for another; till by long gaping after this manner, they ſwallow their own eſtates; for in all this managing humour they have no regard to their own. As the preſident has brought his noble to nine-pence, and ſo intangled himſelf, that all his management cannot unweave the clew of debt he has wound up.

But

But by your way of writing this, you may perhaps ſtop it where it now is; and inſerting the name of B——t, an old ſeat he had, he may apply it to himſelf, and know how the world laughs at him for it.

This unaccountable ſect of managers throws me into an odd confuſion or rhapſody of thoughts, on the different applications of the ſame motive being in man.

Amongſt the many bleſſings of human nature, that innate active principal ſo happily implanted in us, may be juſtly reckon'd none of the leaſt. The force of this ſhines in the firſt beams of life, in the efforts of the ſtruggling babe; its riper years in various degrees ſhew the capacity we may expect in man. This is the inſpiring motive of all the buſie ſcenes the reſtleſs world affords. I have ſometimes thought the inability of this one of the greateſt pains in ſickneſs, and in old age too, if not often the ſole cauſe in the latter, as in that they cannot do what they ſee imperfect youth attempt, whoſe blunderings their experience could prevent; and even in the greateſt diſability of age, the chief deſire of longer being is from ſome new-born ſcheme impatient of its birth, ſo inſeparable is this from life.

The man in priſon too frets at the chains that ſtop the actions of his teeming mind. And how kind is providence in giving a ſuperiour

periour delicacy of taſte to the fruits of this? as an incentive to the ſloathful mind, even adding a pleaſure to the neceſſity of earning our bread with the ſweat of our brows. Sometimes we are ſpur'd on to virtue and glorious actions by a laudable ambition of pleaſing or being commended by others, each ſtriving to diſtinguiſh himſelf by ſome ſingular and extraordinary merit, heighten'd with the averſion of going out of the world without any more impreſſion or remembrance in it than a ſhadow.

The very difficulty of an enterprize often raiſes the deſire from the juſt claim of an enlarged glory to its ſucceſs. We ſee it prompting men to traverſe the remoteſt regions of the world; and though unfortunate, I dare engage more comfort in the variety of their fate, than in the dull reiterating round of idleneſs. Then how miſerable is the ſtate of thoſe poor grovling ſouls, that only circulate in pain, through an inactive ſloathfulneſs of mind, meer human aſſes, fit only to bear the weighty burden of themſelves. It is ſtrange to ſee ſome of theſe taking more pains to continue ſo (as beggars) than change their fate. How bitter are the reflections of theſe men full of remorſe and diſſatisfaction? and there is a regret in the repetition even of the moſt innocent: his thoughts rack pains from every joint;

joint; he breaths nothing but anguiſh and diſcontent at the felicity of others mirth and cheerful gaiety. The habit of theſe mechanick rationals breeds ſuch a ſort of inſenſibility, that no allurements can move the leaden maſs. How delicious, in compariſon, is the morſel of a labouring hand? who by his daily exerciſe diverts the racking pain of anxious idle thoughts, ſo that he ſcarce knows his labouring ſtate; or if he ſhould, the hurry of his work diſpels the grief. Thought, through want of right uſe and application, from the greateſt happineſs becomes the greateſt curſe, for then it is naturally turn'd on our miſeries. Therefore let reaſon, life's greateſt bleſſing, a portion of divinity itſelf, given to enable us to merit more, rouze the inactive lump, and guide the active ſpark of life through all its various flights, to join its divine original firſt mover.

P. S. I muſt add a complaint of the talleſt gentleman in Greys-inn, that talks as much louder as he is higher than other people: and the empty veſſel is loudeſt when he would make a fault in your ſpectators; which none dare deny, as they value their ears.

A neighbour of mine in the country has lately put himſelf and his man into mourning for the death of a favourite mare.

Another can afford to keep a horſe, but not a ſervant, therefore makes his father's maid

maid ride bare-back'd to water on him, to prevent the green-ſickneſs.

Another has ſhrewd ſuſpicions of my being an honeſt man, becauſe I am no hard drinker: he often hints that he believes me a whig, from a diſh of fowls that was ſerv'd up one day when he dined with me with their rumps on; which he has never allowed on his table ſince the late change.

You will be ſurprized to hear the conveniency of hoop-petticoats is got to the red ones in the country; and that Kate and Joan are longer getting over a ſtile now, than a fine lady is getting out of her coach. The parſon is forced to begin an hour later for them. Suſan had the misfortune laſt week to hang ſo long on the top of one of the ſtiles, that Ralph diſcovered the upper half of her green ſtockings was yellow, and has ſince left her.

[N° 81.]

To the right worſhipful the SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of the lady RAMBLE, in behalf of herſelf and many thouſand others.

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas your worſhip did by an edict declare the qualifications requiſite in a good houſe wife, your petitioners are adviſ'd by their council, to claim the benefit of the ſaid edict, and pray that their certificates may be allowed accordingly.

Your petitioners conceive, that no objection can be made to their title, they having performed all other conditions as well as that eſſential one of keeping at home. In this caſe the ſnail (whoſe good houſewifery your worſhip ſo much commends) has been their pattern; they quit their manſions no more than that animal does; but whenever they wander, it is like her, with their tenements at their backs.

Your

Your worſhip well knows, that for a conſiderable time, more than a ſuit of hangings has been carried about by the principal of our ſex: but leſt that ſhould be thought inſufficient, the peticoat builders have added beams, rafters, and all other materials neceſſary for a ſolid and ſubſtantial edifice.

[N° 82]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU ſpend ſo much time in dreſſing the ladies, in adjuſting their hoods and peticoats, that I am apt to think you have a very warm ſide that way: for if you deſigned nothing elſe but the reformation of their manners and behaviour, you would certainly take a ſhorter and far more effectual method; and that is, by correcting the follies and extravagancies of thoſe of your own ſex; for if once with your rhetorick you could perſuade them to become grave and virtuous, you ſhould not need to give yourſelf ſo much trouble about us, for then we would ſoon throw away our ſpeckled and ſpotted hoods, and all our airy gaudy trappings; well knowing, that while patched up in theſe or ſuch like foolries, we ſhould appear as contemptible in the eyes of worthy men,

as a coxcomb does in the Spectator's. But ſince we know the humour of the moſt part of our remarkable gentlemen now-a-days to be ſuch, that they are more taken with our outward appearance than our inward qualifications, and more ready to fall in love with us for our handſome dreſs, than our virtue or prudence, pray tell me, why ſhould we want theſe trapps, ſo uſeful for catching cockſcombs that ordinarily have plentiful fortunes, ſo that through them we can live big, and ſuch empty heads that we can live eaſy and lead the wretches by the noſe? what way can we pleaſe? if therefore they will be virtuous and grave, ſo will we; if they be fooliſh, ſo will we; if they will be mad, yea, ſo will we too rather than loſe our market. In ſhort, we will become all things unto them, that we may gain them, and avoid the ignominious title of an old young lady.

Thus you ſee, Sir, how far you have been out of your way; take heed in time coming that you go not ſo prepoſterouſly to work: you would not be ſo much at leiſure to laugh at us for ſome weakneſſes very incident to our ſex, if you would but take a narrow view of the ridiculous misbehaviours of your own, which only become children and mad-men. I ſhall juſt now put you in mind of one, in hopes you will take care to get it rectified: and that is, the unaccountable cuſtom that for ſome time has prevailed

prevailed among our faſhionable gentlemen, of coming abroad in this cold unſeaſonable weather with their breaſts and bodies almoſt quite naked, by which means they have procured ſuch terrible coughs, that's both uneaſy to themſelves, and moſt troubleſome to all their neighbours, in the church, in the playhouſe, and at the opera: yeſterday, where I was hearing a ſermon, the parſon's voice was drowned through their exceſſive coughing, and ſo in Drury-lane, laſt week the actors were very much diſturbed, and in the Hay-market, the muſick was quite loſt, through the loud bellowing of theſe bare-bodied beaux. I deſigned once this day to go to Stationers-hall, but upon ſecond thoughts, I find 'tis much better to ſtay at home, being perſwaded that neither I nor prince Eugene ſhould reap any edification there, by reaſon of the impertinent noiſe of theſe naked fops.

Why then good Mr. Spectator, do not you whip theſe children, till like good boys, they have button'd their clothes? why do not you recommend it to theſe open-breaſted gentlemen to be ſo kind to themſelves as to cover their bodies from the inconveniences of a froſty unwholſome air? All they can ſay for themſelves, that I can imagine, is, how then ſhall our fine ſhirts be ſeen? but for my part, I had rather they wore them above their coats, than ſuffer the

tenth part of the trouble I have already undergone through the preſent faſhionable way of expoſing them; and at this rate people will be perſuaded that there is no cheat in their ſhirts, but that they are all of a piece, which otherways may be very much called in queſtion; for my nurſe who now waſhes linen for her bread, aſſures me, ſhe dreſſes many ſhirts that in the breaſt are pretty fine, but in the back are as courſe as thoſe of a porter. But ſince this will not do, I hope you will put them on a way whereby the world may know they have fine ſhirts, tho' they keep their clothes faſt button'd upon them. Let them wear ſome certain badge, or, if you pleaſe, let them have a ticket hanging down their breaſt's like a crucifix with this motto, I have a fine ſhirt upon me: and if any wear this whom they ſuſpect, let them open his breaſt and ſatisfy themſelves. And till this be done, let none of them go either to the church, opera, or play-houſe, whereby you will oblige all the ladies that frequent thoſe places, and in particular

Yours, &c.

London, Jan. 21. 1712.

HELENA MERRYGRAVE.

[N° 83.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

THIS day you choſe nothing for your theſis: I read down to the laſt line of your tatler, where, to my great ſurpriſe, I found nothing had been too hard for you, for nothing had eſcaped you. I join with you in thinking there is ſo much in nothing, that nothing leſs will ſatisfy me than ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your conſtant admirer, and

moſt humble ſervant,

Thurſday. NOTHING.

[N° 84.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AREADING over your paper of Monday the 9th, I find by ſad experience you have a true notion of your own and my ſex, and to do juſtice to the world, and deter others from coming under the ſame misfortune, I ſhall give you a faithful account of my friendly progreſs which begun ſome years ago, when I was not apprehenſive of the danger of converſing freely with a pretty fellow who had good ſenſe and good humour enough to make his company at all times very acceptable and agreable: he profeſs'd himſelf my intire friend, and made me the confidant to all his actions; nay, even of his amours: I thought it a ſin to be ungrateful, and ranſack'd my heart for a requital, and found I had the beſt opinion of him of any man living, for the confidence I thought he repoſed in me; but if I could have ſtopped here, I had been happy.

My friendſhip now grew ſo great, that I was never eaſy when he was abſent, I could now neither eat, drink, nor ſleep, as uſual from our daily familiarity together: he ſoon gueſt at my diſtemper, and as ſoon took the advan-

advantage of my weakneſs, and to reward me for my tenderneſs, the cruel man triumphs in the paſſion I have for him, and would make me a ſacrifice to his luſt. I am no Platonick, neither can I agree to his groſs proceedings with me; therefore, good Sir, aſſiſt me with your beſt advice how to withſtand this friendly aſſailant.

Pardon my miſtakes; for I dare not ſtay to write it over again, my tormentor is a coming.

I am afraid this will not bear the publick view; but if you pleaſe to word my ſtory in your own ſtile, it would be of more advantage to the town, and free me from the cenſor of a bad ſcribe, though, Sir,

Your very great admirer,

M. W.

P. S. Oh! Mr. Spectator, try if it be poſſible by your advice to ſend me my adored one the next viſit he makes me as a man of honour and a gentleman; ſince from ſuppoſing him ſuch in the infancy of our acquaintance, I bid my heart make him agreable.

[N° 85.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

BEING in very poetical circumſtances, that is, without health, friends, or money, I ſat down and writ the following; which I leave to your judgment, on which depends future attempts of, Sir,

Your very humble, and

obedient ſervant,

J. PHILOMUSUS.

'TIS better ſure to ſlumber in the grave
Than be to ſo much miſery a ſlave;
Diſeaſes my diſtemper'd body tear,
Combin'd with love, neceſſity, and care;
Of ſcarce a ſmiling moment can I boaſt,
Neglected where I wou'd be valu'd moſt.
I waſt my youth, remote from bliſs and joy,
And meet with nothing here but does annoy:
Oh! wou'd this wretched life were at an end,
That to the lonely tomb in peace I might deſcend.

While

While muſing thus on my uneaſy bed,
From ſide to ſide I toſs'd my weary head;
From ſoft repoſe expecting ſome relief,
This grateful viſion came to mitigate my grief.
Myſelf within a cypreſs grove I found,
A gloomy ſky above and dusky ſhades around.
The place did wild and ſolitary ſeem,
Betwixt the trees a ſlow complaining ſtream
Ran murmuring on, and in harſh conſort join'd
With the ſhrill whiſtling of the ruſhing wind;
From far I heard the ſcreechowl's diſmal yells,
The raven's voice and many doleful knells,
The diſtant dying ſounds of melancholy bells.
Methought, I here increas'd my grief and care,
Pleas'd with a ſcene ſo fit for my deſpair,
When lo! a ſudden luſtre fill'd the grove,
Celeſtial muſick ecchoing from above!
And ſtraight a bright cherubic form appear'd,
Who kindly thus my drooping ſpirits chear'd;
Reflect no more on thy unhappy ſtate,
But be reſign'd and humble in thy fate;

Few

Few are the days which here thou haſt to ſpend,
Then in thy grave will all thy troubles end.
Come doat no more on earth's imperfect bliſs,
For where thou now ſhalt go no imperfection is.
Beauty to which thy heart ſo much inclines,
Immaculate and pure in ſpotleſs glory ſhines;
Muſick and friendſhip, harmony and peace,
Compleat and full admit of no increaſe.
There's nothing here that's worthy of thy love,
But much more perfect thou ſhall find above:
Whate'er can bleſs the ſoul or charm the ſight
Flows from th' eternal fountain of delight.
But now look up and turn thy languid eyes
On th' out-ſtretch'd plains of yon enamell'd skies;
Th' angelick world is open'd to thy view,
A wond'rous proſpect raviſhing and new.
Is this, O man, which will for ever laſt,
Amends for all thy pain and trouble paſt.
With mingled joy and wonder I beheld
A place which all deſcription far excell'd?

Unable

Unable to ſupport the beams that flow'd from thence,
I wak'd, and then the bright intelligence,
And all th' amazing ſcenes no more appears,
Yet ſtill the melting ſounds are in my ears.

[N° 86.]

To ISSAAC BICKERSTAFF, Eſq; Cenſor of Great-Britain.

There preſentation and complaint of Dame MARY HUMBLE, of St. James's, widow,

SHEWETH and PRAYS,

THAT you will be pleaſed to take under your conſideration and correction the inſolent and ſcandalous jumble of titles and appellations given to and taken by the preſent ſett of females in this kingdom.

Happening this ſummer to take a tour through ſeveral counties, I obſerved that almoſt all the country-gentlewomen, from the magnified fortunes even down to thoſe diſtinguiſhed by their hundreds only, arrogated to themſelves the title of ladies, and the lady; nor were they only puffed up with this

this falſe appellation from the ill-judged manners of the men's beſtowing it, but even in almoſt all converſation I found the women themſelves giving it to their neighbours and viſiters, in view of having the ſame burleſque compliment crowded on them in return.

In ſeveral places where I thought I might be forgiven the liberty, I undertook to find fault with ſuch an empty miſapply'd piece of pride, by ſhewing them that they ought no more to take ſuch titles, which were only belonging to real and diſtinguiſhed honour, than they ought to ſubſcribe to their common ſervants taking to themſelves the title of maſter or miſtreſs. To this, and whatever elſe I could advance, the reply generally was, that now-a-days every ale-wife, ſhop-keeper, and petty-trader, were called Madam; and therefore it was intirely neceſſary, for diſtinction ſake, that lady, which they aſſert is a common engliſh addreſs, ſhould be kept up amongſt them.

Finding that I could not get the better of the ladies in Hampſhire, Dorſetſhire, &c. I croſs'd the country northward, where, to my unſpeakable ſurprize, I found all my late ladies by much the humbler women; for here in Cheſhire, Shropſhire, &c. they have got the epithet of honoured tack'd to their ladies: for example, their is hardly a wo-

man

man hereabouts, of never ſo little family or fortune, but what is frequently addreſſed to by the appellation of the honoured lady, or the honoured Mrs. ſuch-a-one. Hey-day (thought I) what muſt I do here? I, who have always been willing to write to, to ſpeak to and of every one, as near as I could, in their proper quality, was here able to converſe with hardly one woman without affronting them; whereas, had I not really ſeen it, I ſhould have thought myſelf guilty of the laſt degree of ill-manners but to attempt at throwing of titles to names that had no right to them.

But if I was a little ruffled in the country at their miſtaken and nonſenſical pride, I aſſure you, I was very ſenſibly affected, for the ſake of a great many valuable women of my acquaintance who are deep gone in the above-mentioned folly, by the accidental lighting of the under-written letter from a lady to one of my foot-men (I ſhould have ſaid gentlemen, for I have two of them in liveries, and three maids in plain bodices and red peticoats, that may perhaps be made ladies too) by which I find that all the ſtrumpets in town ſtile themſelves and their companions ladies.

SIR,

SIR,

I RECEIVED your very kind and obliging letter, and will not fail (God willing) to give you the meeting on Saturday night when the play begins: and, as you have deſired me, I have engaged two more young ladies to come with me, one is a ſhort fair woman, and the other a black beauty. I am mighty glad to hear the two gentlemen out of Thames-ſtreet will be with you, for the two ladies I have got will be mighty merry, and pleaſe them very well. Pray, Sir, do not forget the maſk of your miſtreſs and the green purſe you promiſed me. The young country-lady that was with me at the Bull-head ale-houſe, with the very big hoop on, deſires you would not forget the ſpelling-book. So I reſt and remain yours till Sunday morning, if you can get the happineſs to ſtay ſo long with me.

From my lodgings in Coulſon's-court, drury-lane.

W. X.

Subſcribed, To Mr. Thomas Jones, at the ——— in St. James's-ſtreet. Deliver to him privately.

What I have therefore to pray of the cenſor on this head is, that he would let all under his juriſdiction know, that the title of Lady, when added to any name that has not a right to it, is and ought to be taken for banter. Let the honoured lady and miſtreſs know, that thoſe only are honoured whoſe children can dutifully addreſs them in that ſtile. To this might be added, that as ladies, really ſuch, are only ſo by birth, the favour of the crown, (the fountain of honour) or the marriage with ſome illuſtrious perſon, ſo from the method high in uſe among the vulgar and lewd, the title, where there is no right to ſupport it, ought to be deſpiſed as bordering on ſcandal.

In order therefore to regulate this gallymophry of titles, I have ſent you my thoughts on a table of diſtinctions, which I deſire you to publiſh for the quiet and inſtruction of our ſex.

A TABLE of Titles and Diſtinctions for the information of the women of Great-Britain.

LET all country-gentlewomen, without regard to more or leſs fortune, be contented to be called and wrote to only by the ſtile of Miſtreſs.

Let

Let Madam govern independently in the city, except that the wifes and daughters of all tradeſmen indifferently, whereſoever abiding, be admitted on the firſt demand to liſt under the ſaid denomination.

Let no woman accept of the title of Lady, unleſs her name be added, to prove her right to it.

From whence the calling women ladies, without adding the name, will become a banter and ſcandal.

Let no woman after the known age of twenty-one preſume to admit of her being called miſs, unleſs ſhe can fairly prove ſhe is not out of her ſampler.

Let every common maid-ſervant be plain Jane, Doll, or Sue, and let the better-born, or higher placed in ſervitude, be diſtinguiſh'd by Mrs. Patience, Mrs. Prue, or Mrs. Abigal.

Titles flowing from real honour ſupport themſelves.

Mr. Spec-

[Nº 87.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH your excellent paper is calculated for the benefit of all the world; yet, it is obſervable to every body that your principal aim is to inſtruct as well as to entertain the fair ſex. You have ſucceeded in this generous deſign beyond what you could hope yourſelf, or any one elſe expect; and the moſt ſtupid muſt acknowledge it no leſs in juſtice to you, whom they envy, than to the ladies whom they pretend to admire. To your own inimitable ſpeculations you have here and there added certain beautiful fragments of the ancients, which has encouraged me to ſend you the two following letters tranſlated out of Greek, the one written by Theano, wife to Pythagoras, the other by Meliſſa, a lady of his ſect and acquaintance. The maxims they deliver will be accounted leſſons out of date, by ſuch only as look upon friendſhip and fidelity, modeſty and meekneſs, induſtry and frugality, to be the old-faſhioned accompliſhments of the wives or daughters of ancient philoſophers, but unbecoming the genteeler women of our age and nation.

The ſimplicity of the original is preſerved in the tranſlation: and ſhould you think fit to make theſe letters publick, I hope Victorina will believe that by following the rules of the firſt, ſhe may be ſure to have no occaſion given her for practiſing thoſe of the laſt.

MELISSA to CLEARETA, health.

YOU appear to me to abound of yourſelf in all good qualities: for the earneſt deſire you expreſs to hear ſomething concerning the decent behaviour of women, gives fair hopes that you purpoſe to grow old in a courſe of virtue. Now, it behoves a prudent and * free-born woman, who is joined to one man according to the laws, to adorn herſelf modeſtly, not magnificiently. Let her dreſs be clean, neat, and convenient, but neither ſplendid nor ſuperfluous; for tranſparent or gaudeous attire, and thoſe garments interwoven with purple and gold, are to be rejected and wholly left to miſtreſſes, as inſtruments whereby to allure and retain the more cuſtomers. But the ornaments of a woman whoſe buſineſs is to pleaſe one man, does not conſiſt in † modes but in manners; ſince it is the honour of a free-born woman to

* Or, gentlewoman. † Gowns, in the original.

ſtudy

ſtudy to pleaſe her own husband only, and not every one elſe that looks upon her. Inſtead of paint, then, bear a bluſh on your face as a ſign of modeſty; prefer probity, cleanlineſs, and frugality, before gold and precious ſtones; for a woman of truly virtuous inclinations muſt not place all her beautifying skill in adjuſting her clothes, but in the management of her houſe, and in complaiſance towards her husband, the beſt means to procure his favour. Indeed, the will of a husband ſhould be an underwritten law to a good wife, whereby to govern all her actions; as ſhe ought to think that obedience is the faireſt and ampleſt dowry ſhe can bring with her; for more truſt is to be put in the beauties and riches of the mind, than in thoſe of a face or of a fortune; ſince ſickneſs or malice may deſtroy the laſt, whereas the firſt continue ſtedfaſt and uſeful till death.

THEANO to NICOSTRATA, health.

I HAVE heard of your husband's extravagance; that he keeps a miſtreſs, and that you are jealous of him. But, my friend, I know a great many other men that labour under the ſame diſtemper; for they are caught (it ſeems) by theſe women, and held faſt, and deprived of their underſtanding.

In the mean while, you are tormented both night and day, you abandon yourſelf to grief, and are ever contriving ſomething or other againſt him. But do ſo no longer, my friend, for the virtue of a wife lies not in watching her husband's actions, but in complaiſance to his will, and this very complaiſance obliges you to bear with his madneſs. He keeps company with a miſtreſs for his pleaſure, and with a wife for his convenience; but it is convenient not to mix evils with evils, nor to heap one folly upon another. Some faults there be, my friend, which are irritated the more by reproof, and which paſs'd over in ſilence are the ſooner cured, as fire not blown is obſerved to go out of itſelf; and therefore, if he deſigns to conceal his conduct from your knowledge, but that you are reſolved to expoſe his weakneſs by chiding, he will next tranſgreſs openly and without ceremony.

Place not then your friendſhip in the careſſes but in the merit of your husband; for in this lies the pleaſure of ſociety. Perſuade yourſelf that he goes to his miſtreſs inſtigated by luſt, but that he comes to you as a companion for life; that he loves you out of judgment, and her out of paſſion only: but this laſt is of ſhort duration, as being ſoon ſatiated; it is ſuddenly begun, and as ſuddenly ended.

Thus

Thus a man that is not altogether profligate, will ſpend but little time with a miſtreſs; for what can be ſillier than that inclination, in gratifying which a man procures his own damage? Moreover, he will at leiſure reflect upon the ſhipwreck he makes at once, both of his fortune and of his fame; for no wiſe man will continue voluntarily in any fault to his own hurt. Being therefore called upon by the rights of marriage, and conſidering with regret how his fortune is impaired, he will throughly know you at laſt, and not able to bear the diſgrace and remorſe of his crime, he will quickly reform.

Do not you however, my friend, be provoked to lead a life anſwerable to that of a miſtreſs, but diſtinguiſh yourſelf by obedience to your husband, by care about your family, by officiouſneſs to your acquaintance, and by tenderneſs to your children: nor ought you even to be jealous of the woman herſelf; for it is only commendable to have an emulation with virtuous women: ſhew yourſelf (on the contrary) at all times prepared for a reconciliation; ſince noble qualities procure us the good will of our very enemies, and that eſteem is the effect of probity alone. By ſuch a proceeding it is poſſible for the wife to gain an influence over her husband, and to be honoured by him, inſtead of being obſerved as an enemy.

Being only thus reproved by you, he will grow the more aſhamed, and be the ſooner deſirous of a reconciliation : nay, he will love you the more ardently, becoming conſcious of his injuſtice towards you, as well as perceiving the unblamableneſs of your life, and having received ſuch proofs of your affection : for as the end of bodily afflictions is pleaſant, ſo the differences of friends render the reconciliation the more agreable. Be likewiſe pleaſed to make a parallel of the worſt that may happen every way : when he is ſick, you will grow ſick of courſe for grief ; if he ſuffers in his reputation, the world will make you likewiſe ſuffer ; if he acts againſt his intereſt, your intereſt as joined to his can't eſcape unhurt : from all which you may learn this leſſon, that in puniſhing him you puniſh yourſelf. If, on the other hand, you get a divorce and marry another man, yet, in caſe he be guilty of the like practice, you muſt ſtill marry another ; for widowhood is not tolerable to young women : O, but you will live alone as if you were not joined to any man, you will neglect your family, and ruin your husband ; and I ſay, that for your pains you will reap the plauge of a miſerable life. But you will be revenged on his miſtreſs : ſhe will watch and avoid you ; or, if it comes to blows, a ſhameleſs woman will be found a ſtout fighter. But it is a ſatisfaction to ſcold with

with one's husband continually: and what will you get by that? for wranglings and contentions do not put an end to the irregularity, but proportionably encreaſe the miſunderſtanding. What next then? you will attempt ſomething againſt his perſon. By no means, my friend, tragedy inſtructs us to maſter jealouſy by thoſe ſeveral repreſentations in which Medea perpetrates her cruelties. But as hands muſt be refrained from ſore eyes, ſo do you get rid of this evil by taking no notice of it; for in being patient you will the ſooner extinguiſh his paſſion.

Theſe two pieces are out of the Grecanic Epiſtles: but whether that collection be genuine or not, is of no moment to your female readers. I am ſure the doctrine will not be thought apocrypha by the men.

[Nº 88.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a young man of very good parts, at leaſt I have the vanity to think ſo. Hitherto I have been under the tuition of a farther and a ſtep-mother. I am going now to ſet up for myſelf: and to this purpoſe I have made my applications to a fair

lady, and was laſt Friday to wait on her, and offered her a civil ſalute, for which, in return, ſhe up with her fiſt, and vowed that ſhe would grace my face, which is a very ill reward, for I refuſed a thouſand pound fortune that day for her ſake. Aminta is the name of my cruel miſtreſs: when I mention love, ſhe calls me fool, but bids me not deſpair, and has encouraged me to ask her father's conſent. Her perſon is very agreable; but what charms me moſt is her wit. She has a talent that is not common to all the fair ſex, for ſhe is miſtreſs of four tongues, which are, French, Italian, Dutch, and Engliſh; which in my calling is very neceſſary. She bids me apply myſelf to you, to know how I might gain her. Pray, Sir, give ſpeedy advice to

Your humble ſervant to command,

A Toy, every inch of me.

P. S. I deſire you would publiſh this in your next paper, that my miſtreſs may ſee I have obeyed her commands. I compoſed this verſe in her preſence: pray how do you like my wit?

High flight you have, and wit at will,
And ſo you are a pretty creature ſtill.

Mr. Spec-

[N° 89.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a great lover of muſick, and have beſtowed ſome time in the ſtudy of that charming art. I have been in hopes that the introduction of Italian opera's among us would mend our taſte, and raiſe up a commendable emulation in our Engliſh maſters: but what effect it may have had upon their ſtudies has not yet appeared; nor is there at preſent any likelihood of it, or room for emulation, ſince they are not permitted to have their compoſitions perform'd.

The opera-houſe is wholly in the hands of foreigners; and the houſe in drury-lane is not ſuffered to have any muſical entertainments: ſo that our Engliſh maſters are totally excluded from all opportunities of ſhewing themſelves; and we are compelled to have Italian muſick or none: or if at any time we have an Engliſh opera, it muſt be compoſed or put together by foreigners; and what ſtrange work they make with our words is obvious enough, and which you have pleaſantly expoſed in one of your papers.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 18.

But

But why may not our Engliſh maſters be as capable of entertaining the town as Italians, Germans, Switzers, or Frenchmen? that they have the ſame rules, and as good of their own to go by, let old Morley, Bevin, Birkenſhaw, Sympſon, and many others teſtify, who have treated of the art of compoſition with ſo much perſpicuity and ſound judgment, that no people in the world have gone beyond them: and this has been often atteſted by an eminent foreign maſter now in England, who has for ſome time made it his buſineſs to collect all he could meet with upon that ſubject, and never fails to give them their due praiſe.

If then they have as good rules, what is it they want? it cannot be air, for that their very enemies will allow them; and no gentleman that has travelled can be ignorant how much our Engliſh airs are eſteemed in ſeveral courts abroad. What is it then? why they have not the Italian manner; but have they not had time enough to learn it? I remember to have heard Sen. Conti, the famous luteneſt, ſay, (who by the way was one of the greateſt maſters that ever came from Italy) that to talk of the Italian manner was a jeſt, ſince they differ as much from one another as from the reſt of the world; and that manner in muſick was as changeable as faſhions in clothes.

What

What then is to be underſtood by manner? undoubtedly the buſineſs of muſick is to move the paſſions; and he that does that moſt effectually may be ſaid to compoſe, ſing, or play, after the beſt manner.

That the paſſions have been mov'd by Engliſh muſick, all that have formerly heard Mr. Henry Purcel's performances have teſtified with loud applauſe: nor have other Engliſh maſters ſince his time fail'd to entertain the town to their ſatisfaction. And why cannot they do it now as well as formerly? eſpecially having had ſo much opportunity and time to improve, obſerve, collect, and imitate, all that is agreable and fine in the Italian muſick: nor can I queſtion in the leaſt but if they were encourag'd, in time they would entertain us better than the Italians; for it is an old obſervation, that though Engliſhmen are not the beſt inventers, yet they are admirable improvers of any thing they take in hand. Many inſtances might be given of this; and I ſuppoſe no man would choſe a German watch before an Engliſh, though it is ſaid the Germans were the inventers.

All that was wanting in our theatrical muſick was the ſpritely accompaniments invented by the Italians, and their recitative; which I have lately ſeen ſo well executed in both kinds by ſome of our Engliſh maſters, with

with ſo much skil, variety, and fire in the one, and ſo much juſtneſs of expreſſion in the other, that if ever thoſe things come to be performed, I doubt not but we ſhall be aſhamed of having ſo long neglected our countrymen.

But it may be ſaid we have no Engliſh ſingers comparable to the Italians, for voice, skill, or action: it is true we have not at preſent; but it is our own faults, for with encouragement theſe may be had in as great perfection as in Italy. Our climate (bad as it is) affords as good voices as any part of the world, and in as great variety, (Eunuchs excepted) and may be brought up and inſtructed in the grounds of muſick, a good manner of ſinging, and proper graceful action, at half the expence our nobility are at for Italians, Dutch, and French, who go under the name of Italians: ſo that in a little time we might have a conſtant ſupply of our own, without being obliged, at an exceſſive rate, to purchaſe them from other countries. To which may be added, that if an Engliſh opera were to be eſtabliſhed upon ſo eaſy a foot as might be propoſed, the load of ſubſcriptions might in a ſhort time be taken off, and the rate of ſeeing an opera little more than that of a play.

Thus, Sir, I have ventured to give you this trouble, out of my love to muſick, and

zeal

zeal for our Engliſh maſters, who are ſo cauſeleſsly neglected: and as you have often endeavoured to do juſtice to injured merit, ſo I hope this will not appear a cauſe unworthy of you; and that by ſetting this matter in a better light than I can do, you may chance to ſtir up ſome of our noblemen and ladies of quality to eſpouſe, encourage, and protect, our Engliſh muſicians, from thoſe ſwarms of foreigners, who, if a fair trial were to be had, and juſtice done, wou'd not be found to deſerve more than our countrymen: by which means I ſhall not deſpair of ſeeing them, ſome time or another, as much eſteemed, as they are at preſent unjuſtly ſlighted.

I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

humble ſervant,

R. T.

[Nº 90.]

To Her Royal Highneſs the PRINCESS of Wales.

VIRTUE of old was ſcarce, or women bad,
When one good quality a goddeſs made.
Aſtrea's juſtice, Diana's chaſtity,
Minerva's wiſdom, Juno's majeſty,
Venus's beauty; — thus, they fill'd the skies
With an imperfect race of deities.
How wou'd their poets ſing, what temples rear
Were they to ſee them All in YOU *appear?*

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 91.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE encloſed verſes I found ſome years ſince in a cloſet, and ſend you them for the peruſal of the publick; to whom I hope they will not be unpleaſant.

I am, Yours, &c.

A fragment of a POEM on the death of Capt. Douglas, burnt on one of his Majeſty's ſhips at Chatham.

By CLEAVELAND's Ghoſt.

OF the old heroes when the war-like ſhades
Saw Douglas marching on th' eliſian glades,
They ſtraight conſulting, gather'd in a ring,
Which of their poets ſhou'd his welcome ſing;
And as a favourable penance choſe
Cleaveland, on whom they wou'd that task impoſe.
He underſtood, but willingly addreſs'd
His ready muſe to court the noble gueſt.

Much

Much had he cur'd the humour of his vein,
He judg'd more clearly now, and ſaw more plain;
For thoſe ſoft airs had temper'd ev'ry thought,
And of wiſe Lethe he had took a draught.
Abruptly he begun, diſguiſing art,
As of his ſatyr this had been a part.

Not ſo, brave Douglas, on whoſe lovely chin
The early downe but newly did begin;
And modeſt beauty yet his ſex did veil,
Whilſt envious virgins wiſh he is a male.
His ſhady locks curl back themſelves to ſeek,
Nor other courtſhip knew but to his cheek.
Oft' as he in chill Eske or Seine by night,
Harden'd and cool'd thoſe limbs ſo ſoft, ſo white,
Among the reeds, to be eſpy'd by him,
The nymphs wou'd ruſsle, he wou'd forward ſwim.
They ſigh'd and ſaid, fond boy, why ſo untame,
Thou fly'ſt love's fires, reſerv'd for other flame?

Fix'd on his ſhip he ſac'd the horrid day,
And wonder'd much at thoſe that ran away;

Nor

Nor other fear himſelf cou'd comprehend,
Then leſt Heaven fell ere thither he aſcend.
But entertains the while his time, too ſhort,
With birding at the Dutch as if in ſport:
Or waves his ſword, and could he them conjure
Within its circle, knows himſelf ſecure.

The fatal bark him board with grapling fire,
Aad ſafely through its ports the Dutch retire:
That precious life he yet diſdains to ſave,
Or with known art to try the gentle waves.
Much him the glories of his ancient race
Inſpire, nor would he his own deeds deface:
And ſecret joy in his calm ſoul does riſe,
That Monk looks on to ſee how Douglas dies.

Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,
And tries his firſt embraces in their ſheets.
His ſhape exact, wh ch the bright flames infold,
Like the ſun's ſtatue ſtands, of burniſh'd gold.
Round the tranſparent fire about him glows,
As the clear amber on the bee does cloſe.

And as on angels heads their glories ſhine,
His burning locks adorn his face divine.

But when in his immortal mind he felt
His alt'ring form and ſoder'd limbs to melt,
Down on the deck he laid himſelf and dy'd,
With his dear ſword repoſing by his ſide;
And on the flaming planks ſo reſts his head,
As one that hugs himſelf in a warm bed.
The ſhip burns down and with his reliques ſinks,
And the ſad ſtream beneath his aſhes drinks.

Fortunate boy, if e'er my verſe may claim
That matchleſs grace to propagate thy fame;
When Olta and Alcides are forgot,
Our Engliſh youth ſhall ſing the valiant Scot.

Skip ſaddles Pegaſus, thou need'ſt not brag,
Sometimes the galloway proves the better nag.
Shall not a death ſo gen'rous now when told,
Unite our diſtance, fill the breaches old?

Such in the Roman forum, Curtius brave
Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping cave.

No more diſcourſe of Scotch or Engliſh race,
Nor chaunt the fabulous hunt of Chivy-chaſe.
Mix'd in Corinthian metal, at thy flame,
Our nations melting, thy Coloſſus frame.

[N° 92.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM an Iriſhman, though no very tall one in your acceptation. But ſince you are pleaſed to throw your raillery ſo very plentifully among my countrymen, I am glad you make choice of thoſe whoſe ſhoulders are beſt able to bear it. Yet I have heard of an Iriſhman with a ſhort back, a ſhort face, and (for any thing I know) a ſhort every thing, gain more Engliſh fortunes than one; and therefore I would not have him add to his other ſhortneſſes a ſhortneſs of memory alſo.

Having lately had ſome affairs with an eminent citizen, who (it is ſaid) is uncle to a rich heireſs, I was obliged by the hint from your papers to furniſh myſelf with a

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 20.

pair of ſhoes not a quarter of an inch thick in the heels, to appear of a lower ſtature then ordinary; and before I had been five minutes in his ſhop, I had a foot-rule clap'd to my back, to take my ſize, (it ſeems) upon which I immediately apprehended I had got a preſs-gang about me.

In ſhort, Mr. Spectator, we are in general treated with that diſtance and caution in the city, that we begin to believe there may in a little time be a clauſe inſerted in the woollen act to prohibit the importation of Iriſhmen above five foot and three inches high, under a ſevere duty. Yet, if the ladies fancy holds good of inhancing the value of things upon a prohibition, we may be in no fears that our markets ſhall fall thereby. However, we cannot but think it pretty odd, that a ſhort Iriſhman who has warm'd his ſhins by the fire-ſides of two Engliſh wives, ſhould cry out to the town to have a care of the tall ones.

Among all thoſe acts of parliament that bear hardeſt upon us, we never dreamt that we ſhould not have liberty of commerce in the exchange of ſome one ſort of commodities which are the natural product of our country.

We are told (its true) that in our common way of dealing in this affair, we carry vaſt ſums of mony out of the kingdom, and bring

bring nothing with us into it but a good ſtock of braſs.

A man of an Iriſh underſtanding here in England is a common epithet for a blockhead, and yet your reſtriction upon us ſeems to make it pretty plain that our natural parts are not quite ſo deſpicable as you would have the world believe them to be.

We this day paſs'd our annual review in the Park, where I doubt not but many natives of this kingdom appeared in Iriſh colours.

Now, Mr. Spectator, if you are willing to make amends to your countrymen for your paſs'd reflections upon the poor Iriſhmen, I would adviſe you to think of ſome expedient by way of teſt to diſtinguiſh between thoſe who are real natives of Ireland, and occaſional conformiſts to St. Patrick, to qualify themſelves for ſome caſual employment, or if you will have it in other terms, to recommend ſome veteran lady to the employment of commiſſary-general, that all who wear the Iriſh livery may once a year on St. Patrick's day, by way of general muſter, perform a review in her ſight, that they who deſerve to be in pay may paſs, and fagots to be chaſhier'd. I am, SIR,

Your admirer, and real

humble ſervant,

Pall-mall-coffee-houſe,
S. Patrick's day, 1712.

PATRICK O NEIL.

[N° 93.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

PRAY do not refer my affairs, which I communicate to you as a friend and an adept in all the Magi of old underſtood, to an office inferiour to the ſpectatorial, that of the Greſhamites.

I was in haſt when I firſt began to write, but now am in doubt whether you will pleaſe to take a matter, which properly belongs to the natural philoſophers, out of their hands, into your human conſideration. Some old acquaintance of us were in diſpute the other night, at my lady B——'s, concerning Jupiter's recreations: in ſhort, whether he found more ſatisfaction in ſuch or ſuch a ſhape? whether when he came a man to Amphitryon's wife, a bull to Uropa, or a ſwan to Leda, he was beſt ſatisfied? at laſt the diſcourſe fell to all manner of animals and their ****** but which of them have moſt ***** I would fain be reſolved by your knowing ſelf. You underſtand this language of aſtraciſms, without doubt: Juvenal's commentators have advanced it to the higheſt; and I have often undergone the laſh under Sir Hugh Flog, for not interpreting

ting them. I recollect it with ſhame; but ſtill think that poets commentators would have been wiſe, if they had writ their names in the language unknown. Let us have a few ſpectators in that ſort, and I will have the credit of interpreting them to all I know.

Yours, S I R, yours.

[N° 94.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING obſerved in one of your late papers, that you aſſume a little more authority than you have hitherto done, perhaps in imitation of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, and that you talk of ſending the body popular of players to the Bear-garden; that menace however, did not amaze me: but I was ſorry that you ſpoke not a word of ſupplying their places. Their number is ſo conſiderable, that without a new levy, the diverſion of the town muſt fall to the ground. I have therefore thought on a method of recruiting the company, which I cannot help being pleaſed with, till you ſhew me a better.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 31.

You are both juſt and beneficent, when you allow the vulgar to enjoy by themſelves their own highly favoured prodiges: and is it not as reaſonable, that the more knowing part of the auditory ſhould delight themſelves with a general hearing of thoſe, who are ſo agreable to them as they are diſperſed over the kingdom? I mean, the controvertiſts in religion. Conſider the propoſal ſeriouſly, and think it ſtrange if you can. Their action is not yet ſpoiled by ill habits and the corrupt taſt of the galleries, and their paſſions are ſo eminently vigorous, and withal ſo prompt, that the poets, who are commonly a good-natured people, and ſo may fall ſhort in imageing the gall of bitterneſs, would by their aſſiſtance nimbly tranſcend themſelves and the moſt venemous erected hiſſers. Try them in comedy, and ſee whether the poets fool or the fool of an adverſary looks moſt fooliſh. And if this is not ſufficient to recommend them, add to it the many arts and ſciences with which they would quickly enrich the drama, if they were united in a body. They know how to tranſplant and botch, to inoculate and to turn balls into birds; they are wonderfully skilled in the infiniteſimals of infiniteſimals, are ſtupendous multipliers of the categories, and now and then they give us ſome delicate touches in accidence.

In

In my opinion, they would make comedy ſo very inſtructing, that its enemies would take a longer view of the ſtage now than they profeſs'd to do in former times. But Oh! in tragedy they are inimitable; for though there be few whiners and complainers among them, they make full amends in the numbers that are naturally turn'd to be furious tyrants, waſpiſh counſellors, and audacious bravo's. Beſides that, many of them would make no mean figures as young rivals, being compleat maſters of fencing and ſhooting: in which laſt art they are ſo exquiſitely dextrous, that when any two of them walk into the country for a hare or a pheaſant, they uſually make trial of themſelves and their pieces, by turning them againſt one another, to take off all the flies, ſtraws, or little prominent threads, which happen to affront their perſons; ſeldom doing more harm than making a breach in their coats: or if there are ſometimes unlucky aims, they cannot be reckoned to fall out above once in a dozen years. For the romantick hero in opera they are fitted in all points; they that have been the glorious reſtorers of knight-errantry, which was once miſerably laugh'd away by Cervantes, but has now taken heart enough from its new decorations to friſk it in the view of Mr. Spectator. There is never a hungry amphibious animal that dares taſt a pile of graſs

for

for them : for upon the firſt rumour of ſuch an appearance on land, the champion takes horſe immediately, appointed from the old arſenals of Petronius and Lucian, with weapons of offence ; and for the defenſive part, truſting to the ſtrength of his own arms and the aſtoniſhing ſpectacle of twenty thouſand ſquires. But how they came to ſtile themſelves knights of the lamb and dove, is a queſtion about which I was never fully ſatisfied. I am ready to believe they took that title only to ſeem more portentous to the world. However it is, this is certain, that the ſharpeſt pen is with them ever accounted the beſt weapon, and the owner of it the moſt honourable combatant ; ſo that by theſe notions we muſt explain that celebrated ſaying of a principal one to his attendants, by way of familiar allegory, as he was marching out upon an exploit : the egg is ſo large and the ſpoon ſo little, there is no room for vinegar and pepper, as alſo the well known adage, Puſh laſt, puſh beſt.

But as it is not rarely ſeen, that the renowned in chivalry, after having put fetters upon giants and led monſters by the noſe, at laſt die by the hands of a wagg ; ſo of late years, there has riſen up a terrible fellow, who with ſoft words has ſo bruiſed the bones of many of them, that it is thought they are quite diſabled from all further ſervice.

I will

I will not pretend to juſtify the intentions of the man, let him anſwer for his own meaning: I will ſay boldly, that the wiſeſt of thoſe who recommended him to the favour of his ſovereign, over-look'd his intentions, regarding the man and his manner: yet even he advances not without ſome few extravagances, ſo hard it is for the ſureſt goer to ſtep always firm where the roads are very ſtony. To remedy which difficulty, and to keep our patriots in breath, till every one's genius is ordered to its beloved part, I think they may be allowed to rove a while under the following reſtrictions;

Firſt, that the words, adverſary, antagoniſt, animadverſion, bandy, confutation, deal with, and the reſt of that untractable alphabet, be razed out of their dictionaries; and that no one pronounce them in their hearing under the penalty of being, as the Romans term it, *relati ad agnatos*.

Secondly, that the epithet Dry be by no means thought a diſgrace to controverſy, but that provided it be ſolid and ponderous, it be valued as it is right dry. This will diſguſt all perſons of ſuperficial levity, and keep it entire for the hearty lovers of truth.

Thirdly, that if in time of famine, the government ſhall ſee cauſe to humectate or preſerve it for the better ſpending, in that caſe no pickles be uſed, neither acid, nor acrid, nor auſtre, but only ſugar and oyl; excepting,

ting, that to thoſe who have altogether loſt the natural tone of their ſtomachs, it may be adminiſtred in any mixture of the ſaid pickles, which the ableſt phyſicians ſhall agree on.

Mr. Spectator, I have now acted the part of an informer, and have preſumed to give you council at the ſame time; do you judge whether I appear to have any ſordid end, and if I have not produced ſufficient proofs, pity and forgive

Your moſt humble ſervant,

ANN BOTH-ALIKE.

[N° 95.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

AFTER I had been here ſome time, I found my college was divided into ſocieties, that of jolly bouſers (as they call themſelves) the others tea-drinkers. I being a youth ſoberly inclined, liſted myſelf among the latter, which I bleſs my ſtars for, that I was ſo happy in my choice. Our converſation is very agreable, inoffenſive, and advan-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 54.

tageous,

tageous: we ſometimes pitch upon a learned ſubject, relating ſome paſſages in our laſt days ſtudies, ſometimes admiring, ſometimes criticiſing upon our author: for variety we often turn politicians, and buſy ourſelves in ſtate-affairs as far as it is neceſſary to enquire, never cenſuring the conduct of any great ſtateſman; whereas the coverſation of the former runs altogether upon a hound and a hare, a cock and a whore, a pipe and a bumper, this generally ends in a quarrel. After breaking up (which is always very unſeaſonable) they adjourn to rambling the ſtreets, abuſe all they meet, and ending their frolicks with breaking of windows: but we on the other hand to our ſtudies. In ſhort, both ſocieties can never agree when they meet, often contending for their liquors: ours they ſtile effeminate, fitter to pamper the ſoftneſſes of young ladies and their ſmock-faced fellows, than cheriſh the hearts of brave jolly topers. We rail not ſo much at their liquor as at their immoderate uſe of it; we ſometimes ſtrive for priority. Homer they will rehearſe, and all the muſes ſide with them, and Horace that wine-bibber they will cite on all occaſions; nor does even the ingenious ſort condemn ſobriety in us, but with us are all the philoſophers that ever were, even from our firſt parents: we plead the antiquity of our liquor, which was

the

the fitteſt to entertain that heavenly hoſt Raphael, when he deſcended to viſit Adam in Paradiſe; viz.

——————*for drink,*

Sweet leaves inoffenſive moiſt, and meats

From many a berry, and from ſweet kernels preſs'd

She tempers dulceſt creams.——

However, Sir, leſt their good liquor engage you to declare for them, let not ſobriety be diſcouraged in us.

I am, SIR,

Your aſſured friend,

Oxford, Feb. 8. 1711.

DIOGENES.

P. S. Pray, Sir, take notice you are write to on guilt paper, which is a thing I never do, but to men of great worth and learning.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 96.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING peruſed ſeveral of your papers, and finding you have (and that juſtly) corrected ſeveral growing abuſes of the ſtage, I thought it not improper to give you an account of what I have eſteemed ſuch.

I have of late obſerved a liberty the ſtage has took of correcting the poets, either by adding, but chiefly by diminiſhing from what the author, in his days, thought the greateſt decorum of the plot. Being at the play of Othello, I was ſurprized to find whole ſcenes left out, and others barbarouſly mangled; amongſt the reſt, that which confirms Othello's jealouſy, when he ſees the handkerchief in Caſſio's hands, and miſapplies the expreſſions by him ſpoke of Bianca. Some perhaps may eſteem theſe days for a ſeeming inundation of wit, when modern players ſhall correct ancient poets; and amidſt thoſe, him who was once called the immortal Shakeſpear, by reaſon of that admirability of ſenſe, language, and thought, which could never die:

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 36, 502.

but

but we are convinced of that errour, and live to ſee his works ſuffer mortality. I have likewiſe a notion that Othello's trance being a thing not ſtrain'd, but very natural, and which did once give great ſatisfaction, how that comes to be omitted I know not, except the players are reſolved not to humour us in good ſenſe and reaſon, but to come to the bed-chamber the fatal place of Deſdemona's death, which till now I thought had no other company ſave Othello and his wife: but to my amazement, I found every part and corner, nay, the middle of the room lined with beauxs. I now began to conclude, they poſſibly might have a deſign to amuſe the audience with a wedding-night, ſince they only repreſent the puting the bride and bridegroom to bed and theſe might be the friends of both ſides come to throw the ſtocking according to the ancient cuſtom, only the women being abſent, as on thoſe occaſions they ſeldom are.

I ſoon recovered my errour, upon Deſdemona's asking her husband to come to bed, a general tittering went round the room or ſtage, that had they all been letchers of ſixty odd, they could not have given greater indications of ſatisfaction in a brutal way.

When Othello began to challenge ſeeing the handkerchief in Caſſio's hand, we all bluſh'd for him, knowing he told a moſt damnable fibb; and ſeeing ſo many on the ſtage

ſtage, expected ſome of them would convince him of his errour; but oh ſtrange! they never endeavoured it: yet while it continued words only, it was tolerable; but when the ſtifling pillow was up-lifted, and threatned death was in view, not one endeavoured to prevent it: from thence I thought, that ſince they could be ſo cruel, they had much better have kept behind the ſcenes, and then nothing could have been expected from them.

After mentioning this, I beg leave to remember a paſſage or two in Oedipus: the firſt is, that the ghoſt of Laius knows his old maſter Tireſia's voice, thundering out Demigorgon's name ſo well, that he now riſes without any incantation or more to do. In the laſt act his appearance is not riſing out of the ground, and flying as heretofore, but coming in and ſneaking behind his wife and ſon like a pick-pocket, that I had much to do the laſt time it was played, to keep an honeſt country-fellow, who ſat next me, (notwithſtanding the bloody ſhirt and floured face, plain indication of a ghoſt) from calling out to Oedipus to open his eyes and look about him, or his pocket would be in danger of picking. Begging you would take theſe matters more particularly under your cenſure, I remain

Your humble ſervant,

P. S. In ſome part of the play of Othello, but in particular the fifth act, I was at a loſs to diſtinguiſh, otherwiſe than by the voice, who were the ſpectators on the ſtage, and who the performers; and if the ſtage goes on in this flouriſhing condition, poſterity will be apt to believe Bartholomew-fair erected for the reception of perſons of quality, and the theatre in Drury-lane, for the entertainment of the Smith-field-drovers and the ſwains of Hockley in the hole.

[N° 97.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH I have a ſingular eſteem for Mr. Spectator and his writings, I cannot with any patience bear to ſee the laws of hoſpitality violated, and her majeſties allies traduced at the rate they are in your paper of Friday laſt.

I am indeed, no great traveller; but I have read here and there an odd book, ran through many prefaces and tables, and peruſed abundance of title-pages: all which, has enabled me ſo far to commence a critick,

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 50.

that

that I almoſt dare be poſitive, the memoirs you are pleaſed to father on the four Indian kings, are no more genuine than thoſe that go under the name of the Turkiſh ſpy. That thoſe monarchs ſhould write at all, does not ſeem very probable, as I am aſſur'd by ſome who pretend to be well acquainted with the laws and cuſtoms of their reſpective kingdoms, and the education generally given to their youth of what rank or quality ſoever: but we will let that paſs. What they writ was in all appearance deſigned for the information and improvement of their own ſubjects and neighbours; and that theſe ſhould be altogether ignorant of the poſſibility of raiſing a building by laying one ſtone upon another, and yet be ſo well acquainted with poliſhed marble, ſeems very unlikely: neither will it be eaſily believed but their majeſties had eyes good enough to diſtinguiſh between the ſmoothneſs of marble and that of Portland-ſtone, though never ſo well cut. But what is yet more improbable is, that perſons expreſly appointed by the government to attend theſe foreign potentates, ſhould be ſo impolitick, as to entertain them with an account of our domeſtick quarrels, and thereby lay open the weak ſide of our conſtitution at ſo critical a juncture, eſpecially when you conſider that it was a thing which might have been much more eaſily as well as more ſafely let alone:

yet, granting there was an abſolute neceſſity of giving them ſome idea of a whig and a tory, as of the moſt curious as well as the moſt dangerous productions of our land, muſt it needs have been in ſuch terms as would not ſufficiently diſtinguiſh them from four-legged beaſts? This is no more likely than that theſe royal travellers ſhould compare them to the great elephant and the rhinoceros. In ſome mapps of Africa and the Eaſt-indies, theſe animals are indeed pretty frequent, and ſometimes of an exceſſiive bulk. I remember to have ſeen an elephant ſituated to the ſouth-weſt of the mountains of the Moon, whoſe body, without including trunk or legs, was nine degrees and ſeventeen minutes in length, and five degrees and half in breadth; and almoſt bordering upon him was a rhinoceros, who by the extent of his frontiers ſeemed very near as formidable; but it never was my luck to meet with either of theſe big or little in a map of North-America.

If you do not give me ſome reaſonable ſatisfaction in this mattter, I ſhall by the next poſt acquaint Monſ. le Clerc with it, and deſire his animadverſions upon a ſubject of ſuch importance to the common-wealth of learning: but all this without the leaſt prejudice to the reſpect with which I remain

Your humble ſervant,

April 29. 1771. J. H.

[N° 98.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

YOUR extraordinary tatler for the day has confirmed me in the opinion I had ſo juſtly entertained, of your examplary genius and underſtanding; and I hope you will not recede from a ſubject ſo very applicable to our times, but to inforce your argument.

The true principle of friendſhip muſt lay the foundation, which, with all ſubmiſſion, is the only virtue you have been regardleſs of, and, in my opinion, the only one that truly promotes all others: he who has not a notion of that, muſt err in the reſt. It was that noble endowment that rendered Alexander unſuſpicious: he had experienced the fidelity of his Phelitian; therefore would not credit what his enemies could ſuggeſt. He was not too great to be grateful; and, with the true grandeur of ſoul, rewarded and confided in thoſe who had the honour and inclination to ſerve him.

Theſe are the noble qualities of ſublime friendſhip, and ſuch as you have a capacity to inſpire. Oblige me, and reform, if poſſible, the deprav'd diſpoſition of our unhap-

py, not to ſay ruin'd age. Make them ſenſible, that gratitude becomes a great ſoul; that charity covers a multitude of ſins; that to love one another was the laſt and great commandment; that friendſhip is the true baſis upon which all virtue is eſtabliſhed: when I ſee you ſhining upon that ſubject, I ſhall, Perſian-like, adore you for your brightneſs.

I am,

Dear SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

E. D.

[N° 99.]

Quæ ſunt in honore vocabula. HOR.

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I CANNOT enough commend your falling foul upon thoſe vices in wit, as, altars, axes, acroſticks, chronograms, epigrams, anagrams, &c. and ſince you have ſo ſucceſsful-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 60.

ly

ly routed them, you could not now employ your forces more uſefully than in reducing and bringing in thoſe out-laws in ſenſe, the minters of words, who break in upon our tongue, and may be as prejudicial to the ſpeaking good Engliſh, as the Goths and Vandals were to the arts and ſciences: none leads ſuch rebellous troops of them, as my euthuſiaſtick friend, Dr. Volatile; and he keeps them in pay conſtantly. I have been a ſmiler at him theſe dozen years, at the Rainbow; and I never knew him fail to muſter up the following ſquadron:

Ventriloquy,	When the belly grumbles for want of food.
Fingcrologg.	When the French uſe their fingers much in diſcourſe.
Unbodifying,	Leaving the body to confer with the ſoul.
Living in the abſtract,	Caret ſearu.
Crammage,	Victuals.

I beg, Mr. Spectator, that you would give him fair battel, and overthrow this giant which infeſts our plains.

Yours,

From the Rainbow-coffee-houſe.

T. PLAINWAY.

[N° 100.]

——— Hic locus ſacer eſt,
Procul O procul eſtote prophani.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR friend Will. Honey-comb has laid his poſitive commands on me, to inform you of ſome irregularities which are of ſo high a nature, that they claim your ſevereſt cenſure and utmoſt endeavours to reform.

Know then, Sir, that as I have had the honour and happineſs of being initiated by baptiſm into the apoſtolic church of England, and received my education therein, ſo I cannot but give my entire conſent to that excellent vow which was on my behalf undertook by my ſureties, now I may be preſumed to have ſome notion of what I ought to follow, and admire the ſoundneſs of our Church's doctrines, and the beauty and comlineſs of her rites and ceremonies: but, when I obſerve the negligence of her officers, and the ſervile remiſneſs of her members, it gives me ſuch a melancholly proſpect, that I cannot but wiſh I were in ſome ſuper eminent ſtation, that I might correct

rect theſe abuſes, and procure an entire amendment; for want of which I am obliged to make my application to you for redreſs.

The church is built for a houſe of prayer and devotion in all its branches, that we may their with a joint conſent offer up our prayers and praiſes to Almighty God, not for a den of thieves, much leſs a receptacle of the impure and atheiſtical: and ſince we are obliged to reſort there for our peculiar and higheſt advantage, what greater argument of folly can their be than for us to go with an unwilling mind? Is it becoming a chriſtian, nay any man, that does but allow himſelf the liberty of thinking, to go where bleſſings are beſtow'd for asking, and yet return not only without any, but with a curſe. Either the Almighty knows what we do there, or he does not; if he does, how can we ever think to anſwer our contempt of his houſe? If he does not, to what purpoſe is it that we ever reſort thither?

Certainly 'tis a great miſery to have ſo ſupine an education, as not to know how to behave our ſelves in ſo holy a place, nor uſe that deference which is becoming a man. If you will be pleas'd to go to our cathedrals, the abby, and chappels where the ſervice is ſung, I am bold to ſay you will be a witneſs of ſuch ſurprizing ſcenes, as will be almoſt ſufficient to make you entertain a diſ-

belief

belief of the very fundementals of the chriſtian religion. You will ſee a numerous concourſe of people reſort to afternoon's prayers, either to hear muſick or ſee the ladies; and as ſoon as the anthem is over, they almoſt all go off. This is an indecency to be corrected. But when you behold with what careleſneſs the choiriſters themſelves behave, you will be, I believe, of my opinion. Here is one lolling againſt the wall, or ſome ſuch irreverent poſture, while he ſings; another, while the reſt ſtand and ſing *Magnificat*, or *Nunc dimittis*, is ſitting; one, while the leſſon is reading, has a paper, and pricks holes in it with a pin; another carries ciſſars to cut paper or his gloves to pieces. While they kneel, you ſhall ſee one laughing with his next neighbour, and it may be telling ſome ſilly ſtory, another playing with his fingers, or taking ſnuff: as ſoon as the anthem is over, moſt of the ſingers move off, and leave ſometimes but one prieſt, who ſays the prayers, to ſtay the remaining part of the office out. There are gentlemen who walk about to make aſſignations, and make the houſe of God a publick exchange. Some ladies you ſhall ſee at prayers, one part of the time with a fan before their face, at another time the fan is taken away, to be the better capable of beholding and being beheld. I would not be thought to introduce the compariſon as what is becoming; but

I hope

I hope I ſhall be pardoned if I ſhould ſay, that the behaviour which is uſed both by ſingers and others bears a great reſemblance to what is obſerved in plays and opera's. He that does not come on till the third act, has no need to come ſo ſoon as they that go on in the firſt; and he who has performed his part by the end of the fourth act, is under no obligation to ſtay any longer: and ſuch is the behaviour at church: ſome do not come till after the prayers are begun, and make their ſtay no longer than till the anthem is over: their buſineſs is then done; and as they are moved by no manner of devotion, it is, I think, moſt fitting they ſhould make their exit as they do. I am confident ſhould the ſame remiſs behaviour be uſed at the Hay-market-theatre, the performers would be hiſs'd off, inſtead of receiving their plaudit. And is ſuch a houſe and ſuch an audience to be treated with greater difference than the houſe of God, where both he and his angels are preſent? And what adds to my wonder is, that the clergy, who are ſet as lights upon hills, ſhould behave themſelves with ſuch contempt, ſitting when they ſhould ſtand, and laughing when they ſhould be at prayers. I have ſeen him whoſe buſineſs it was to pray and read the ſecond leſſon, ſtand at the desk and talk with another while one of the ſingers read the firſt

leſſon

leſſon: and what with their running to and fro to ſet the anthems, and ſeek for their books, there has been much time conſumed, and no ſmall diſturbance made in the church; ſo that the whole ſeems to be a buſineſs whereby to gain a ſubſiſtence, but for devotion there is very little to be ſeen among them.

I am ſorry to have this occaſion of expoſing others, and particularly the clergy, who are at preſent ſufficiently reviled and contemned: neither do I expect to paſs without having ſome reflections made on me for this letter, which I ſhall undertake to anſwer when I ſhall ſee them, and vindicate theſe truths here delivered, which I do not take upon truſt, but have been an eye-witneſs to. In the mean time, I heartily entreat you would favour me with a publication hereof, and iſſue out your poſitive orders for a reformation, requiring thoſe who are of a different communion, and reſort thither for the ſatisfaction of the muſick, that they behave themſelves with that deference which is due to the place, for his ſake to whoſe honour it is dedicated, and not by their atheiſtick indevotion obſtruct ſome in their worſhip, and give occaſion of ſcandal to others; and lay commands on all thoſe who once enter the prebends ſtalls, to ſtay till the whole ſervice is over. Let it be conſi-

conſidered what ſcandal is given to religion, and many tender conſciences, and then I hope our ſuperiors in church will take meaſures to redreſs this inſupportable grievance; which will prove a great ſatisfaction to many, and in particular to,

SIR,

Your moſt obſequious,

humble ſervant;

April 10. 1712. PHILALETHES.

P. S. I hope you will excuſe the rudeneſs of this, which is in haſte; and if you think it worthy a publication, if I do not find a reformation, I ſhall expoſe many more errours and miſdemeanors to the publick.

Mr. BICK-

[Nº 101.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

I AM glad you are for retrenching the liberty of ſpeech: talkativeneſs may tickle for ſome time, but who can bear to be tickled to death? It becomes at length ſerious folly, and affords no diverſion; but (as an author ſayes) by proceeding they multiply their folly, and (like figures in arithmetick) the laſt word ſtands for more than all that went before it. I have the misfortune to have at my right elbow a gentleman who is ſtrongly poſſeſs'd with an opinion of his own worth, and who is now dictating to the company, as if he had a particular prerogative over them. As ſome have a happy talent of ſaying a great deal in a little, this perſon has a wonderful faculty of talking much, and ſaying little. His ſails are large, but his ballaſt light; and he is always uſing the ſpur inſtead of the bridle. I apprehend no uſe he has for his ears; and could you once convince him, nature has given him two ears, to one tongue, perhaps he might be brought to hear more, and talk leſs. It would ſave him a great deal of trouble, and the company a great deal of uneaſineſs. Liberty of

ſpeech

ſpeech is too great a toleration; 'tis a grievance to the ſubject, which can only be redreſs'd by the Cenſor of Great-Britain. Be pleaſed to ſet ſome ſpell over this unruly member, ſtop its career, and place ſome effectual rub in its way. What if this tenacious creature was brought muzzled into company, or to remain tongue-tied during pleaſure? When you ſhall apply a remedy, as in pity to us I hope you will, as the complaints of the houſe have been general, ſo ſhall the thanks be.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Child's coffee-houſe,
Saturday-night

A. B.

[Nº 102.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I COULD not refuſe to comply with the earneſt deſire of a friend, who begg'd I would ſend you an account of his caſe, which I have done in the following lines: he ſays, he knows you have compaſſion for thoſe in his circumſtances, and hopes for your aſſiſtance. I have taken upon me to put it into rhime, in hopes that it may have ſome influence on the cruel fair; but he tells me, he has not ſo great a dependance upon that, as on her ſeeing it in your paper, for which ſhe has a great veneration.

May, 2. 1722. Your admirer, &c.

WHEN Celadon fair Cælia ſaw,
He felt a ſtrange unuſual ſmart;
Her eyes infus'd a pleaſing awe,
He found that ſomething touch'd his heart,
But knew not it was Cupid's dart.

But

But when the charmer ſilence broke,
Such wit did with her accents flow,
Such gen'rous ſenſe in all ſhe ſpoke,
As ſoon convinc'd him of his woe:
He found he lov'd, —— and told her ſo.

Unpractiſed in arts of love,
He made her all his thoughts, his care;
Hop'd that his ſighs might pity move,
But ſhe with a relentleſs air,
Beheld him languiſh and deſpair.

Oft' he attempted, but in vain,
To throw this heavy yoke aſide;
The more he ſtruggled with his chain,
The more for liberty he try'd,
The gordian knot was faſter ty'd.

Abſence, he thought, that known receipt,
Wou'd eaſe from all his pains inſure;
But ſoon he found 'twas but a cheat,
And better patiently endure,
Than ſink beneath ſo harſh a cure.

Still ſhe, unkind, withholds relief;
She, in whoſe pow'r it only lies,
Smiles when he tells her all his grief,
Calls him diſſembler, when he ſighs,
Nor will believe unleſs he dies.

O Cupid! ſoon yield ſome redreſs,
Teach Cælia how to love again,
Or teach me how to love her leſs:
O Cælia! ſoon reward my pain,
Or kill me quite with your diſdain.

[N° 103.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR excellent ſpectator of the eighteenth of May laſt, upon friendſhip, effected the mollifying the obdurate tempers of ſome ungrateful men, who, in the proſperity of their friend, have commanded his life and fortune; but power and ability to continue the former ſervices ceaſing, the memory of friend and friendſhips is loſt in

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 68.

them.

them. You are therefore requeſted, again, to engage in friendſhip's cauſe, and you will oblige,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Monday-morning
Aug. 13. 1711.

B. B.

[N° 104.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE is an old maxim, that fools have fortune: now I know I am a fool, and yet I am the moſt unfortunate fool in the world. I would fain have you take it upon you to lay that maxim aſide, for it is a great miſtake. In the firſt place, I am a fool, and of low fortune; yet I am ſo wiſe, to do what I can to make both ends meet, and it will not do. I therefore deſire to know, if I muſt ſtill continue a fool, and depend upon this maxim.

Your ſervant,

MARY DOUBTFUL.

[N° 105.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE juſtneſs of your reflection and eaſy manner of writing diſcover a piercing underſtanding, attended by a ſolidity of judgment that deſervedly prefers you to moſt of the modern Engliſh writers. But as a fable is as good a ſubject for moral obſervance as real hiſtory, yet when you chooſe the latter, it ought (doubtleſs) to be truly related in all its circumſtances.

In your ſpectator of the twenty-firſt inſtant (which yeſterday fell caſually into my hands) you repreſent the action of Chivy-Chace exactly according to the old Engliſh ballard, that was writ a hundred years after, as if you were a ſtranger to the real hiſtory, ſo famous in the annals of both nations, and is moſt particularly related by Mr. David Hume, of Godſcroft, in the hiſtory of that illuſtrious family of the Douglaſſes, where the Scots army, conſiſting of fifteen-thouſand men, under the command of James

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 70, 74.

Douglas

Douglas Earl of Douglas, Patrick Dunbar Earl of March, and David Lindeſay Earl of Craford, having laid waſt the country of England as far as the river Tyne, ſome miles above Newcaſtle, my Lord Douglas encountered the fam'd Earl Peircy, of Northumberland, in a ſingle tournament, and won from him a Lance, calling out in the hearing of the Engliſh army, He wou'd carry it to Scotland as a trophy of his victory, the other ſwearing he ſhould not, vow'd to be revenged for the affront.

The Scots returning home loaded with booty, were a few days after (as they were encamping about ſeven a-clock in the evening in the month of Auguſt) attack'd at a place called Otterburne in Cheviot-hills, by my Lord Northumberland, commanding the forces of the Archbiſhop of York, the Lord Mortimer, and thoſe of his own, conſiſting in all of twenty thouſand men. The Scots were ſoon got into order, and the fight was maintained with great vigour on both ſides till nine a-clock at night, when the Earl Douglas finding his men give ground, (being a man of ſuch increditable ſtrength of body, as my author obſerves, that he fought with a mace of iron that two men of theſe times could not wield) puſh'd violently amongſt the Engliſh, making his way whereever he went, till at laſt, ſhot through the body with an arrow: he fell in the midſt of

his enemies, being cloſely followed by Richard Lundie and Robert Harte, two prieſts that had formerly been his tutors, who ſupported his dying body by croſſing their pikes and throwing a cloak over it, while his kinſmen James Lindeſay and John and Walter Sinclairs, getting up to him, asked him how he did: I do well (anſwered he) dying as my predeceſſors have done, not in a bed, but in a field. Theſe three things I require of you, firſt, that you conceal my death, as well from our own folks, as from the enemy; ſecondly, that you ſuffer not my ſtandard to be loſt or thrown down; and laſtly, that you avenge my death upon the enemy, and bury me at Melres amongſt my fathers: if I could expect theſe things, I ſhould die with the greater content; for I have often thought (ſaid he) that a dying man might win a battel, and I hope in God it ſhall be I: as he was pronouncing theſe his laſt words, they conveyed him to his tent.

By this time the battel went hard againſt the Engliſh on the other ſide, and Douglas Earl of Murray had brought off the young Ralph Peircy of Northumberland priſoner. Thoſe where the Earl of Douglas himſelf had commanded, finding themſelves ſore put to it, called the ſloghorn, according to the cuſtoms of thoſe times; upon which, moſt repaired that way, and begun the battel afreſh;

freſh; which continued almoſt till next morning, before victory determined herſelf in favour of either. Then the Engliſh gave ground, and the purſuit laſted till two a-clock next day. The ſlaughter was great, and much on an equality on both ſides. There were taken priſoners, of the Engliſh four hundred, and of the Scots, who had followed their victory too far, two hundred.

Sir, I have always entertained ſuch an opinion of your impartiality, as perſuades me you will ſatisfy the inhabitants of this iſland of their miſtaken notions of this renowned battel; which will likewiſe very much oblige one, who would be proud of an occaſion to ſatisfy you, that he bears for you that juſt value due to your merit, and is,

SIR,

Your real humble ſervant,

Portſmouth in Hampſhire, May 31. 1711.

P. L.

[N° 106.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is very remarkable in the occurrences of life, that there is a certain degree of pride and ambition planted at the very root of our natures, which diſcovers its ſelf in the moſt conſiderable actions of our life; and when once it gets the aſcendancy over our tempers, and undermines the true baſis and foundation of rational knowledge, it then deſtroys all manner of felicity, and introduces into its room nothing but diſquietude and anxiety of mind: this vicious principle it is which cauſes a diſmal and melancholly ſcene of life in your humble and deplorable diſciple, who am continually perplex'd with this inveterate and malignant crime in my wife, who when ſhe ever appears publickly abroad at the opera, the playhouſe, the park, the ring, or any other publick place of ſpeculation, (nor is even the church exempted) ſhe always employs her time in making ſuch ſtrict and nice obſervations upon the beauty, dreſs, and gaiety, of other ladies, that truly at her return from her deverſions or devotions, my happineſs is always ſoured by a dull repetition of theſe

theſe-like acts; and for a farther completion of my miſery, I have long ſtrains of eloquence upon this ſubject, and am told of the nice contexture and form of a ſett of jewels and diamonds which ſhe ſaw on a woman of condition, and which lady's gilded chariot was received with the greateſt approbation in the circle. Thus is my whole life the perfect ſcene and repreſentation of miſery, by hearing ſuch doleful repetitions and harangues upon ſo inconſiderable a ſubject: but among the various and innumerable kinds of which I am always treated with, one particular circumſtance occured the other day in making a viſit to a lady, when after her return from paying acknowledgments, ſhe, according to cuſtom and uſe, relates to me the manner of her ſumptuous entertainment, and what a curious ſett of tea-equipage ſhe ſaw, in every reſpect far exceeding hers. Now becauſe I did not play the part of a generous husband in complimenting Madam, by promiſing her a more ſplendid ſett of furniture for her table than had ever appeared in this latitude, but taking Zeno's advice of ſilence in this point as an argument againſt a talkative and loquacious woman, ſhe immediately fell into ſo extream a rage, that ſhe was wrought to ſuch a degree of lunacy, that ſhe even attempted to deſtroy herſelf,

herſelf, children, and ſervants, and for my own part, with much trouble and fatigue; I avoided my deſtiny, and left her the entire poſſeſſion of the houſe, bleſſing providence for my ſafety.

Thus you may frame an exquiſite idea of the comforts of my life. But to return to my narrative. After this diſmal rout and expulſion from my houſe, *vi & armis*, I walked abroad for ſome time with much perplexity and perturbation of mind; and after ſome hurry and confuſion of thoughts, (which naturally ſpring from ſo dire an accident) I at length conſidered what a wonderful deprivation there was in our nature, and how mortals deface the glorious image of their creator; by rendering his purpoſes and deſigns ineffectual, in receiving ſuch vipers, as pride, envy, and emulation, to be even as a repoſitory in their breaſt. After ſuch-like thoughts had been digeſted, and the mind re-aſſumed its proper region, in my return from walking I accidently called in at the idol-widow's, to rejoice over a diſh of tea, and in ſome meaſure to divert my thoughts, in hearing the young branches of the law diſcourſe of ſome to-picks in law, and the political maxims of ſtate, with ſome conſiderations upon enſuing peace; from whence I returned after

ter ſome little diſſertations, and am now again landed in inconſolable miſery, at the unhappy haven of deſpair.

I am,

Your eternal ſufferer,

Pickadilly, Nov. 23. 1711.

JACOB WOEFUL.

P. S. Your petitioner humbly begs, that you would mark pride and emulation as the bane and plague of human ſociety.

[Nº 107.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I LOOK upon you to be a gentleman of ſo great a penetration into the errours and follies of mankind, that I hardly meet with any that has eſcaped your notice; but I flatter myſelf that I ſhall ſometime or other ſee them moſt juſtly deſcribed in your ſpeculations. At preſent my deſign is to give you a hint of two ſorts of people, which I think it is hard to determine, whether of them are guilty of the greateſt folly; I mean

I mean thoſe who being the decayed reliques of a good family, claim too great a reſpect from the reſt of their fellow-creatures, or thoſe that by an unexpected good fortune have crept up in the world, take a ſecret pride in inſinuating to their correſpondents, that their family is at leaſt equal, if not ſuperior to their fortune.

I happen'd the other day to make a viſit to a gentlewoman I had formerly been acquainted with, whoſe circumſtances were ſuch, that out of two ſons which ſhe had, ſhe thought herſelf happy in providing for one, by ſending him a volunteer in the fleet under the care of a good honeſt captain, that was an acquaintance of her husband's. The lad had made one voyage, and at his return, his mother, by the help of ſome friends, had procured the queen's letter for him, that he might make a ſecond voyage with a fairer proſpect of advancement.

The captain he had been with accidentally called to ſee the mother, and enquire after his young ſailor, when the mother (whom I never can ſee but ſhe makes me revolve in my mind that of the poet, *aſperius nihil eſt humili cum ſurgit in altum*) ſhewed him the queen's letter which ſhe had got for her ſon: ſo Harry (ſays the captain innocently enough) this is brave indeed, now you are a gentleman; a gentleman, (ſays the mother,

ther, after a ſcornful manner) ſo he was before I would have you to know, for neither his father, mother, or grandfather, were ever any trade. I, who was by at the ſame time, and knew that her husband had been a gardner, and ſhe a cook-maid in the ſame family, could not help reflecting on her vanity, as well as miſtaken notion of gentility; for I believe there are but few people that do not think ſtanding behind a counter, much preferable either to digging in a garden, or waſhing of diſhes.

It is my misfortune to live in a place, where there ſeems to be a particular genius that runs through the poorer and midling ſort of people, which excites them to effect gentility; for I never come into company with any of them, but am certain to be entertained an hour or two with the geneology and antiquity of their families. I remember, at a quarrel that happened between two of my neighbours about precedency, that Mrs. Pride was pleaſed to tell Mrs. Haughty, that there were few that were ſo ignorant as not to know, that a lion rampant, ermin de bruiſed, with a cheveron or, was a both ancianter and nobler armory than a field argent and three cheveron ſables.

Certain it is, that a deference and reſpect is due and ought to be paid to all people that are well deſcended, how mean ſoever their preſent circumſtances may be; though

at

at the ſame time it muſt be allowed, that thoſe people are no leſs guilty of a fault that do too much inſiſt upon it, than thoſe that refuſe to pay it them on account of their poverty; and we know very well, that the world is grown ſo corrupt, that honour and titles, without an eſtate to ſupport them, rather make men an object of ridicule than pity. There is poor Sir George: I never take a turn in the court of requeſt, but the ſight of him raiſes pity and compaſſion in me. I could heartily wiſh him a new ſuit of clothes and a better wig, if I could be ſure that they would not have the ſame effect upon him, as thoſe had that Eutrapelus uſed to beſtow upon perſons that he had any ill deſign againſt.

I obſerved a gentleman the other day to take him by the hand, and tell him, in a jeſting manner, that he was the very life of the court of requeſt, when at the ſame time there was famine appeared in his very looks. This I could by no means like, becauſe I looked upon it to be a jocoſe way of inſulting over a man's misfortunes.

It were to be wiſhed, that there were ſome law made that would provide againſt people of Sir George's order ever falling into contempt, by obliging them either to keep up their eſtates, or loſe their titles with them.

If

If you will give us a paper or two upon ſome (as there are a great many) particular ſorts of vanity and pride yet untouched upon, I doubt not but it will be very diverting and beneficial to the publick. From

Your admirer, and

humble ſervant,

Jan. 6. 1712.

T. R.

[N° 108.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

MRS. Elizabeth Freeman was the only daughter of a pious father, whoſe name I have forgot. She was married to a gentleman whom ſhe entirely lov'd, and liv'd ſome time with him in the moſt agreable wedlock. When he was oblig'd to take a journey where he unhappily loſt his life, a meſſenger, more officious than wiſe, came and told her all that had happen'd, which threw her into the deepeſt melancholly. After all common means uſed without ſucceſs for her recovery,

covery, her good father gave five pounds to the poor of each pariſh within the bills of mortality, on condition that every day at divine ſervice, ſhe ſhould be prayed for during one month. It was done, and ſhe recovered: I was ſeveral times an ear-witneſs: it is now about ten or eleven years ago: I aſſure you it is truth. I intreat the favour of you, dear Mr. Spectator, that you would new-dreſs this, and let it be printed in one of your papers: and you will much oblige

Your daily reader, and

conſtant admirer,

Octob. 13. 1712. B. B.

[N° 109.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A YOUNG gentleman in our neighbourhood has ſaid a great many fine things to me, and endeavour'd to perſuade me to love him; which perhaps would not have been impoſſible, had he not yeſterday (upon my doubting his conſtancy) writ the following impudent verſes.

More babling of inconſtancy?
More fears, I ſoon will rove?
If thy charms laſt eternally,
Eternally I'll love.

But when thy youth and beauty's gone,
To ſwear I wou'd proceed;
Doat on thee ſtill, ſtill love thee on,
Were flatt'ry vile indeed.

I ſhewed them to my ſiſter, who ſays, they are very pretty, but that he is a ſad rogue. Now I am of opinion, nothing that is pretty can come from a ſad rogue; and ſince you

declare yourſelf a friend to our ſex, I beg you to inform them in one of your papers, that if men of theſe notions find encouragement, they muſt bid adieu to thoſe dear words, For better for worſe.

I am,

SIR;

Your humble admirer,

Feb. 1. 1711. PENELOPE CAUTIOUS.

P. S. Pray let ſad rogue be printed in the black character.

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* Mr. SPEC-

[N° 110.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM not more pleaſed with the wit and ingenuity than excellent deſign of your papers, which appear to be not only to diſcourage the reigning vices but prevailing follies of the age. The concern and inclination you expreſs to reform thoſe of our ſex deſerves a particular acknowledgment, as it is a very ſingular favour, there being nothing we are more uſed to, than to hear the follies and impertinencies of ſome part charged upon the whole, but without the leaſt appearance of deſign, inclination, or hopes to reform us: but ſuppoſing at leaſt the two firſt of theſe articles not to be wanting in you, I venture to recommend to you a method which I believe would prove more effectual than any other, to make the creatures you call idols change the care you ſo much blame of adorning their perſons, into that more laudable one of improving their minds; which is to demonſtrate that it will more effectually anſwer the ends which muſt be ſuppoſed to be aimed at by them, namely, rendering themſelves more agreable and ac-

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 73.

ceptable to the men, and in ſome the hopes of making their fortunes (as an advantageous match is commonly termed). Now if you ſhew, that a woman of good and uſeful ſenſe, modeſt reſerved behaviour, and of a retired life, with very little or no beauty, ſhall certainly be preferred to, and more generally admired, than a very pretty fool with a great deal of giddy humour and affectation, I dare undertake to anſwer, you will ſee many change their airs and preſent methods. Demonſtrate to them (it will be eaſily done) that ſenſe and prudence alone can charm the men of this age; that they are not wholly to be gained by intereſt or beauty: ſhew them how much a greater number of ladies now of the firſt rank have been raiſed to it by the advantages of their minds rather than thoſe of their perſons or fortunes, and if theſe arguments do not prevail, conclude them incorrigible mortals, not worthy of your care: but out of their number pray exclude

Your moſt humble ſervant,

July 2. 1711. EUPHELIA.

[N° 111.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is with unſpeakable delight that I find you have again begun to reſume the thread of your former diſcourſes in thoſe ingenious papers which have ſo much obliged the town; I mean, your ſpectators. As I hope there are but few that have ſo little gratitude as not to acknowledge the uſefulneſs of your pen, and to eſteem it a publick benefit, ſo I am ſenſible, be that as it will, you muſt nevertheleſs find the ſecret and incomparable pleaſure of doing good, and be a great ſharer in the entertainments you give. The principles of virtue and honour you have inſtilled into our minds, the deteſtation and hatred of vice and prophaneſs you have raiſed in us, by dreſſing them up in their proper colours, is ſuch, as I think do properly intitle you to the name of patriot or guardian of your country. As I am your diſciple, I think myſelf in gratitude obliged to acknowledge to you the improvement both myſelf and ſeveral of my friends have made by reading your works.

I am, SIR,

Your ſincere admirer, &c.

Fernival's inn,
June 26. 1714.

PHILANDER.

[N° 112.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

ALMOST reverend divine of our church ſays in his excellent ſermon of the government of the thoughts, that it is in vain to give rules about the government of our thoughts, till we know how far we have power over them; and that for want of enquiring into and ſettling that point, many have received more harm than benefit, who finding themſelves not able to live up to the inſtructions given them, have concluded themſelves to be in fault, inſtead of conſidering that their teacher might be in a miſtake, or that he did not ſufficiently weigh the caſe of all perſons he gave his advice to.

I think the ſame may be ſaid concerning our inclinations and affections, that it can be of very little uſe to tell people how they ought to govern them, till they know how far the government thereof is in their power.

I propoſe this to you with a view to ſome of your ſpeculations concerning the married ſtate, in which, though it be undeniable that love will render many inconveniences both tolerable and ſometimes imperceptible,

ceptible, where the mind can be wrought up into a conjugal affection, yet that may be ſometimes more in a man's deſire than in his power, if you conſider the nature of love in a reaſonable creature: for, not to meddle with it as an attribute of the deity, whoſe emanations are ever from his own infinite wiſdom, power and goodneſs, neither examining what it is in the animal part of the creation, nor what it may be in the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, it being yet hid from us what inlargements our faculties may attain to in that conſummate ſtate in our preſent condition, it is an affection which we have for an object conſidered by us as a good, ſo as that the ſoul of man is not capable of the exerciſe thereof towards any object meerly as an object, but for ſome quality in that object cauſing a complacency in the imagination of the agent: which definition of love is not only univerſally true as to all created objects, but if you carry it up to the creator, you will find that there alſo the affection, even in the ſtate of innocence, (the mind of man retaining its pureſt idea's of the ſupreme being unprejudiced by vice or paſſion) was moved towards God by the excellencies he underſtood that being to be endued with; and the only ſenſe in which we can be ſaid to love God for himſelf is, becauſe his perfections

for which we love him are his very eſſence; for were it poſſible to conceive of the deity ſimply as a being diveſted of or diſtinct from his eſſental perfections, I apprehend that the mind of man could not exerciſe any love towards him, becauſe our affection is naturally incapable of any efflux but as incited by the amability of an exterior object; and that the intention of the creator is, for the nature of it in us to be thus, appears in that he ever requires our love to himſelf from the conſideration of one or other of his excellencies as the motive, and not meerly from his being, abſtractly conſidered; and if it be thus in us with regard to the creator, much more ſo with reſpect to all created objects. This being the nature of love, when we meet with an object in which our minds can perceive nothing delectable (much more when every thing appears ſuch as naturally excites a quite contrary diſpoſition in us) it is not to be expected that we ſhould exerciſe that affection which there is a total failure in the object to move, any more than it is to be imagined that becauſe you can ſee and hear, you ſhould exerciſe thoſe ſenſes when you perceive no object of ſight or hearing: and as being impoſſible, infinite juſtice cannot require it, ſo where there is no law there is no tranſgreſſion. If then in ſurveying and contemplating the whole mind

and

and ſoul of a perſon, upon the moſt intimate cognizance that ſeveral years marriage can give, you find yourſelf linked to a meer animated vegetable, is it poſſible to exerciſe that true conjugal rational love which in its nature can receive complacency from a rational object only? in this caſe, there remaining nothing for the affection to fix upon but bare ſenſuality common to us with the brutes, either the mind can receive no long contentment there from, or is ſunk into a depravity as far below its nature, as the excellencies of the ſoul tranſcend the bodily ſenſes, and is ſo much the leaſt deſign of marriage, that to enter into that ſtate with that view only is accounted a prophanation of that holy ordinance, appointed for much more noble ends, and is look'd on as an evidence that there is no true love towards the perſon whom we only deſire for ſuch mean purpoſes.

As for the ſimilitude of marriage repreſenting the myſtical union between Chriſt and his church, and the argument thence drawn by the apoſtle for the husband's love to his wife, it muſt not be carried beyond the genuine intention of the inſpired writer. Chriſt by his holy ſpirit will effectually preſerve a pure church on earth till the conſummation of all things, and therefore his love to her will continue as long; but if the

the whole church could be ſuppoſed to fall off, then would Chriſt no longer eſteem her as his ſpouſe, any more than thoſe particular churches whoſe candleſticks he has taken away; even ſo to make it the husband's duty, that his love of his wife ſhould reſemble that of Chriſt to his church, it is requiſite ſhe be ſuch a wife as (in ſome meaſure at leaſt) myſtically reſembles the church, in which caſe he muſt be the laſt of mankind who would not count it as much his happineſs as his duty to love; but where from ſome unalterable cauſe in nature, a wife neither is nor can be any ſuch reſemblance, the love of Chriſt to his church cannot be intended for a directory of a husband's love to ſuch a wife, as is a myſtical repreſentation only of thoſe (once) churches which are no longer owned as the ſpouſe of Chriſt; and though ſuch marriage could in a large ſenſe be called a figure of that ſpiritual union, yet the divine pattern being in this as in all other caſes ſet before us as a perfection which we can never attain to, though we are to copy after it ſo far as our nature is capable, it follows that when the husband's love amounts ſo high, till an invincible impediment either from the inward frame of our beings, or from outward obſtacles ſtops us, its all that is required, and the argument can be drawn no further.

Now,

Now, Mr. Spectator, it being ſometimes a man's lot to meet with a wife entirely made up of diſtaſtful qualities, and too often the lot of the more ſober ſort, either from a higher power diſtining the moſt vertuous to be the moſt unhappy here, or from the nature of the thing, that ſuch are more eaſily led into a miſtaken judgment through too charitable a diſpoſition, or through avoiding that licence by which the looſer ſort make a more prying previous ſcrutiny. When a man who propoſed none but laudable ends in taking a companion, and who enters into wedlock with a ſtrong reſolution to perform the duties thereof, (among which, conjugal love cannot be the leaſt part of his conſideration) and whoſe deſires of doing right conſcientiouſly, reſtrain him from thoſe latitudes which are the frequent conſequences of a miſtaken marriage; when ſuch a man meets only with a ſort of non-entity, a privation of all that makes conjugal ſociety comfortable to a virtuous mind, and the natural incapacity of the party ſhewing no hopes of amendment, as the diſappointment muſt needs be greater than to a perſon whoſe paſſions are predominant to his reaſon, ſo the fears of a tender mind finding he cannot love ſo cordially as others do (who tho' in the like relation have not the like impediments) may be apt, for want of a right diſcernment, to ſuggeſt that to be his fault,

which

which is only his misfortune; but ſuch a misfortune as verifies your aſſertion, that the married ſtate, with and without the affection ſuitable to it, is the compleateſt image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

If you pleaſe, Sir, therefore to tell ſuch innocently unfortunate, how they may bring themſelves to aſſociate morally where they cannot love affectionately, you may do ſervice to many: this being not a meer fiction of imagination, but may be the very caſe of others, as it is truly that of

The unhappy

B. G.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 113.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE other day I had the misfortune to have a couple of impertinents thruſt themſelves upon me at dinner. The one made himſelf remarkable for his pedigree, the other for his pedantry. I ſat with great patience to hear them reciprocally exert their parts on thoſe weighty ſubjects. The man of extract and diſtinction ran much upon titles and eſtates, and could give an account of moſt of the great names and families in the kingdom of Great-Britain: he could run back a whole liſt of anceſtors beyond that of William the Conquerer, and inform you of the particulars of every battel his great grand father and grand father had ſignalized themſelves in, in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and king James.

But without troubling you with many tedious circumlocutions of this kind, I obſerved his higheſt interjections were retaining the quality and bearing the condition of a gentleman, whereas I knew very well his extravagance had reduced him to the capacity

city of a beggar, and his only diſtinctions from a man of that quality, were his ſword, his old campaign-wig, and his coat of arms on the firſt leaf of an old almanack. He was a degenerate ſon of a worthy father; and though he juſtly ſuffered by his own follies, yet he could exclaim in a prodigious manner againſt the vanity and vices of the age, and thought the preſent ſett of mortals had much degenerated from the honeſt ſimplicity of their anceſtors.

While he was thus running on, the retailer of words and phraſes mark'd out ſeveral improprieties and inconſiſtencies he had let drop in expreſſing himſelf: he ſaid that notwithſtanding the pains the gentleman of anceſtry and birth had took to prove himſelf a man of worth and ſignificancy, he could yet perceive himſelf to be a very unſcholaſtick gentleman, and but very little acquainted with the rules of logick or the art of rhetorick, and thereupon brought ſeveral ſcraps of quotations from Ariſtotle and Tully, to prove him a blockhead. In ſhort, he inſiſted ſtrenuouſly upon the pronunciation of words, and the right accenting of ſyllables, and was ſo blunt with the man of breeding and antiquity, as to tell him, that he queſtioned much whether he underſtood the meaning of the word anceſtor, or could give the proper derivation of the word pedigree.

While

While the conteſt was in agitation, I, fearing leſt a quarrel ſhould ariſe upon theſe warm debates, and tired out of all patience to hear the impertinent jargon on both ſides, ordered my ſervants to take away; that being, as I thought, the beſt method I could uſe to ſilence them and prevent the danger of worſer conſequences.

Now knowing you to be a man of inſight and ſpeculation, I deſire your reſolution in the caſe, and to know which, in your opinion, of my two companions is the leaſt ſupportable evil, that ſo, if ever it ſhould be my misfortune to fall into the like again, (which my good genius grant I never may) I may the better be able to bear up againſt it, or at leaſt to diſtinguiſh the more clearly between an unfortunate and a faulty gentleman, and between a ſcholar and a ſcioliſt; for I fear, at this time of the day, there are but too many ſuch learned cockſcombs, as would paſs for gentlemen among us. Your determination in this matter will be a great ſatisfaction to

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Queen-ſtreet,
Sept. 4.

E. M.

[N° 114.]

LOOK you, Spectator, you may call me country-bumpkin if you pleaſe, ſo you may, but like thoſe I mention.

Coming to town laſt night, gaping about near Hide-park-corner to ſee what I could, I caſt my eyes on a ſign whoſe ſubſcription was, the Royal-aſs-houſe. Now I not knowing, alack, that her majeſty kept any ſuch domeſticks, deſire to be informed in this caſe by you, leſt meeting thoſe long-ear'd gentlemen, I ſhould be deficient in my reſpects, or whether there be only beaſts, (no birds, owls) belonging to her majeſty's royal equipage? whether they are ſouth country aſſes or north country aſſes, or what country aſſes, with their qualities particularized? in which, you will oblige

Your admirer,

TIMOTHY WOULDKNOW.

[N° 115.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I WAS laſt night in company with ſome, who (as they told me) had ſeen the world. I was in pain for my behaviour, put a guard upon my lips, and betook myſelf to a diſcretionary ſilence. I quickly found that to make a jeſt bear amongſt theſe refin'd gentlemen was to commit ſacriledge, and to plunder the ſcriptures the ready way to make mirth for the company. Gay words, fine phraſes, and terſe oaths (with which they never failed to chequer their diſcourſe) were very powerful recommendations. Whoever was maſter of the moſt ill language, was maſter of the controverſy, and the rankeſt breath (like cocks feeding upon garlick) ſecured the victory. But what gave me much greater diſtaſt than all the reſt, was an old gentleman (who wanted but little to compleat a jubilee) running into the ſame meaſure, determining myſteries of which no one can ſpeak of without a ſoliciſm, and with as much boldneſs, as if he had a counter-revelation, painting the devil (Indian like) in the faireſt colours; and all this delivered

with the moſt heteroclitate oaths, and in a ſtrain above Lucifer.

I have no genius to diſputes, yet could not help ſhewing my averſion by contradicting his diſcourſe. But as I am young, and of a profeſſion not over-famous for religion (yet I think it is poſſible for a phyſician, nay, even a lawyer, to be a good chriſtian) it came but weakly recommended. It is the nature of youth to wander, and it ought to be the property of age to be fix'd and upright.

Be pleaſed to animadvert upon this gentleman, that every one may read his faults in print, *cum privilegio*. Let him know, that oaths do not always carry conviction, nor reach the heavens, but like vapours return in ſtorm and thunder upon the heads of thoſe that ſent them. Theſe crimes are worſe than ſome reputed hereſies.

If you lay down any rules for him when to ſpeak and when to hold his tongue, which, conſidering his age, will be very difficult, he ſhall follow them. As he is very hard-mouth'd, I think, it would not be amiſs if he was brought muzzled into company: but if your animadverſion ſhould miſs of the wiſh'd for effect in his particular caſe, yet I am not without hopes, but that other offenders in the ſame way, will in a great meaſure

measure, be reclaimed by the Spectator's authority.

I am,

Your admirer,

Nov. 23. W. C.

[N° 116.]

To the author of the TATLER.

Upon LETTERS.

GODS have their flying mercury, but we
Make letters do the work of mercury:
Thus friends disjoin'd may correſpond and greet,
And though in different climes can often meet.
All ſorts of learning may their objects be,
Verſe, proſe, law, phyſick, or divinity:
In them the baſhful lover may complain
Without a bluſh, and tell the nymph his pain.
Letters, in ſhort, are chains which help to tie
The jarring world in bonds of amity.

On a LADY's VOICE extempore.

By the ſame hand.

OH! how your melting voice does charm my ears
in tuneful numbers ſweeter than the ſpheres;
No warbling bird has ſuch melodious ſtrains,
No dying ſwain in ſofter notes complains

[N° 117.]

To the right honourable the SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of QUOD, anglice That.

* SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner would have been earlier in this congratulatory acknowledgment of your perſuaſive power in the direction and correction of the actions of the people of Great-Britain, had not your petitioner ſeen your honour charged with ſo much important buſineſs, that none but

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 78.

your-

yourſelf could have diſcharged with applauſe.

The powerful inffluence of *meum & tuum* hath now perſuaded me thus to break thro' that conſideration, and approach you with my grievance; and it is, may it pleaſe you, Sir, that whereas for time beyond memory your petitioner hath been in poſſeſſion of the opinion of all degrees of the people to be in ſeveral caſes preferable to any other word, yet your petitioner hath lately ſeen in one of your papers the malicious application of my avowed enemies, Who and Which. Whereat your petitioner hath been alarmed, yet acquieſed, conſidering that by our laws (to which you are not preſumed a ſtranger) no judgment final can be given where *meum & tuum* is the caſe, till both parties be heard or default made after lawful ſummons.

That the ſaid Who and Which finding your honour regardful to theſe forms, (and with ſubmiſſion) little deſirous to arraign mytitle, being eſtabliſhed by preſcription one of the pillars of our law, they the ſaid Who and Which, *ex ulteriori malitia*, (anglice in further execution of their malice) did fraudulently prevail on a country-jury to find an indictment of treſpaſs, without allowing your petitioner any place therein; for it was preſented *extitit*, P. Franſhaw did aſſault, &c. whereas it ſhould have been, Quod (anglice)

ce that) P. Franſhaw did aſſault, &c. for remedy herein I have removed the indictment to the queen's-bench, and retained Mr. ſerjeant Hooks, who moved to quaſh it, becauſe your petitioner hath been omitted, which indeed hath been oppoſed by ſo great a lawyer as Mr. Sollicitor-general, who did not ſtick to ſay, that the indictment ought to ſtand without your petitioner, though in my opinion, he ſpoke againſt his own judgment, as lawyers think they may do for their clients; which I humbly ſubmit to your animadverſion, being a point which I think you have not touched upon hitherto. But the ſollicitor has been over-ruled by the court, who, *una voce*, reſolved that no ſuch indictment is maintained without your petitioner.

By this judgment I am for ever eſtabliſhed in Weſtminſter-hall; for the judges there are ſo fond of their old words and phraſes, that they will never part with any of them.

I have been adviſed to move for a publication to you, which I have declined out of reſpect to your honour. To the end therefore that your petitioner may be at quiet in all parts of this realm, and that country-juries may not be hereafter impoſed upon, your petitioner humbly prays your honour to pronounce judgment in the cauſe betwixt Who and Which, and your petitioner, both

parties

parties and their allegations being now in court before you; and as your petitioner hopes, from the merits of the cauſe and your juſtice, that your judgment will be in your petitioner's favour, your humble petitioner prays, that the ſame may be recorded in your works, as the beſt way to make it publick and perpetual.

And your petitioner, &c.

[N° 118.]

*Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

BEING laſt night at the Grecian, I fell on a paper of yours that laid on its face, on whoſe backſide I found a petition from two of my near relations, againſt one That, whom they pretended their foe, tho' there are not three greater cronies about town, but have now, like the common cheats, agreed to fall out, that the true man may be injured. Who and I are as nearly related as the Hungarian-twins, but Who coming into the world firſt, and being an hermophrodite, both male and female, and back'd

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 78.

by both ſexes, and I chancing to be neither, take this time to join with my enemies and invade my right, when he knows my ſtout champion and merry friend Valentini, is gone to make a campaign in Italy, and Sen. Cavaliero is preparing his equipage to warble out Io Pæans to the Hibernian lyre, or elſe Who had certainly undergone the fate of many a monſtrous lion. I have been told, I am near a-kin to Which, but he denies it and ſtops my mouth with the authority of the immortal Ben. who makes Which the only relative.

I do not ſpeak of my relations as proud of the family, but only to ſhew how unnaturally they treat their own fleſh and blood. And I hope, before you ſet their bounds, you will conſider mine, and give me my due place; and alſo to obſerve, that Which is no honeſter than That, againſt whom he petitions. Indeed it is true, That turned Which out of a lord's family, and no doubt he loſt a very good place of it, and Which himſelf is no ſooner out but the ungodly ſanctified villain wronged Who, and crept into his place juſt as he was going to heaven, and both That and Which unanimouſly agree to uſurp on me, and have the aſſurance no leſs than twice to do it in their petition to your worſhip, and ſay, That which that noble lord urged ſounds nobly, but in my opinion,

opinion, it would ſound more honeſtly had I my due place, as, What that noble lord urged, and inſtead of deſiring you to do That which to juſtice ſhould appertain, they themſelves had done What to right appertained, by placing me in the laſt line of their petition: and though I have no Spaniſh proverb nor Dutch ſentence to manifeſt my learning, yet give me leave to remind you of an Italian ſtory, * that Laconique was tried and juſtly condemned to read over Guicchardin's war of Piſa, for expreſſing that in three words which might have been ſaid in two.

Now what puniſhment does he deſerve that uſes two when one might ſerve his turn. Upon the whole I truſt you will for my ſake and the eaſe of mens ears ſeparate thoſe two uſurpers, and aſſign ſuch place as you in your great wiſdom ſhall think becomes,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

May 31. WHAT.

* Bocalini, advert. 6.

[N° 119.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE is not any one thing of worſe conſequence to mankind or more an enemy to peace than jealouſy. You have taken notice of one branch of it, which, like thoſe infections that catch the beſt conſtitutions, turns the moſt delightful condition into the greateſt torture; there remain ſtill ſome ſorts of that diſeaſe for which you have not preſcribed proper antidotes. Jealouſy may happen in friendſhip, in humanity, or in ſtate, as well as in love: all human commerce admits of this bearded folly, diſtance of rank, guards, and garriſons, numberleſs addreſſes, and a great name cannot exclude it, nor is ſolitude or any thing without the mind, a ſufficient barrier againſt its diſſolating invaſions, which if they do not find guilt, generally cauſe crime and miſery.

I believe it would be the greateſt ſervice the Spectator could do to mankind, to ſhew when to think no evil; and no doubt, that good will to which you lay claim, will ſhew itſelf in expoſing thoſe ridiculous ſuſpicions, which certainly diſturb that man's

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 17, 170.

quiet

quiet who entertains them, and are often fatal to common peace and happineſs.

It is the height of perſecution to be condemned by a perſon's thoughts for an injury againſt him, though one always retained for that man, all the eſteem, all the good manners, that juſtice and general applauſe could exact: and if to the falſneſs of appearance which might occaſion a jealouſy in that perſon, it be added, that it is only uncertain and may be a falſe appearance on this ſide, which makes one ſuſpect that another is jealous of his having offended, and yet there is no mannerly way of clearing theſe doubts, this looks like the angel in the camp of the Philiſtines, who turned every man's ſword againſt his brother. The only difference is, that was the cauſe of God and of Iſrael, this is the malice of ſatan and antichriſt. It is better there never had been ſuch a thing as, Hail maſter! than that honeſt men ſhould in ſelf-defence be obliged to betray with a kiſs. Hobs's chimerical ſtate of open war is to be choſen rather than ſo treacherous a peace.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PHILO.

[N° 120.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I THINK it is much for the good of the publick that you deſcend to the low characters in life, and more particularly ſo, when you give a character of ſervants; for of all evils (which a man has it in his power to redreſs) the domeſticks are much more frequent and leſs tolerable. I muſt however own, I think, their maſters are but too often the cauſe of bad ſervants, as well by giving them too much liberty, as ſetting them ill examples.

You have been already requeſted to obſerve the conduct of the grooms, I muſt beg of you to look into that of the coachmen; who as they think themſelves the more reputable, ſo ought to be the more ſober ſervants. What the cuſtom of other places is I know not, but ſome gentlemen in our parts who drink hard themſelves, allow their ſervants to ſot away a great deal of time too; and by this means, inſtead of making their friends welcome, indanger their necks.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 88.

Nothing

Nothing ſeems more a banter to me, than to hear one of theſe gentlemen bid his neighbour a good journey, and ſee him (at the ſame time he is making the farewel-nodd) ſneer at the fancy of his old dog's (grand alliances, or whatever name his ſtrong-beer is known by) having rendered the beaſt of a coachman unable to keep the box decently.

Through this great errour in oeconomy, we had not long ſince an unlucky accident befel a poor lady, which as it reflects not in the leſt upon her, ſo I ſhall lay it before you, who are only ſufficient to redreſs ſuch notorions, and I believe national indiſcretions, and teach the proper.

PHULASSA is the young beautiful and (I need not ſay) much admired widow of a baronet: ſhe lives faſhionably, and unrivallably diſpenſes airs to a conſiderable borough ſeated upon the Welland, of which the counties of Lincoln and Northampton claim each a part. She has ever ſince the death of Sir Peter kept up her equipage with great ſatisfaction, her horſes looking round, and her liveries thought well fancied, till this cruel miſchance almoſt obliged her in compliance with a vain vow (pronounced as her ladyſhip has ſince been convinced in too much heat to be binding) to lay down her coach and turn James away; who whilſt his lady was honeſtly diſcharging a viſitory debt,

ſuffered

ſuffered himſelf with the raſcal who rid by the coach, to be taken down into the cellars, and there to be ſo intoxicated, that though the effect was not ſo ſoon viſible in him as in the boy, who was no ſooner out of the court but he gallop'd off, yet before he had driven half way home, he found the force of the prevailing fumes, and tumbled from his ſeat. What ſhould the poor affrighted Phulaſſa do in ſo deplorable a ſtate, to find herſelf almoſt alone? one fellow ran away, who, had he been with them might poſſibly have afforded ſome help, the other there but wholly helpleſs: in ſhort, ſhe imagined herſelf with no ſenſible creature but a young girl her couzen and companion, expoſed in fields where one lewd ſingle ſatyr had but lately attempted two more roburſt of the ſex together, embrued his paws in the blood of their ruſtick knight-errant, and drove an holy exorciſt away: what could ſo ſoft a creature hope in ſuch a place, or what might ſhe not fear?

She was hardly ſenſible of her condition, when to her unſpeakable joy, miſs (who as her ſhrieks teſtified, had been greatly ſurprized at the diſaſter) eſpied a clown returning from looking after ſome ſtock he had in the field, by which they were then in paſſing, and called him in her ſhrilleſt note to their aſſiſtance. (I ſhould have told you, Sir,

Sir, that when the coachman fell, the horſes by ſome check he in falling fortunately gave them, ſtood ſtock ſtill, and our adventurers ſtepp'd out of ſome part of their danger) When the clown came up to them, my lady, who had taken the advantage of a riſing ground a little diſtance from the coach, bid him remove James out of the road: he obeys: then enquires if he could drive a coach? if he knew her? if he knew her houſe? and without an anſwer, beſeeched him to do ſo much for her as drive her coach to ———.

The clown, who was fond of being ſeen in ſuch a poſt, and glad of what he thought an opportunity of ſerving a towns-woman of ſo ſuperiour quality (accuſtomed to drive a teem) gathers up the whip and reins, inſtantly aſcends the box, and with an high-gee-ſtir-up and a good cut, rattles her convenience immediately out of the lady's ſight, in ſpight of all their crying after him to take them up in it, miſtaking their earneſt addreſſes for a concern leſt he driving ſo furiouſly ſhould overturn, which he ſcorned to fear. The road being not difficult, he alighted ſafe at Phulaſſa's door, to the amazement of the family. Some hours after the penſive travellers arrived benight, tired, dirty, and draggled up to the firſt hoop. Miſs took her leave and

retir'd

retir'd to lament her lac'd-ſhoes, and Phulaſſa, diſcompoſed as ſhe was, ſtraight returned her thanks to heaven her protector, rewarded the ſimple charioteer without reproaching him for ignorance, ordered due care of her diſorderly ſervants; and though her goodneſs forgave them, yet her good ſenſe muſt ever blame the imprudence of the maſter of that family, who by not diſencouraging ſo beaſtly a cuſtom, might have been (with Pharamond) the immediate author of the death of ſo valuable a perſon.

I am,

Dear SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Spalding, Lincolnſhire,
June 20. 1711.

T. T.

[N° 121.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SINCE you are ſo often on the ſubject of clubs, I will inform you of one which perhaps you may not have heard of, but deſerves to come under your reprehenſion; I mean, the Lying-club: it is compoſed of a ſort of vermin, whoſe breath taints what they prey upon, and ungratefully leaves putrefaction behind. But to leave the allegory, and come to the reality, they are a ſett of women who are ſure to repair injuries they have done any perſon by raiſing falſe ſtories of them, and bringing as many converts as they can to hate them in the ſame proportion they do themſelves, and if poſſible, to cruſh them ſo intirely by deſtroying their credit, as they themſelves may not be in danger of conviction; and farther, if this malevolent crew perceive a friendſhip to be between thoſe they injure and any of their acquaintance, they are ſure to ſtrike at that with all their artifice, and by well-wrought lies, endeavour its ſubverſion. Pray preſcribe ſome puniſhment for this growing malady ſuitable to the grand miſchief it does,

and you ſhall have the prayers of ſome ſufferers, and in particular of

Your diſciple,

VERABUNDUS.

[N° 122.]

The uſe of BELLS.

On Brigadier Sutton's giving a ring of Bells to Newark upon Trent.

WE chime to prayers, toll for the dead,
Foretel the loſs of maidenhead.
Sutton the firſt will gladly hear,
The ſecond he can never fear,
The third will pleaſe the Brigadier.

The INSCRIPTIONS on the BELLS are as follow.

On the firſt bell.

Ex dono hon^blis. Brigadier Sutton. 1713. *A. R.*

On the ſecond.

Ex dono hon^blis. Brigadier Sutton. A. R. 1713.

On the third.

Exegi monumentum ære perentius. A. R. 1713.

On the fourth.

Brave Sutton rais'd us to declare
The joys of peace, the end of war. *A. R.* 1713.

On the fifth.

If Sutton's praiſes we could ſpeak,
Much ſweeter ecchoes we ſhould make. *A. R.* 1713.

On the ſixth.

Whilſt here we're loud in Sutton's fame,
What place rings not of his bright name?

Ely Stansfield, vicar.

On the ſeventh.

Arma virumque cano.

Richard Head and Richard Hawdrin, churchwardens.

Abraham Rudhall, of Colcheſter, caſt us all, Anno Dom. 1713.

On the eighth.

Multi cum fuimus, nos reſonare facit,
Hon^{blis} *Brigadier Sutton.* 1713.

Joſeph Momi, Charles Wilſon, churchwardens, A. R. 1713.

Solomon Bettiſon, Mayor.

[N° 123.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT was with a great deal of pleaſure I read yours of the eleventh inſtant, wherein I obſerve you condeſcend to give ſome wholeſome reproofs (by expoſing our vices) to us the inferiour part of mankind; though the reaſon that induced me to give you this trouble, was becauſe I ſee thoſe maſters who have bad ſervants are ſo very deſirous of being inſtructed how they ſhall correct them, therefore I think, by way of retalliation, we may alſo deſire you would put ſuch maſters in mind who have the good fortune (ſince I muſt uſe the expreſſion) to have honeſt and faithful ſervants, that nothing can poſſibly conduce more effectually to the improvement of all of our vocation, than a ſeaſonable encouragement to thoſe whom they find anſwer that character. Being at preſent in the country, I have not an opportunity of communicating this to the reſt of my fraternity, though I am intirely ſatisfied, I ſpeak the real ſentiments of our cloath: and if, when more important matters will give

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 88.

you

you leiſure, you will be pleaſed to make any thing of this nature the ſubject of your agreable lucubrations, you will infinitely oblige many, though none more particularly than

Your humble admirer,

From the pallace of King-coel, June 25. 1711.

JACK LIVERY.

[Nº 124.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

WHAT is that of which three pair make but a pair and a half? I expect in your next tatler the interpretation of this riddle, you having had a long vacation of wit.

Your humble ſervant,

Sept. 30.

CELIA.

P. S. I expect myſelf in print next week, or you ſhall hear more of me, I can tell you but that. BREAK-YOUR-STAFF, let that be your name hence-forward, all your brother-politicians do it now.

[N° 125.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HEREBY apply to you for redreſs of a grievance which is too crying to be born any longer, and I know it will do a world of ſervice to all parties to let it appear in its proper light to the world.

Not long ago I happened to be in a company of people of both ſexes aſſembled by conſent of ſome of my acquaintance to dance country-dances: and as the nature and deſign of our converſation was mirth and gaiety, ſo we were enjoying it as elegantly as fine women and good muſick could diſpoſe our hearts; but ill-fate for our ſins permitted the ſpirit of diſcord to go out, which entered into a beautiful woman that I knew, and who came into the room about an hour after our diverſion was begun.

As

As the preſence of ſo much beauty would, I thought, raiſe and refine our joy, I addreſs'd her with a complaint of our ill-fortune that had with-held her ſo long from us, when, to my ſurprize and confuſion, ſhe gave me a box on the ear, and ſaid it was nothing to me whether ſhe had come or no.

Had I been the only perſon ſhe attack'd, I ſhould not have complained in this way, but there were few in the company but what felt the effects of her anger in ſuch a manner, as it was impoſſible to ſtifle their reſentment of it ſo far as to prevent its being plainly diſcovered, that the air of mirth and chearfulneſs of ſpirit was cut off from among us. In ſhort, Sir, ſhe has ſo much wit and ſo nimble fingers, that no body can keep their temper againſt her ſmart ways of argument: for my part, I never fac'd her frowns, but with as much concern and as diſmal reflections, as one that faces a highwayman, and expects to be ſhot through the head the next moment.

As ſhe is a woman of beauty, virtue, and wit, and one that would ſink under the apprehenſion of being thought guilty of doing any thing that might tend to the diſparagement of any of theſe, I would fain have this, ſpirit conjured out of her. I fancy it might be done by repreſenting her manner home to her, and letting her know, that though what

ſhe has done is not directly in oppoſition to virtue or wit, yet that there is another qualification which is both commendable and neceſſary in women that ſhe has ſeem'd to ſtrike at, I mean good breeding.

But I will not pretend to direct you in your magick; for all your words are charms, which are deſigned to exorciſe all ridiculous doings out of the nation.

I am,

SIR,

Your admirer,

Octob. 20. 1712. R. H.

P. S. She has been in the country, and is come back ſtill poſſeſſed.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 126.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU write ſo well on the demurers, that I hope you will find leiſure to ſay ſomething of the deceivers (as I ſtile them) who make a ſort of ſilent love with their eye, without other declarations; and what can a woman do in ſuch a caſe but demurr? I ſuppoſe your Thirſis, Philander, and Strephon are of that ſort, whoſe pride will not bear repulſe, but would be ſure of their prize before they addreſs. It is a pleaſure to perplex thoſe ſort of men, and it would be a greater if you will inſtruct what method to uſe on ſuch occaſions: the obſervance of which would be the ſtudy of

Yours,

June 12. 1711. DULCEMERA.

* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 89.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 127.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

ON a late review of your lucubrations, I obſerve your reflections are ſo common on the little affected airs and behaviour of our ſex, and you have touch'd ſo ſlightly on the fopperies and ridiculous humours of the men, that I muſt tell you plainly, at the laſt aſſembly of criticks at my tea-table, we juſtly cenſured you as a partial writer: indeed, your age and infirmities, that diſable you from being affected any longer with our charms, were pleaded in your defence; but when we conſidered that the leaſt remembrance of the vaſt favours you formerly received from us, might have raiſed in you a ſpirit of gratitude, we could not poſſibly acquit you.

The deſign of your paper, as well as of all others, ought to tend to the advancement of humane happineſs; and all ages and nations have allowed, that the moſt perfect enjoyments cannot be had without our aſſiſtance: and we dare preſume, that even you yourſelf, in your days of vigour, placed your higheſt ſatisfaction in that very ſex which you now deſpiſe; and that your expoſing us now proceeds from your envying

ing the happineſs of thoſe whoſe veins are full of young blood. Why elſe ſhould you diſcourage thoſe arts and methods which heighten our charms, and improve our natural allurements? All our ſtudy of mode and faſhion, of air and deportment, with all the reſt of our engaging accompliſhments, are only to make ourſelves more agreable to your ſex. The choice of a ribbon, the ſhaping of an head, and ſetting off the hair to the beſt advantage, are not to be ſlighted, if they influence the fancy of our beholders. If the gallanting of a fan, a wreath of the neck, a caſt of the arm, a glance of the eye, or an innocent erection of the boſom, can raiſe their admiration, and captivate their affection, what offence is this? If by nicety of dreſs we hide deformities, and ſet forth all the perfections of our body; if inſtead of ſpeaking we ſmile when ſilly, and talk when ugly; dance to ſhew a good ſhape, and ſit to conceal a bad one; 'tis to pleaſe the men, and not our ſelves: and was it not for the ſame good purpoſe, we ſhould reject the uſe of waſhes, patches, perfumes, and plumpers. That we make ourſelves boſoms, lips, cheeks, teeth, and eyebrows, is to apply our art to its proper buſineſs of ſupplying the defects of nature.

You

You cannot be ignorant of the prodigious advantage of redeeming time the pulpit and the preſs inculcate that duty every day; and do we not do it effectually by reſtoring a young and blooming complection to a face that would otherwiſe look dry and withered? Why ſhould you rage at this noble art that rids you of the frightful, and preſents you with an amiable aſpect? With what fatigue and trouble are our daily viſits, to collect materials to entertain you with diſcourſe? our conſtant ſtudy of novels and romances is to give you delight in our converſation; our diligent attendance at plays and opera's obliges you with our company; our richeſt ornaments, our gilded chariots and ſumptuous equipage, proceed not in the leaſt from any vanity or oſtentation in ourſelves, but to gratify the paſſion of an ambitious lover or a proud relation: and if we condeſcend to an intrigue or aſſignation, it is to ſhew our parts and good-humour. In ſhort, we appear full of good-nature, ſenſe, and beauty, before the young and ſanguine, but the old are fitter for their grave than us, ſo no wonder they are inſenſible of our charms.

But if you are reſolved to debar us intirely from all our pretty innocent methods to pleaſe the men, and thereby to render all our accompliſhments, our graceful motions and coſtly ornaments uſeleſs and contempti-

ble,

ble, we moſt humbly requeſt you to reduce the men to the ſame natural plainneſs and ſimplicity with ourſelves. Diſcover to the world their fooliſhneſs of dreſs, and vanity of behaviour: in us, who were originally deſigned to pleaſe, theſe faults (if any) are more venial; but in men, who are fitted for buſineſs and employment, there is no excuſe: yet my affection for them is ſo great, that I cannot without the utmoſt reluctance diſcover any thing in them that may ſubject them to ridicule. The new-invented engine for plaiting their neck-cloaths, in faſhion like a vice, deſerves your obſervation. How often do they deceive us by ſham-calfs for their legs? hide the roundneſs of their ſhoulders by full-bottom-periwigs, and conceal their excreſcencies and being perſons of diſtinction, by a looſe unbutton'd coat? how many pretend to ſenſe under a Spaniſh gait and countenance? On the contrary, how common for a man of underſtanding to appear in the diſguiſe of a fool's-coat? a nobleman ſometimes imitates the jacket of a tarr, and a beau places his merit on the red-heels of an infant; the maſter is like a graſier in a plain ruſtick habit, while his ſervant is cloathed in a rich handſome ſuit. You have not ſufficiently expoſed the dangling of a cane on the third button, or the hammering of a ſong; their formal and ridiculous attendance at levees you have intirely paſſed by; their

ſtudy

ſtudy of coins, and catalogues of books, and diſſections of butter flies, are the beſt employments of their virtuoſo's and men of learning; a feather in the hat, a ribbon on the ſword, a well-jointed ſnuff-box, or an affected judgment in Havanah, duke de Oſſuna, and the reſt of the catalogue of hard names for their inſpiring ſnuff, immediately recommends them to the acquaintance of the firſt quality. There is nothing you impute to us, but what with equal juſtice may be retorted on your own ſex: your nice diſtinction between Picts and Britons may find a proper place among the men. Mr. Lillie can teſtify the truth of this matter, and that their Valets can paint fleſh-colour as well as the young gentlewomen that you put in your advertiſement. If their artificial noſes, cheeks, and complections, were taken from them, they would appear as deſpicable as Will. Honeycomb's miſtreſs; if their rhetorick oaths and dammes were taken out, what vacancies and interruptions would be in their diſcourſe; but if you ſtrip them of their borrowed wit out of plays and poems, they would become ſpeechleſs and unfit for ſociety.

The natural meekneſs of my temper reſtrains my pen from proceeding any farther on this ungrateful ſubject. I hope you will pardon my freedom of expreſſion, ſince it is purely in vindication of my own ſex. It would

would be very hard indeed, if we ſhould not claim a right of having equal liberty with the men during a female reign: and though we are not admitted to ſit as ladies and commoners in the houſes of parliament, yet we know ourſelves well qualified for that ſervice. We cannot remember the renown'd queen Elizabeth, or conſider the happy and flouriſhing eſtate of this kingdom under our preſent gracious ſovereign Ann, without abhoring the Salick law: and ſince our execution of the regal office is attended with ſo much glory and ſucceſs, why are we not as capable of acting as ſenators, whoſe buſineſs is much inferiour and leſs difficult? However, we ſhall reſt contented, if you will indulge us the liberty, inſtead of ſitting in parliament, of uſing all our arts, and exerting all our charms, to captivate your affections, and unite them with our own.

Your humble ſervant,

and admirer,

Covent-garden,
May 23.

AURELIA.

[Nº 128.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I WAS lately at a merchant's houſe in the city in a large aſſembly of young acquantance, male and female. Amongſt us was Modeſtus, a gentleman of good birth, ſenſe, and eduation, with a fortune ſufficient to ſupport him handſomly. This gentleman had led up a pleaſant and edifying converſation with innocence and modeſty, good-will and ſatisfaction tuneably ſhined in all our faces, when in comes old Avarus, of whoſe humour and riches ſome indeed of the company had knowledge, but none dependance. All were diſcompoſed, we roſe, a general ſilence enſued, eyes ſpake and obeiſance contradicted; but at laſt, he ſeats himſelf in an elbow-chair, and our hopes were in his pipe, when Modeſtus faintly re-aſumes: ſo, girls, (Avarus interrupted) I find you are diſpoſed to be merry, I will tell you what I dreamed laſt night; then with his inferences, ſimilar events, and preſent ſtate of health, he furniſh'd us till near bed-time. Modeſtus was not looked on, and Avarus even watch'd with veneration: all were obliging and applauſive with yes and well Sir, whilſt d' y' mind me bound their eyes, and attention ſtretched their

their necks. But Modeſtus unhappily miſtaking a very long cough for periodical, roſe and began to take his farewel. Pray, Sir, (ſnaps Avarus) give me leave, I pay the queen two hundred pounds a year. Upon ſudden ſprings and emergencies, I am taught to conſult the face: Sir, I ſaw the meſſengers of thought deſcend and hurry about in great diſorder, till having outſtaid their time, up they came like idle boys that forget their meſſage, with a random, it is ſo, ay it is but reaſonable: well, he goes, all yawn and ſtretch: I am glad he is gone, crys one, who brought him? ſays another, how unſeaſonable? ſays a third, the ſaddeſt company, crys a fourth; but he is very rich; ay he is very rich, he is very rich, ſay all, with ſerious nods.

How could I help reflecting on the blind adoration paid to money, the very ſound of money even in perſons hated? Poets may extol and luſtre, they talk but among themſelves, and it goes but round in the circle of the generous and wiſe, whilſt gold, like majeſty, commands obſervance, and in is preſence admits no other diſtinction of quality. But I would argue in theſe captives way, ſetting aſide ingenuity, even upon the mercenary ſcore of value received, am I not under ſtronger obligations to my pleaſant companion or ſcholar, than to the wealthieſt man on earth, for whom I am not or ever ſhall

be the better? Purpoſely to overlook our friend then, or neglect the man we love, is a lye, and a denial of our bond. The argument riſes from private to publick, that Avarus pays two hundred pounds a year, is no foundation for reſpect, ſince it is of neceſſity, and whoſoever has the eſtate muſt pay the ſame or more; and for that he has ſcraped up ſuch an eſtate by habitual pinching of himſelf and others, he is juſt as praiſe-worthy as one who encroaches inch by inch, till he hedges in a common. But did he now pay ten times as much, not of neceſſity, but pure good-will, as freely as he ſpoke it, then ſhould we hear him (as good ſubjects) with patience, and tolerate his faults: or could we add to Modeſtus's character a pleaſing companion and inſtructing ſcholar, that he preached like a prieſt, that his courage did juſtice on inſolence, that inſults the weak ſide of our laws, that he maintained as many poor as a wealthy woolcomber, and paid free taxes in proportion to a duke's eſtate, ſhould not every ſcholar, every ingenious man, and indeed, every good ſubject, find himſelf obliged not only to uſe a frequent *Age*, but oftentimes add an *Euge*, to remove his modeſt doubts?

I am, SIR,

Your profound admirer, &c.

T. W.

[N° 129.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF writing this or ſending it to you be a fault, it is the ſpectator hath inſpired it: the ſacred hymns it hath of late contained put me to a trial of my abilities, which you ſee are very ſmall and all nature. I muſt add, (which yet cannot be an excuſe, except it be conſidered I had not more leiſure) that it is the work of but two hours. I ſend you the only copy I have wrote, deſigning not to keep it except it be approved by you. If you require more of the ſame hand, on your command they ſhall be readily ſent by

Your admirer,

Thurſday, Nov. 4. 1712.

L. S.

Song of ZACHARY.

St. Luke, chap. i. ver. 68. to ver. 79.

UNTO the mighty God, who rules above,
Let our hearts and hands addreſs our praiſe ;
Oh ! let us ſing the greatneſs of his love,
For thoſe, though ſecret, yet moſt certain ways
Which all the wonders of this day diſplays.

Ye houſe of David, whom he hath belov'd,
This our God hath unto us appear'd,
And with compaſſion the Almighty mov'd,
Hath our redemption by this work declar'd,
Liſten, for greater things you never heard.

Accordingly to what he oft' hath ſpoke
By all his prophets, as ye do retain,
He hath us now delivered from the yoke
Of mighty foes, and ſuch who caus'd our pain :
See, his great promiſes are never vain.

He

He ſaid he would to Iſrael mercy ſhow,
And that from ſuch who as his people hated,
And ſuch who laugh'd and rejoic'd at our woe,
We ſhould by him from all their ſnares be ſav'd,
Lo! here this promiſe is accompliſhed.

Like what in goodneſs he hath ſwore
Unto Abraham to reward his faith,
That his covenant ſhould for evermore
By him remembered be, and us would raiſe;
Oh! ſuch great bleſſings never ceaſe to praiſe.

But mark to what this doth you bind,
And what th' Almighty doth require,
Oh! now that he hath been to you ſo kind,
Let always righteouſneſs your thoughts inſpire,
And to nought but to ſerve the lord aſpire.

And of thou child, God from his throne
Hath ſaid that thou with ſacred fame
Shouldſt unto us the mighty Lord make known,
That thou ſhouldſt be the prophet of his name,
And for his coming truths our hearts inflame.

For gladning tidings from above
To us to bring, God there hath choſe
Meſſenger of ſalvation and of love:
Thou com'ſt our minds for great things to compoſe,
Our God be prais'd who thee to this hath choſe.

Thou com'ſt a glorious light to bring
To thoſe who do in darkneſs dwell,
And to deliver us from th' envenom'd ſting
Of ſin and death, and us by force repel
From ſatan's claws, and from the jaws of hell.

In peace our feet thou com'ſt to guide,
With thee all bleſſings take their birth,
For thee we now, inſtead of ſacrifice,
With prayers, with ſongs and hymns of thankful mirth,
To our great God addreſs; ſo do all th' earth.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 130.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IN your paper of the 16th of June you promiſed a diſcourſe on the advantage of reading, towards filling up the empty ſpaces of life; which puts me in mind to ask your opinion on the practice of a ſett of very learned gentlemen, who daily repair to a moſt celebrated book-merchant's, where the works and writings of the men of letters, and red-letter'd-men defunct, are expoſed in all their many different volumes, forms, and pompous equipage. Here the ſons and ſucceſſors of Eſculapius barter the ſolid gold received from the wealthy hypocondriack, for the ſhining dawbing profuſely ſpread on the back and leaves of an imperial folio. The few and happy minutes free from haunting the chambers of the expiring wretched, are here with eager pleaſure trifled away to purchaſe a property in all the various editions of the Stephens, Aldus, and Vaſcoſan. A handſome ſnug fortune raiſed by a knack at gratifying a quaint palate, is here, unleſs

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 93.

timely remedied, in all appearance, like to be ſquandered away by the oſtentatious Tom. folio's. Here the tythes, and tythes, and tythes, of the book proud Clergyman's envied tythes are with huge skill and forethought truck'd for a ſplended Polyglot; the neateſt editions of the fathers, and a compleat ſett of the councils; whilſt the good wife and numerous offspring at home, through the perverſe humour of the prieſt, ſuffer (perhaps) plague, peſtilence, famine, and oftentimes battel, &c. Can the unlearned thoughtleſs vulgar ever be made to believe that the proper way to attain to real uſeful knowledge, is to acquire a vaſt number of ſcarce, but often trifling volumes? can the time ſpent in viewing if a bargain be perfect, and dipping here and there into an author as children prick at pictures? can this improve the underſtanding or bring any emolument along with it? no, theſe to my thinking are men, whoſe underſtandings quickly run to ſeed, but the ſucceeding generation flouriſh and adorn the learned world at their expence and labour.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

M. J.

[N° 131.]

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of the Beaus, Smarts, and Pretty-fellows, in and about London and Weſtminſter.

* SHEWETH,

THAT by reaſon of your late ſpeculations, we your poor petitioners who have formerly lived in good reputation, and credit, to our unſpeakable grief, find it very ſenſibly decaying, inſomuch, that thoſe very ladies, who not long ſince honoured us with the name of fine gentlemen, now begin to deſpiſe us, and look on us as a people below their favours; nay, there is ſome amongſt us who are ready to teſtify under our hands, that they have not ſo much as taken up a fan, been offered a pinch of ſnuff, or received a ſmile from any lady ever ſince the 15th of June: and we are all of us drove to ſuch extream want, that unleſs you will be pleaſed to take ſome pity, upon us, our vanity, which is the very life of us, muſt neceſſarily in a very ſhort time expire.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 93.

All

All that we your humble petitioners ask, is, that you, Sir, who have taken the fair ſex into your management, would order them to allow us a ſmall ſalary of ſmiles, pinches of ſnuff, and ſuch-like neceſſaries, juſt to keep us from periſhing, till we have a little overcome our violent paſſion for dreſs and ſelf-admiration, and are able to ſubſcribe ourſelves by other names than the aboveſaid.

July 3. And your petitioners, &c.

[N° 132.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE journal of four days herewith ſent you being very near to the manner in which I have ſpent them, I ſend it you for the publick, that a great part of what is commonly called the polite world, may if they pleaſe, to be at the ſame trouble, find how neceſſary ſuch reviews may be towards an amendment. I took the hint of this penance from your excellent paper, and think I may promiſe never to be able to ſay any thing like it again.

I am

Your diſciple, &c.

A Journal of Four Days.

THURSDAY.

LAY in bed till one in the afternoon, having the ſpleen moſt terribly: mem. it was occaſioned by my abſence from lady Modiſh's viſiting-day.

From one to three drank tea, read the ſpectator, which was very dull, and received a billet-doux.

From three to ſix dined, anſwered it, and dreſs'd. Mem. anſwer to billet being very apropo' may ſerve to another lady on the ſame occaſion, and therefore have tranſcribed it, as follows.

MADAM,

I KISSED your ſweet hand millions of times, and felt a new joy at every repetition. This favour hath made ſo great an impreſſion upon me, that if I am opened after my deceaſe, your name will appear on my heart: and ſo long as I live (though it ſhould be to eternity) I ſhall be

The moſt humble of your ſervants,

T. T.

From ſix to ten at the playhouſe: bowed to all the ladies in the boxes, though I had never ſeen ſome of them before. Frighted by the hiſſing and cat-calls, made ſo much haſt out of the houſe for fear of a quarrel, that I broke my ſhins againſt the ſeats; tore a lady's gown, and burnt my lac'd-cravat againſt a footman's link. Mem. this unfortunate accident made me forget my viſit to the lady that writ me billet-deux.

Ten to eleven made uſe of harts-horn and ſal volatile, to recover my ſpirits, and went to bed.

FRIDAY.

SLEPT till nine, found myſelf pretty well recovered: drank tea and made a couplet of verſes.

Ten to one cried, having a return of the ſpleen, occaſioned (as I ſuppoſe) by making the verſes: read a comedy to divert it.

One to three dreſs'd, and read the ſpectator: ſomething better to day.

Three to nine dined, and went to ask pardon for yeſterday's negligence. Mem. it was granted with a frown: ſtaid there, being the lady's viſiting-day, and talked of the new faſhions: thought a lady viewed me much, and afterwards winked at me.

From

From ten to twelve at Tom's, Covent-garden, talking of the quarrel between Mrs. Oldfeild and Mrs. Rogers. Had one of my chair-glaſſes broke by a mohock in my return home.

Went to bed, and wak'd in a ſad fright, having dream'd the mohocks had faſhioned my noſe like a lion, and cut with a pen-knife croſs the back of my whiteſt hand.

SATURDAY.

NINE received a note; that my diſcourſe yeſterday concerning the hoods and hoop'd-petticoats, was much applauded by the company.

Eleven bookſeller brought me the ſpectators, and Locke of underſtanding, which he left for my peruſal, after asking if I had ſeen it before.

Twelve to one read a chapter in it, and thought I never met with ſo much nonſenſe in all my life. Mem. to chide the bookſeller for making me miſpend my time: to ſend it back again this afternoon, leſt the ladies ſhould find it in my ſtudy; and to order the bookſeller to ſend me the laſt book of novels in its ſtead.

One to four tried on a new ſuit, and broke my taylor's head, for an ill cut in the ſleeve: had two glaſſes broke by ſeveral removes in viewing myſelf.

Five

Five to eleven dined: forced by Tom Friendly to go to the tavern: diſcourſe concerning favours from ladies: owned twenty more than ever I received.

Eleven to twelve ſick with the claret I drank: twelve to four in the morning without a wink of ſleep, and all on fire.

SUNDAY.

FOUR to nine doz'd: head ach'd dreadfully all day.

Nine to one, could not tell what to do with myſelf: read the beginning of a ſermon.

One to five dined: went to church in expectation of ſeeing a lady, but (ſhe not being there) never ſpent two hours ſo ill and uneaſily in all my life: not tollerable company there: ſinging of pſalms not ſo good muſick as the opera.

Five to ſeven made a viſit: drank tea, and recovered myſelf a little out of the ſpleen the church had put me into.

Eight to eleven read Cleopatra, the ſpectator of yeſterday, and finiſhed the ſermon I begun in the morning.

Twelve went to bed, and dream'd I had taken orders, and was preaching at St. Paul's before the lord mayor and aldermen.

* Mr. SPEC-

[N° 133.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU having, when firſt you obliged the world with your ingenious papers, aſſigned them a part of the tea-equipage, and we finding them a vaſt addition to the pleaſure of that amuſement, having always continued them ſo, I being yeſterday in an aſſembly of young ladies, where the tea-table was called for, it ſeemed not to have the agreable flavour as uſual, which we could give no other reaſon for, than the want of that entertaining as well as uſeful paper the ſpectator. The unhappy want of it, though it ſhould be only for the preſent, was theme large enough for ſome hours converſation, in bewailing ourſelves for the loſs of one who made the regulation and prudent conduct of our lives particularly his concern. But as we have received many advantages from what you have ſo generouſly beſtowed upon us already, we cannot, without the higheſt ingratitude, omit returning you our thankful acknowledgment: and ſince we muſt for ſome time be deprived of any new per-

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 93.

formances,

formances, we ſhall with pleaſure again review the old, in which we may always find ſomething worthy our regard, and which we may juſtly ſay will bear a frequent peruſal without ſeeming flat or inſipid. The promiſe you have made of appearing again in print makes us acknowledge ourſelves, wiſhing to contract that period of time, and demonſtrate to us what you have ſo excellently deſcribed in your late ingenious paper: viz. the inconſiſtency of ourſelves, who are complaining of the ſhortneſs of life in general, and yet wiſhing each period at an end.

But, Sir, to detain you no longer, I, in the behalf of many your admirers, do petition you to publiſh ſomething for our inſtruction and diverſion, before thoſe many enormities which you have hitherto kept under ſhall again ſpread, and to have the ſame regard to the reformation of mankind as before; and as being beneficial to one's country, is what every one of ſo generous a diſpoſition as yourſelf, would think himſelf happy in being capable of. I am perſuaded I need uſe no other argument to engage you ſtill to be an inſpector of our actions; and by ſtill continuing our ſex to be your chiefeſt and more particular province, you will infinitely oblige the greateſt of your admirers,

CLORINDA.

[N° 134.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING obſerved in your papers, ſome time ago, that you ſpoke diſreſpectfully of old maids, I was a little vex'd at it, having had it in my mind to die a maid; but never intend to look worſe than other people, or to rail at matrimony, nor to be cenſorious, or to detract or envy thoſe that are younger than my ſelf; but am encouraged to it by the life and converſation of Maria: ſhe is in the thirty ſixth year of her age; ſhe was born to a fortune enough to keep her from dependance: her parents were too plain to give her a very faſhionable education, but inſtructed her to be a very good chriſtian: ſhe ſhewed a very early piety, and ſo good a ſenſe and judgment in religion, that ſhe is truly devout, without any ſuperſtition, nor omits any part of her duty, as ſhe is a happy member of the church of England. She is naturally of a genteel and generous behaviour, very good natural ſenſe, a quick wit, which ſhe has ever kept within the bounds of innocence. Theſe qualifications made her

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 57.

acceptable to people of the beſt faſhion: from them ſhe learn'd to be well bred; and being one of a good obſervation, ſhe made very uſeful advantages. She is very diverting in company, and never ſaid an ill-natur'd thing of any perſon. I have heard a gentleman ſay, (that was none of the beſt livers) that it was impoſſible to keep Maria company, and not be the better for it. She never enters upon party-diſputes: ſhe commended your ſpectator of the fifth of May, which every body did; but ſhe ſaid moſt people commended it in the only paragraph it was to be excepted againſt, which was, bringing all women upon a level when they ceaſe to be handſome.

I have ſeen her ſo throughly pleaſed in good company, that one would think ſhe could not be ſo out of it; which has made me ſay, Maria, how can you live ſo retired ſo many months together with your ancient father? (ſo ſhe ſpends the greateſt part of her time) you that can divert, and are ſo well diverted in company. I know you love to ſee a good play ſometimes; you take great delight in muſick, the park is not diſagreable to you: ſhe anſwers me, (and by her way of ſpeaking I know ſhe is ſincere) oh! very well, I take as much ſatisfaction in my retirement as out of it; I have not one melancholly hour, every place has its diverſions, what is wanting in ſome things are made up

to

to us in others: I love work very well, ſo I do reading; and indeed, ſhe has a very good taſte in books, and never read a bad author. She is what they call a very good houſewife in the management of a family, and ſo ſhe is of her fortune. When I have ſeen her apply herſelf to buſineſs with ſo much eaſe, I have ſaid, ſure Maria, buſineſs is no trouble to you; ſhe replies, it is a diverſion. I have heard her ſay upon dreſſing, when any one has been ſingular in it, that they muſt take more pains than if they followed a general faſhion, and that ſhe ſhould not care to be thought wiſer than the crowd for a trifle. She is very pretty, and looks at leaſt twelve years younger than ſhe is, which I impute to that ſerenity of mind ſhe is ever poſſeſſed of. She has made all the improvements of the time ſhe has lived, in her mind, without ſuffering any of the effects of it in her perſon: ſhe values not who knows her age: if any body reflects upon it, ſhe ſays, it ſignifies nothing to wiſh to be younger, let us deſerve to be old: ſhe has made no reſolutions againſt marriage, nor ſaid any thing to its diſadvantage; but I have very good reaſons to believe her inclinations are for a ſingle life. I deſign to imitate this lady as far as I am capable; nor can I find any reaſon why Maria ſhould be more contemptible for her age, than if ſhe were a

widow or a wife; or if ſhe were really as young as ſhe appears to be, I agree with you in moſt things you write, and ſhould be glad to find you are now in the ſame opinion with

Your obliged ſervant,

April 30. 1712. HELENA.

[N° 135.]

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Eſq; howſoever diſtreſſed or whereſoever diſperſed over the face of the whole earth.

DO not repeat my deſire to you to inſert the incloſed, but do it in your next; as you have ever felt his power who makes the boldeſt tremble, and will puniſh you if you deny.

I am,

SIR,

Your real humble ſervant,

Novemb. 13. 1711. P. R.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 208.

LATELY ſtray'd from peace and pleaſure,
A poor heart that's mad with love:
If you meet it kindly treat it,
Try its paſſion to remove.

Let the finder bring the treaſure,
Her reward ſhall have no meaſure,
But careſſing ever preſſing,
The reſtorer of my bleſſing,
And will ev'ry hour improve.

All ſupplies of art and nature
Shall increaſe my fair one's bliſs;
Fond careſſes, balmy kiſſes,
And a joy I can't expreſs.

P. S. I take this to come from the owner of the ſtray-heart you proffered a reward for, in your ſpectator N° 208.

[N° 136.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I FIND by ſome of yours, that you condeſcend to take within your cognizance the good and happineſs of ſervants, which emboldens me to this preſumption; for it is certainly a generous principle, and worthy your character, to help thoſe whom partial fortune ſeems to neglect.

Sir, to introduce my grievance it is neceſſary to tell you that I belong to a very good family, where I have lived from a child to now almoſt twenty. My maſter being eminent in the law, I ſpent ſeven years of my ſervitude at his chambers in the Temple, intending me to be his clerk (as perhaps he does ſtill) but an unhappy accident has called me to be his butler, with which I am very well contented. But ſince my butlerſhip, eſpecially our being in the country, I am obliged to be much in the company of my lady's woman, and miſs's maid, which, though handſome enough (and both unmarried) yet I cannot be ſo complaiſant as to like their converſation, for there is no word within (or I may ſay without) their pronunciation (for they liſp at all, which by their ladies uſe they think genteel) but undergoes

goes unheard of tyrannies; for inſtance, the word Fatigue does ſuch drudgeries, that one that knew its abilities, would bluſh to put him to the twentieth part. In ſhort, Sir, not a word of thoſe few they vouchſafe to make uſe off, but performs, being cruelly diſtorted, as much work as a dozen of yours are required to do, though never ſo comprehenſive. By this means they have contracted our capacious tongue to twenty ſentences at moſt, and a few exclamatory phraſes, as, Well in my life! Surely that is ſo like! I am ſo fatigued (as themſelves expreſs it) with their impertinences, that it really gives me the vapous to that degree!

My requeſt is, Sir, that you would endeavour to ſuppreſs this growing evil, which is not ſolely confined to the Abigal ſpecie, but remains in ſome of the originals, their ladies, which may excite you to a more ſpeedy remedy, by publiſhing ſome expedient to reclaim them, or at leaſt furniſh them with a new ſet of words, which may cauſe ſome change in their thread-bare converſation, as it would be ſome novelty to me not to anticipate every afternoon's chat.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

LABELL POPCORK.

[N° 137.]

Spectat ad omnes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HERE preſent you with the ſentiments of the town, together with my own thoughts, concerning the hoop'd ladies. I hope you will pardon me from diſſenting from a man ſo juſtly admired, and one whoſe nice taſte is the mirrour of the age; whoſe writings I do not doubt but will be as immortal as thoſe of Homer or Virgil, and had in as much repute as the renowned Shakeſpear, or the divine Milton. However, none I believe will aſſert, that any perſon can be infallible, except the Pope of Rome, but I even doubt of his infallibility.

To begin then: As I was yeſterday walking in Kinſington-gardens with a young lady of ſo ſtrick a virtue, that ſhe alter'd her garb to become conformable to your ſentiments, to my great vexation of ſpirit, I found the whole company were ridiculing and remarking this lady. Some (that did not know her) ſaid, I wonder that gentleman ſhould bring a lady of pleaſure into theſe walks; others ſaid, ſhe was mighty pretty, but it was pity ſhe was a prude, elſe

ſhe

ſhe would be the toaſt of the town: thoſe that had the honour to know her were pleaſed to ſay, they admired that lady had left off her hoop, ſince it made her appear with that majeſtick air, which beſpoke her ſomething more than woman. Finding the company's thoughts ſo exactly agreeing with my own, I perſuaded the lady to the putting it on again, that ſhe might prevent being taken for either a prude or a coquet, they being both equally obnoxious.

Eucratia being the picture of this lady, ſhe being endowed with gentle ſoftneſs or compliance, and all that is laudable or praiſeworthy in women, was ſoon convinced, ſhe wants not for argument to maintain the moſt intricate diſpute, (provided it be juſt) ſhe not being one of thoſe phantaſtical ladies that contradict for the ſake of contradiction.

I beg you will ſhortly give this a place in your ſpeculations, for the juſtification of the ladies that ſhall re-aſſume the dreſs, and for the information of thoſe that are ignorant of the beauty of them.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant admirer, &c.

London, Aug. 20. 1711.

TONTILLOE.

[Nº 138.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SINCE you take notice of the ladies dreſs in your papers, which I conſtantly read, pray take the following account, and I wiſh with all my heart I did not know it by woeful experience.

About a year and near two months ſince, as the cuſtom is, in the beginning of May, the milk-maids going (or rather dancing their rounds) came to a lady's houſe where I then lived as butler: one of them having a very pretty face and the beſt dreſs'd, was taken notice of by us all, particularly my lady, who came to the ſtair-head to ſee our diverſion. When the dancing was over, my lady called the maid up to her chamber, and was ſo pleaſed with the flat dreſs of her head, (after ſhe had put off her ſtraw-hat) that ſhe immediately dreſs'd her head with but one pinner (I think they call it) and for fear it ſhould not be ſquat enough, carried my Lord Clarendon's hiſtory upon her head two hours in the morning. The next thing was to ſend for the mantua-woman to cut her gown two inches lower in the back, to ſhew her white ſhoulders; but there I think the milk-

milk-maid outdid her: her quilted petticoat did not appear with ſo good an air as the milk-maid's; for which reaſon ſhe ſent up for two ſtrips of the table-matt to interline it in the ſame manner ſhe found my doxy's, for ſo I can call her to my ſorrow. To make ſhort of my ſtory, I fell in love with my gipſy, and in eight days married her; in ſix more I ran away from my ſervice and my ſpouſe, and I am now butler to a good alderman in the city.

You expect, I ſuppoſe, to know why I quitted my fair bride ſo ſoon. You muſt know then, my beautiful damſel was as great a cheat as the German princeſs, one of the dancers of a muſick-houſe: her face, it is true, was pretty; but the ſtink of cabbage: water was not worſe than her breath; for which reaſon ſhe gave me no opportunity hardly to kiſs her before conſummation. Her ſtays and mantua were two inches below her ſhoulders behind, and up to her chin before; the reaſon of which was to hide her broken breaſts, having by accident provided me two chopping boys before marriage, which ſome skillful perſons they ſay, will diſcover that way.

Her matted-petticoat which pleaſed my lady in the coolneſs of its air, was contrived to hide a pair of crocked legs and ſplay feet. Thus you may ſee by what accident a milk-

maid's

maid's dreſs arrives to be the top of the mode.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

[N° 139.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR generous relief to the afflicted minds of all ſorts, but more eſpecially in one paper, the youth of theſe times cannot enough be admired by us who are in more advanced years, and have endured the fatigue and miſery of that education, or rather calamity, during our younger days which we hope may receive a ſeaſonable remedy, as well as reproof, from you, that education throughout may improve, flouriſh, and abound, from the tender years you take notice of to the laſt period of human life. In order to which, we younger brothers can but deſire relief, who experi-

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* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 108, 157.

ence

ence the worſt of uſage in thoſe ſchools, and are the moſt expoſed to hardſhips of all ſorts, and might reaſonably expect ſome certain reward or benefit for theſe ſufferings and tyrannical hardſhips during our youth; but, on the contrary, we experience yet harder terms, as our diſcernings and judgments improve with our years, which is the contempt and neglect generally ſhewn us, not only from fathers and mothers in the firſt place, but from relations and perſons in general as we are afterwards in this life neceſſarily obliged to; which is ſuch a detriment and irreparable damage to us, that the world will own have higher talents and capacities than your Will. Wimbles, when by fortune or perſonal virtues, more than any good intentions from them, we extricate ourſelves from thoſe parental miſeries and vaſſalages, and with equal honour and capacity adorn all ſtates of human life. This conſolation we expect from you, (as the relief our caſe requires) the only conſolator of the times.

LEGION.

P. S. We approve your ſentiments on Lewis the Great, and John duke of Malborough: Peter Alexiwitz is our toaſt, and the only proſpect of our fortunes and welfare after a general peace.

* Mr. SPEC-

[N° 140.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR excellent papers on friendſhip have produced you the trouble of my thoughts on that much miſtaken ſubject. I would here ask pardon, but that as you firſt inſpire, ſo you are alſo ſo kind as to invite your readers to communicate their notions to you; from which, though it is hardly probable that you ſhould gain the leaſt uſeful hint, yet it is ſo much for their advantage, that none but the poſitive, the arrogant, and the ſilly, but what will gladly lay hold of every opportunity to ſhew how willing they are grown, under your tuition, to amend and improve.

There is a ſaying common in low-life, that ninety nine favours done are of but little avail if the hundredth be either denied or omitted: this ſaying, which has been confirmed by obſervation to extend to almoſt the whole race of mankind, is a melancholly truth, and which I apprehend to have its riſe from this:

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 385, 399.

That

That in the common courſe of acquaintance and correſpondence, men very ſoon get into the endearing names of friends and friendſhip, though they are frequently ſo far from knowing the requiſites neceſſary thereto, that they hardly know more than the addreſs, the party they fall in with, the predominant vices, and the admired foibles and follies of one another. To this ſuperficial knowledge, only diſguiſed under another name, it ſeems to be chiefly owing, that there are ſo many and ſo loud complaints againſt the ſacred name of friendſhip, whereas, in truth, friends can neither give nor take the occaſion for repining.

From this difference between reallity and appearance I am led to think, that the ſaying above has been ſupported; for if men will firſt cheat themſelves with names, they are ready to be deceived in things: no man has, in my opinion, a right to call or think another man his friend, till he has ſatisfied himſelf that he can, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe the name will bear, be ſuch a one to the other.

In order therefore to form an indiſſoluble friendſhip, we ought well to know each other; the moſt private receſſes of the heart ſhould be reciprocally open, the frailties of each be born with, and covered by each: friendſhips, ſo called, that are founded on party, on vice, or mode, muſt ceaſe to be

ſuch

ſuch, when the vice, the party, or the faſhion that joined them, is changed; but the friendſhip which is founded on choice, virtue, and diſintereſtedneſs, is permanent and laſting, and knows not whether the laſt act of duty it offered to its counterpart, were the hundredth, nay the thouſandth, or the firſt.

I am,

the Spectator's admirer, and

moſt humble ſervant,

C. L.

The end of the firſt volume.

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Collated & Perfect.
J. R.
1784.